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FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT.

GUIZOT, FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME, a French statesman, orator, and historian; born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787; died at Val-Richer, in Normandy, October 12, 1874. After completing his academic course, Guizot went to Paris in 1805, and studied Kant and German literature. He began to write for "Le Publiciste," and entered upon an active literary life. A work on French synonyms (1809,) an essay on the fine arts in France (1811), and a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (1813), led to his appointment to the chair of Modern History in the University of France. On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, but resigned his office upon the return of Napoleon from Elba. On the second restoration he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of Justice; in 1816, Master of Requests; in 1817, a Councillor of State, and in 1819, Director of Communal and Departmental Administration. In 1821, Guizot was deprived of all his offices, and in 1822 was forbidden even to lecture. Between 1820 and 1822 he published "Du Gouvernement de la France depuis la Restauration et du Ministère Actuel" and "L'Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif," containing his lectures at the University. He was one of the collaborators in the "Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France depuis la Fondation de la Monarchie jusqu'au XIII^{me} Siècle," and of the "Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre." He edited a translation of Shakespeare, the "Encyclopédie Progressive," and the "Revue Française," and published a "History of the English Revolution" (1826). In 1827 he resumed his lectures in history, and during the next three years published a "General History of Civilization in Europe," and a "History of Civilization in France from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution." In 1830 he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Department of the Interior. In 1832 he was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. In 1840 he was ambassador to England, but in the autumn of the same year was recalled to assume the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister. In 1848 he resigned and went to England. He returned to France the next year, but after the *coup d'état* of 1851 again crossed the Channel. He did

not re-enter public life. His last years were spent near Lisieux in Normandy. Among his later works are: "Monk: Chute de la République et Rétablissement de la Monarchie en Angleterre en 1660" (1851); "Corneille et son Temps" (1852); "Histoire de la République d'Angleterre et du Protectorat de Cromwell" (1854); "Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell et du Rétablissement des Stuarts" (1856); "Sir Robert Peel: Étude d'Histoire Contemporaine (1856); "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps" (1858-68); "L'Église et la Société Chrétienne en 1861" (1861); "Histoire Parlementaire de France," a collection of speeches (1863); and "Méditations sur l'Essence de la Religion Chrétienne" (1864); "Mélanges Biographiques et Littéraires" (1868); and "Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'au 1789, racontée à mes Petits Enfants." This valuable history of France, left unfinished by Guizot, was completed from his notes, by his daughter, Madame De Witt.

CÆSAR IN GAUL.

(From "History of France.")

THE greatest minds are far from foreseeing all the consequences of their deeds, and all the perils proceeding from their successes. Cæsar was by nature neither violent nor cruel; but he did not trouble himself about justice or humanity, and the success of his enterprise, no matter by what means or at what price, was his sole law of conduct. He could show, on occasions, moderation and mercy; but when he had to put down an obstinate resistance, or when a long and arduous effort had irritated him, he had no hesitation in employing atrocious severity and perfidious promises. During his first campaign in Belgica (A. U. C. 697, or 57 B. C.), two peoplets, the Nervians and the Aduaticans, had gallantly struggled, with brief moments of success, against the Roman legions. The Nervians were conquered and almost annihilated. Their last remnants, huddled for refuge in the midst of their morasses, sent a deputation to Cæsar to make submission, saying, "Of six hundred senators three only are left, and of sixty thousand men that bore arms scarce five hundred have escaped." Cæsar received them kindly, returned to them their lands, and warned their neighbors to do them no harm. The Aduaticans, on the contrary, defended themselves to the last extremity. Cæsar, having slain four thousand, had all that remained sold by auction; and fifty-six thousand human beings, according to his

own statement, passed as slaves into the hands of their purchasers. Some years later, another Belgian peoplet, the Eburons, settled between the Meuse and the Rhine, rose and inflicted great losses upon the Roman legions. Cæsar put them beyond the pale of military and human law, and had all the neighboring peoplets and all the roving bands invited to come and "pillage and destroy that accursed race," promising to whoever would join in the work the friendship of the Roman people. A little later still, some insurgents in the centre of Gaul had concentrated in a place to the southwest, called Uxellodunum (now, it is said, Puy d'Issola, in the department of the Lot, between Vayrac and Martel). After a long resistance they were obliged to surrender, and Cæsar had all the combatants' hands cut off, and sent them, thus mutilated, to live and rove throughout Gaul, as a spectacle to all the country that was or was to be brought to submission.

Nor were the rigors of administration less than those of warfare. Cæsar wanted a great deal of money, not only to maintain satisfactorily his troops in Gaul, but to defray the enormous expenses he was at in Italy for the purpose of enriching his partisans, or securing the favor of the Roman people. It was with the produce of plunder and imposts in Gaul that he undertook the reconstruction at Rome of the Basilica of the Forum, the site whereof, extending to the Temple of Liberty, was valued, it is said, at more than twenty million five hundred thousand francs. Cicero, who took the direction of the work, wrote to his friend Atticus: "We shall make it the most glorious thing in the world." Cato was less satisfied; three years previously despatches from Cæsar had announced to the Senate his victories over the Belgian and German insurgents. The Senators had voted a general thanksgiving, but, "Thanksgiving!" cried Cato, "rather expiation! Pray the Gods not to visit upon our armies the sin of a guilty general. Give up Cæsar to the Germans, and let the foreigner know that Rome does not enjoin perjury, and rejects with horror the fruit thereof!"

THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

(From "History of France.")

WE might multiply indefinitely the anecdotal scenes of the massacre — most of them brutally ferocious, others painfully pathetic; some generous and calculated to preserve the credit

of humanity amidst one of its most direful aberrations. History must show no pity for the vices and crimes of men, whether princes or people; and it is her duty as well as her right to depict them so truthfully that men's souls and imaginations may be sufficiently impressed by them to conceive disgust and horror at them. But it is not by dwelling upon them, and by describing them minutely, as if she had to exhibit a gallery of monsters and madmen, that history can lead men's minds to sound judgments and salutary impressions. We take no pleasure, and we see no use, in setting forth in detail the works of evil. We would be inclined to fear that by familiarity with such a spectacle men would lose the perception of good, and cease to put hope in its legitimate and ultimate superiority.

Nor will we pause either to discuss the secondary questions which meet us at the period of which we are telling the story. For example, the question whether Charles IX. fired with his own hand on his Protestant subjects whom he had delivered over to the evil passions of the aristocracy and of the populace; or whether the balcony from which he is said to have indulged in this ferocious pastime existed at that time in the sixteenth century, at the palace of the Louvre, and overlooking the Seine. These questions are not without historical interest, and it is well for learned men to study them; but we consider them incapable of being resolved with certainty. And even were they resolved, they would not give the key to the character of Charles IX., and to the portion which appertains to him in the deed of cruelty with which his name remains connected. The great historical fact of the St. Bartholomew is that to which we confine ourselves; and we have attempted to depict it accurately as regards Charles IX.: his hesitations and foolish resolutions; his mingling of open-heartedness and double dealing in the treatment of Coligny, toward whom he felt himself attracted, without fully understanding him; and his childish weakness in the presence of his mother, whom he rather feared than trusted.

When he had plunged into the madness of the massacre; when after exclaiming "Kill them all!" he had witnessed the killing of Coligny and La Rochefoucauld, the companions of his royal amusements, Charles IX. gave himself up to a paroxysm of mad fury. He was asked whether the two young Huguenot princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, were also to be slain. Marshal de Retz was in favor of this, Mar-

shal de Tavannes was opposed to it, and it was decided to spare them. On the very night of St. Bartholomew the King sent for the two Henrys. "I mean for the future," he said, "to have but one religion in my kingdom — the Mass or Death; make your choice." Henry of Navarre reminded the King of his promises, and asked for time to consider. Henry de Condé answered that he would remain firm in the true religion, though he should have to give up his life for it. "Seditious madman, rebel, and the son of a rebel," said Charles, "if within three days you do not change your language, I will have you strangled!"

At this first juncture the King saved from massacre none but Ambrose Paré, his surgeon, and his nurse, both Huguenots. On the night after the murder of Coligny he sent for Ambrose Paré into his chamber, and made him go into his wardrobe, "ordering him," says Brantôme, "not to stir, and saying that it was not reasonable that one who could be of service to a whole world should be thus put to death." A few days afterward the King said to Paré, "Now you really must become a Catholic." Paré replied: "By God's light, I think, Sire, you must surely remember that you promised me, in order that I should never disobey you, that you, on the other hand, would not bid me do four things: find my way back into my mother's womb; catch myself fighting in a battle; leave your service; or go to Mass." After a moment's silence, Charles rejoined: "Ambrose, I do not know what has come over me during the last two or three days; but I feel my mind and my body greatly excited, just, in fact, as if I had a fever. Meseems every moment, whether waking or sleeping, that those slaughtered corpses keep appearing to me, with their faces all hideous and covered with blood. I wish that the helpless and the innocent had not been included." And, adds Sully, in his "*Œconomies royales*," "He next day issued his orders, prohibiting, on pain of death, any slaying or plundering; the which were, nevertheless, very ill observed, the animosities and fury of the populace being too much inflamed to defer to them." Historians, Catholic or Protestant, contemporary or investigating, differ widely as to the number of victims in this massacre. According to De Thou there were about 2,000 killed in Paris the first day; D'Aubigné says 3,000; Brantôme speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX. might have seen floating down the Seine; La Popenlière reduces them to 1,000. There is to be found in

the account-books of the City of Paris a payment to the grave-diggers of the Cemetery of the Innocents for having interred 1,000 dead bodies stranded at the turns of the Seine near Chaillot, Auteuil, and St. Cloud. It is probable that many bodies were carried still further, and that the corpses were not all thrown into the river.

The uncertainty is still greater when we come to speak of the number of victims in the whole of France. De Thou estimates it at 30,000; Sully at 70,000; Péréfixes, Archbishop of Paris in the nineteenth century, raises it to 100,000; Papyrus Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000, without clearly distinguishing between the massacre at Paris and those of the provinces. Other historians fix upon 40,000.

Great uncertainty also prevails as to the execution of the orders issued from Paris to the Governors of the provinces. The names of the Viscount D'Orte, Governor at Bayonne, and of John Le Hennuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, have become famous from their having refused to take part in the massacre. But the authenticity of the letter from the Viscount D'Orte to Charles IX. is disputed, though the fact of his resistance appears certain; and as for the Bishop John Le Hennuyer, M. de Forméville seems to us to have demonstrated in his "*Histoire de l'ancien Evêché-comté de Lisieux*" that "there was no occasion to save the Protestants of Lisieux in 1572, because they did not find themselves in any danger of being massacred; and that the merit of it cannot be attributed to anybody—to the Bishop Le Hennuyer, any more than to Captain Fumichon, Governor of the town. It was only the general course of events and the discretion of the municipal officers of Lisieux that did it all."

One thing which is quite true, and which it is good to call to mind in the midst of so great a general criminality, is that it met with a refusal to be associated in it. President Jeanin at Dijon, the Count de Tende in Provence, Philibert de la Guiche at Mâcon, Tanneguy Le Veneur de Carrouge at Rouen, the Count de Geordes in Dauphiny, and many other chiefs, military or civil, openly repudiated the example set by the murderers of Paris; and the municipal body of Nantes—a very Catholic town—took upon this subject a resolution which does honor to its patriotic firmness, as well as to its Christian loyalty. . . .

A great good man—a great functionary and a great scholar in disgrace for six years past—the Chancellor Michael de

L'Hospital—received about this time, in his retreat at Vignay, a visit from a great philosopher, Michael de Montaigne, "anxious," said his visitor, "to come and testify to you the honor and reverence with which I regard your competence, and the special qualities which are in you—for as to the extraneous and the fortuitous, it is not to my taste to put them down in the account." Montaigne chose a happy moment for disregarding all but the personal and special qualities of the Chancellor. Shortly after his departure L'Hospital was warned that some sinister-looking horsemen were coming, and that he would do well to take care of himself. "No matter, no matter," he answered, "it will be as God pleases, when my hour has come." Next day he was told that those men were approaching his house, and he was asked whether he would not have the gates shut against them, and have them fired upon in case they attempted to force an entrance. "No," said he, "if the small gate will not do for them to enter by, let the big one be opened." A few hours afterward L'Hospital was informed that the King and the Queen-mother were sending other horsemen to protect him. "I did not know," said the old man, "that I had deserved either death or pardon." A rumor of his death flew abroad amongst his enemies, who rejoiced at it. "We are told," wrote Cardinal Granvelle to his agent at Brussels, "that the King has had Chancellor de L'Hospital and his wife despatched, which would be a great blessing." The agent, more enlightened than his chief, denied the fact, adding, "They are a fine bit of rubbish left—L'Hospital and his wife." Charles IX. wrote to his old adviser, to reassure him, "loving you as I do." Some time after, however, he demanded of him his resignation of the title of Chancellor, wishing to confer it upon La Birague, to reward him for his coöperation in the St. Bartholomew. L'Hospital gave in his resignation on the 1st of February, 1573, and died six weeks afterward. "I am just at the end of my long journey," he wrote to the King and the Queen-mother; "and shall have no more business but with God. I implore him to give you His grace, and to lead you with His hand in all your affairs, and in the government of this great and beautiful kingdom which He hath committed to your keeping, with all gentleness and clemency toward your good subjects, in imitation of Himself, who is good and patient in bearing our burthens, and prompt to forgive you and pardon you everything."

From the 24th to the 31st of August, 1572, the conduct of

Charles IX. and the Queen-mother produced nothing but a confused mass of orders and counter-orders, affirmations and denials, words and actions incoherent and contradictory, all caused by the habit of lying, and the desire of escaping from the peril or embarrassment of the moment. On the very first day of the massacre, about midday, the provost of tradesmen and the sheriffs, who had not taken part in the "Paris matins," came complaining to the King "of the pillage, sack, and murder which were being committed by many belonging to the suite of his Majesty, as well as to those of the princes, princesses, and lords of the Court, by noblemen, archers, and soldiers of the guard, as well as by all sorts of gentry and people mixed with them and under their wing." Charles ordered them "to get on horseback, take with them all the forces in the city, and keep their eyes open day and night to put a stop to the sad murder, pillage, and sedition arising because of the rivalry between the houses of Guise and Chatillon, and because they of Guise had been threatened by the Admiral's friends, who suspected them of being at the bottom of the hurt inflicted upon him." The same day he addressed to the Governors of the provinces a letter in which he invested the disturbance with the same character, and gave the same explanation of it. The Guises complained violently of being thus disavowed by the King, who had the face to throw upon them alone the odium of the massacre which he had ordered.

Next day, August 25th, the King wrote to all his agents, at home and abroad, another letter affirming that "what had happened at Paris had been done solely to prevent the execution of an accursed conspiracy that the Admiral and his allies had concocted against him, his mother and his brothers;" and on the 25th of August he went with his own brothers to hold in state a "bed of justice," and make to the Parliament the same declaration against Coligny and his party. "He could not," he said, "have parried so fearful a blow but by another very violent one; and he wished all the world to know that what had happened at Paris had been done not only with his consent, but by his express command." Whereupon, says De Thou, it was enjoined upon the court "to cause investigation to be made as to the conspiracy of Coligny, and to decree what it should consider proper, conformably with the law and with justice." The next day but one — August 28th — appeared a royal manifesto running: "The king willeth and intendeth that all noblemen and

others whatsoever of the religion styled Reformed be empowered to live and abide in all security and liberty, with their wives, children, and families, in their houses, as they have heretofore done, and were empowered to do by the edicts of pacification. And nevertheless, for to obviate the troubles, scandals, suspicion, and distrust which might arise by reason of the services and assemblies that might take place both in the houses of the said noblemen and elsewhere as is permitted by the said edicts of pacification, his Majesty doth lay very express inhibitions and prohibitions upon all the said noblemen and others of the said religion against holding assemblies, on any account whatsoever, until that by the said lord and king, after having provided for the tranquillity of his kingdom, it be otherwise ordained. And that on pain of confiscation of body and goods, in case of disobedience."

These tardy and lying accusations officially brought against Coligny and his friends — these promises of liberty and security for the Protestants, renewed in the terms of the edicts, and in point of fact annulled at the very moment at which they were being renewed — the massacre continuing here and there in France, at one time with the secret connivance, and at another notwithstanding the publicly given word of the King and the Queen-mother — all this policy, at one and the same time violent and timorous, incoherent and stubborn, produced amongst the Protestants two contrary effects : some grew frightened, others angry. At court, under the direct influence of the King and his surroundings, "submission to the powers that be" prevailed. Many fled ; others, without injuring their religion, abjured their party. The two Reformed princes, Henry of Navarre and Henry de Condé, attended Mass on the 29th of September, and on the 3d of October wrote to the Pope, deploring their errors and giving hopes of their conversion. Far away from Paris, in the mountains of the Pyrenees and Languedoc, in the towns where the Reformed were numerous and confident — at Sancerre, at Montauban, at Nîmes, at La Rochelle — the spirit of resistance carried the day. An assembly, meeting at Milhau, drew up a provisional ordinance for the Government of the Reformed Church, "until it please God, who has the hearts of kings in his keeping, to change that of King Charles IX., and restore the State of France to good order, or to raise up such neighboring prince as is manifestly marked out, by his virtue and by distinguishing signs, for to be the liberator of this poor and afflicted

people." In November, 1592, the fourth religious war broke out. The siege of La Rochelle was its only important event. Charles IX., and his counsellors exerted themselves in vain to avoid it. There was everything to disgust them in this enterprise: so sudden a revival of the religious war after the grand blow they had just struck, the passionate energy manifested by the Protestants in asylum of La Rochelle, and the help they had been led to hope for from Queen Elizabeth, whom England would never have forgiven for indifference in this cause. . . .

In the spring of 1574, at the age of twenty-three years and eleven months, and after a reign of eleven years and six months, Charles IX. was attacked by an inflammatory malady which brought on violent hemorrhage; he was revisited in his troubled sleep by the same bloody vision about which, after the St. Bartholomew, he had spoken to Ambrose Paré. He no longer retained in his room anybody but two of his servants and his nurse, "of whom he was very fond, although she was a Huguenot," says the contemporary chronicler, Peter de l'Estoile. "When she had lain down upon a chest and was just beginning to doze, hearing the King moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went full gently up to his bed. 'Ah! nurse, nurse,' said the King, 'what bloodshed and what murder! Ah! what evil counsel have I followed! Oh! my God, forgive me for them, and have mercy upon me, if it may please Thee! I know not what hath come to me, so bewildered and agitated do they make me. What will be the end of it all? What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!' Then said the nurse to him, 'Sire, the murders be on the heads of those who made you do them! Of yourself, Sire, you never could; and since you were not consenting thereto, and are sorry therefor, believe that God will not put them down to your account, and will hide them with the cloak of justice of His Son, to whom alone you must have recourse. But, for God's sake, let your Majesty cease weeping!' And thereupon, having been to fetch him a pocket-handkerchief, because his own was soaked with tears, after that the King had taken it from her hand he signed her to go away and leave him to rest."

On Whitsunday, May 30, 1574, about three in the afternoon, Charles IX. expired, after having signed an ordinance conferring the regency upon his mother, Catherine, "who accepted it," — such was the expression in the letters-patent — "at the request of the Duke of Alençon, the King of Navarre, and other princes

and peers of France." According to D'Aubigné, Charles used often to say of his brother Henry, that "when he had a kingdom on his hands the administration would find him out, and that he would disappoint those who had hope of him." The last words he said were, "that he was glad not to have left any young child to succeed him, very well knowing that France needs a man, and that with a child the king and the reign are unhappy."

THE EXAMPLE OF SHAKESPEARE.

(From "Shakespeare and his Times.")

DOUBTLESS stopped in its course by the conditions of the age, the full severity of which will only be revealed to the talent that can comply with them, dramatic art, even in England, where under the protection of Shakespeare it would have liberty to attempt anything, scarcely ventures at the present day even to try timidly to follow him. Meanwhile England, France, and the whole of Europe demand of the drama pleasures and emotions that can no longer be supplied by the inanimate representation of a world that has ceased to exist. The Classical system had its origin in the life of its time: that time has passed; its image subsists in brilliant colors in its works, but can no more be reproduced. Near the monuments of past ages, the monuments of another age are now beginning to arise. What will be their form? I cannot tell; but the ground upon which their foundations may rest is already perceptible. The ground is not the ground of Corneille and Racine, nor is it that of Shakespeare; it is our own; but Shakespeare's system, as it appears to me, may furnish the plans according to which genius ought now to work. This system alone includes all those social conditions and all those general or diverse feelings, the simultaneous conjunction and activity of which constitute for us at the present day the spectacle of human things. Witnesses during thirty years of the greatest revolutions of society, we shall no longer willingly confine the movement of our mind within the narrow space of some family event, or the agitations of a purely individual passion. The nature and destiny of man have appeared to us under their most striking and their simplest aspect, in all their extent and in all their variableness. We require pictures in which this spectacle is reproduced, in which man is displayed in his completeness and excites our entire sympathy.

ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL.

HAECKEL, ERNST HEINRICH, a distinguished German naturalist and philosopher; born at Potsdam, Prussia, February 16, 1834. He studied at Wurzburg, Berlin, and Vienna, and spent the years of 1859-60 in zoölogical study in Naples and Messina. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Zoölogy at Jena. Between that year and 1822 he visited Lisbon, Madeira, Teneriffe, Norway, Syria, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia, and India for the purpose of scientific observation. He is an extreme supporter of the theory of evolution. Among his works are "General Morphology of Organisms" (1866); "Natural History of Creation" (7th ed., 1879); "On the Origin and Genealogy of the Human Race" (3d ed., 1873); "On the Division of Labor in Nature and Human Life" (1869); "Life in the Greatest Depths of the Ocean" (1870); "The Origin of Man; a History of the Development of Mankind" (3d ed., 1877); "The Aims and Methods of the Contemporary History of Development" (1875); "The Theory of Development in its Relation to General Science" (1877); "Free Science and Free Teaching," and "Collected Popular Essays on the Theory of Development" (1878); "The Evolution of Man" (1879); "Letters and Travels through India" (1884); "Souvenirs of Algeria" (1890); "Plankton Studies" (1893); "Monoism as Connected with Religion and Science" (1894). His scientific works have been translated into many languages.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

(From "History of Creation.")

THERE is yet another important circumstance to be mentioned here which is likewise of great importance for a complete explanation of this varied geographical picture, and which throws light upon many very obscure facts, which, without its help, we should not be able to comprehend. I mean the gradual change of climate which has taken place during the long course of the organic history of the earth. As we saw in our last chapter, at the beginning of organic life on the earth a much higher and more equal temperature must have generally pre-

vailed than at present. The differences of zones, which in our time are so very striking, did not exist at all in those times. It is probable that for many millions of years but one climate prevailed over the whole earth, which very closely resembled, or even surpassed, the hottest tropical climate of the present day. The highest north which man has yet reached was then covered with palms and other tropical plants, the fossil remains of which are still found there. The temperature of this climate at a later period gradually decreased ; but still the poles remained so warm that the whole surface of the earth could be inhabited by organisms. It was only at a comparatively very recent period of the earth's history, namely, at the beginning of the Tertiary period, that there occurred, as it seems, the first perceptible cooling of the earth's crust at the poles, and through this the first differentiation or separation of the different zones of temperature or climatic zones. But the slow and gradual decrease of temperature continued to extend more and more within the Tertiary period, until at last, at both poles of the earth, the first permanent ice-caps were formed.

I need scarcely point out in detail how very much this change of climate must have affected the geographical distribution of organisms, and the origin of numerous new species. The animal and vegetable species, which, down to the Tertiary period, had found an agreeable tropical climate all over the earth, even as far as the poles, were now forced either to adapt themselves to the decreasing temperature or became new species simply by this very acclimatization, under the influence of natural selection. The other species, which fled from the cold, had to emigrate and seek a milder climate in lower latitudes. The tracts of distribution which had hitherto existed must by this time have been vastly changed.

However, during the last great period of the earth's history, during the Quaternary period (diluvial period), succeeding the Tertiary one, the decrease of the heat of the earth from the poles did not by any means remain stationary. The temperature fell lower and lower, nay, even far below the present degree. Northern and Central Asia, Europe, and North America, from the north pole, were covered to a great extent by a sheet of ice, which in our part of the earth seems to have reached the Alps. In a similar manner the cold also advancing from the south pole covered a large portion of the southern hemisphere, which is now free from it, with a rigid sheet of ice.

Thus, between these vast lifeless ice-continents, there remained only a narrow zone to which the life of the organic world had to withdraw.

There can be no doubt that this glaciation of the present temperate zones must have exercised an exceedingly important influence on the geographical and topographical distributions of organisms, and that it must have entirely changed it. While the cold slowly advanced from the poles toward the equator, and covered land and sea with a connected sheet of ice, it must of course have driven the whole living world before it. Animals and plants had to migrate if they wished to escape being frozen. But as at that time the temperate and tropical zones were probably no less densely peopled with animals and plants than at present, there must have arisen a fearful struggle for life between the latter and the intruders coming from the poles. During this struggle, which certainly lasted many thousands of years, many species must have perished, and many become modified and been transformed into new species. The hitherto existing tracts of distribution of species must have become completely changed, and the struggles have been continued, nay, indeed, must have broken out even, and carried on in new forms, when the ice period had reached and gone beyond its furthest point, and when in the post-glacial period the temperature again increased, and organisms began to migrate back again toward the poles.

In any case this great change of climate, whether a greater or less importance be ascribed to it, is one of those occurrences in the history of the earth which have most powerfully influenced the distribution of organic forms. But more especially one important and chronological circumstance is explained by it in the simplest manner, namely, the specific agreement of many of our Alpine inhabitants with some of those living in polar regions. There is a great number of remarkable animal and vegetable forms which are common to these two far distant parts of the earth, and which are found nowhere in the wide plains lying between them. Their migration from the polar lands to the Alpine heights, or vice versa, would be inconceivable under the present climatic circumstances, or could be assumed at least only in a few rare instances. But such a migration could take place, nay, was obliged to take place, during the gradual advance and retreat of the ice sheet. As the glaciation encroached from Northern Europe toward our Alpine chains

—the polar inhabitants retreating before it — gentian, saxifrage, polar foxes, and polar hares must have peopled Germany, in fact, all Central Europe. When the temperature again increased, only a portion of these Arctic inhabitants returned with the retreating ice to the Arctic zones. Another portion of them climbed up the mountains of the Alpine chain instead, and there found a climate suited to them.

COLOR AND FORM IN THE CEYLON CORAL BANKS.

(From "A Visit to Ceylon.")

NINE years since, in 1873, when I made an excursion among the coral reefs of the Sinai coast, and for the first time had a glimpse of the wonderful forms of life in their submarine gardens of marvels, they had excited my utmost interest; and in a popular series of lectures on Arabian corals (published with five colored plates) I had endeavored to sketch these wonderful creatures and their communities, with various other animals. The corals of Ceylon, which I first became acquainted with here at Galle, and subsequently studied more closely at Belligam, reminded me vividly of that delightful experience, and at the same time afforded me a multitude of new ones. For though the marine fauna of the Indian seas is on the whole nearly allied to the Arabian fauna of the Red Sea, — many genera and species being common to both, — yet the number and variety of forms of life is considerably greater in the vast basin of the Indian Ocean with its diversified coast, than in the pent-up waters of the Arabian Gulf with its uniform conditions of existence. Thus I found the general physiognomy of the coral reefs in the two situations different, in spite of many features in common. While the reefs at Tur are for the most part conspicuous for warm coloring, — yellow, orange, red, and brown, — in the coral gardens of Ceylon green predominates in a great variety of shades and tones: yellow-green *Alcyonia* growing with sea-green *Heteropora*, and malachite-like *Anthophylla* side by side with olive-green *Millepora*; *Madrepora*, and *Astræa* of emerald hue, with brown-green *Montipora* and *Mæandrina*.

Ransonnet had already pointed out how singularly and universally green prevails in the coloring of Ceylon. Not only is the greater portion of this evergreen isle clothed with an unfading tapestry of rich verdure, but the animals of the most widely dissimilar classes which live in its woods are conspicuous for their

green coloring. This is seen in all the commonest birds and lizards, butterflies, and beetles, which are of every shade of brilliant green. In the same way the innumerable inhabitants of the sea, of all classes, are colored green, such as many fishes and crustacea, worms, and sea-anemones: indeed, creatures which elsewhere seldom or never appear in green livery wear it here; for instance, several star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers; also some enormous bivalves, and Brachiopoda, and others. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's principles, particularly in the law of adaptation by selection of similar coloring or sympathetic affinity of color, as I have elucidated it in my "History of Creation." The less the predominant coloring of any creature varies from that of its surroundings, the less will it be seen by its foes, the more easily can it steal upon its prey, and the more it is protected and fitted for the struggle for existence. Natural selection will at the same time constantly confirm the similarity between the prevailing color of the animal and of its surroundings, because it is beneficial to the animal. The green coral banks of Ceylon, with their preponderance of green inhabitants, are as instructive in their bearing on this theory as are the green land animals which people the evergreen forests and thickets of the island; but in purity and splendor of coloring the sea creatures are even more remarkable than the fauna of the forests.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this prevailing green hue produces a monotonous uniformity of coloring. On the contrary, it is impossible to weary of admiring it; for on the one hand, the most wonderful gradations and modifications may be traced through it, and on the other, numbers of vividly and gaudily colored forms are scattered among them. And just as the gorgeous red, yellow, violet, or blue colors of many birds and insects look doubly splendid in the dark-green forest of Ceylon, so do the no less brilliant hues of some marine creatures on the coral banks. Many small fishes and crustaceans are particularly distinguished by such gaudy coloring, with very elegant and extremely singular markings, as they seek their food among the ramifications of the coral-trees. Some few large corals are also conspicuously and strikingly colored; thus, for instance, many *Pocilloporæ* are rose-colored, many of the *Astræidæ* are red and yellow, and many of the *Heteroporæ* and *Madreporæ* are violet and brown, etc. But unfortunately, these gorgeous colors are for the most part very evanescent, and disappear as soon as the

coral is taken out of the water; often at a mere touch. The sensitive creatures which have displayed their open cups of tentacles in the greatest beauty then suddenly close, and become inconspicuous, dull, and colorless.

But if the eye is enchanted merely by the lovely hues of the coral reef and its crowded population, it is still more delighted by the beauty and variety of form displayed by these creatures. Just as the radiated structure of one individual coral polyp resembles a true flower, so the whole structure of the branched coral stock resembles the growth of plants, trees, and shrubs. It was for this reason that corals were universally supposed to be really plants, and it was long before their true nature as animals was generally believed in.

These coral gardens display indeed a lovely and truly fairy-like scene, as we row over them in a boat at low tide and on a calm sea. Close under the Fort of Galle the sea is so shallow that the keel of the boat grates on the points of the stony structure; and from the wall of the fort above, the separate coral growths can be distinguished through the crystal water. A great variety of most beautiful and singular species here grow close together, on so narrow a space that in a very few days I had made a splendid collection.

Mr. Scott's garden, in which my kind host allowed me to place them to dry, looked strange indeed during these days. The splendid tropical plants seemed to vie with the strange marine creatures who had intruded on their domain for the prize for beauty and splendor; and the enchanted naturalist, whose gladdened eye wandered from one to the other, could not decide whether the fauna or the flora best deserved to take it. The coral animals imitated the forms of the loveliest flowers in astonishing variety, and the orchids on the other hand mimicked the forms of insects. The two great kingdoms of the organized world seemed here to have exchanged aspects.

Most of the corals which I collected in Galle and Belligam, I procured by the help of divers. These I found here to be quite as clever and capable of endurance as the Arabs of Tur nine years before. Armed with a strong crowbar, they uprooted the limestone structure of even very large coral stocks from their attachment to the rocky base, and raised them most skilfully up to the boat. These masses often weighed from fifty to eighty pounds, and it cost no small toil and care to lift them uninjured into the boat. Some kinds of coral are so fragile that in taking

them out of the water they break by their own weight; and so, unfortunately, it is impossible to convey many of the most delicate kinds uninjured to land. This is the case, for instance, with certain frail *Turbinariæ*, whose foliaceous stock grows in the shape of an inverted spiral cone; and of the many-branched *Heteropora*, which resembles an enormous stag's antler with hundreds of twigs.

It is not from above, however, that a coral reef displays its full beauty, even when we row close over it, and when the ebb-tide has left the water so shallow that its projections grind against the boat. On the contrary, it is essential to take a plunge into the sea. In the absence of a diving-bell I tried to dive to the bottom and keep my eyes open under water, and after a little practice I found this easy. Nothing could be more wonderful than the mysterious green sheen which pervades this submarine world. The enchanted eye is startled by the wonderful effects of light, which are so different from those of the upper world with its warm and rosy coloring; and they lend a double interest and strangeness to the forms and movements of the myriads of creatures that swarm among the corals. The diver is in all reality in a new world. There is in fact a whole multitude of singular fishes, crustacea, mollusca, radiata, worms, etc., whose food consists solely of the coral polyps among which they live; and these coral-eaters, which may be regarded as parasites in the true sense of the word, have acquired by adaptation to their peculiar mode of life the most extraordinary forms; more especially are they provided with weapons of offence and defence of the most remarkable character.

But just as it is well known that "no man may walk unpunished under the palms," so the naturalist cannot swim with impunity among the coral banks. The *Oceanides*, under whose protection these coral fairy bowers of the sea flourish, threaten the intruding mortal with a thousand perils. The *Millepora*, as well as the *Medusæ* which float among them, burn him wherever they touch like the most venomous nettles; the sting of the fish known as *Synanceia* is as painful and dangerous as that of the scorpion; numbers of crabs nip his tender flesh with their powerful claws; black sea-urchins thrust their foot-long spines, covered with fine prickles set the wrong way, into the sole of his foot, where they break off and remain, causing very serious wounds. But worst of all is the injury to the skin in trying to secure the coral itself. The numberless points and angles with which their

limestone skeleton is armed, inflict a thousand little wounds at every attempt to detach and remove a portion. Never in my life have I been so gashed and mangled as after a few days of diving and coral-fishing at Galle, and I suffered from the consequences for several weeks after. But what are these transient sufferings to a naturalist, when set in the scale against the fairy-like scenes of delight with which a plunge among these marvellous coral groves enriches his memory for life!

“ SNAKE-TREES ” AT PERADENIA.

(From “ A Visit to Ceylon.”)

THE entrance to the garden is through a fine avenue of old india-rubber trees. This is the same as the Indian species, of which the milky juice when inspissated becomes caoutchouc, and of which young plants are frequently grown in sitting-rooms in our cold Northern climate, for the sake of the bright polished green of its oval leathery leaves. But while with us these india-rubber-plants are greatly admired when their inch-thick stems reach the ceiling, and their rare branches bear fifty leaves, more or less, in the hot moisture of their native land they attain the size of a noble forest tree, worthy to compare with our oaks. An enormous crown of thousands of leaves growing on horizontal boughs, spreading forty to fifty feet on every side, covers a surface as wide as a good-sized mansion, and the base of the trunk throws out a circle of roots often from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter, more than the whole height of the tree. These very remarkable roots generally consist of twenty or thirty main roots, thrown out from strongly marked ribs in the lower part of the trunk, and spreading like huge creeping snakes over the surface of the soil. The india-rubber tree is indeed called the “ snake-tree ” by the natives, and has been compared by poets to Laocoön entwined by serpents. Very often however the roots grow up from the ground like strong upright poles, and so form stout props, enabling the parent tree to defy all storms unmoved. The space between these props form perfect little rooms or sentry boxes, in which a man can stand upright and be hidden. These pillar-roots are developed here in many other gigantic trees of very different families.

HAFIZ.

HAFIZ (MOHAMMED SHEMS ED-DIN), a Persian philosopher and poet; born at Shiraz, about 1300; died in 1390. The name Hafiz means, in Arabic, he who knows by heart, *i.e.*, the Koran and the traditions. He early devoted himself to Mohammedan jurisprudence, of which he was a noted teacher. When in 1387 Tamerlane conquered Shiraz he treated Hafiz with marked consideration. In his old age Hafiz embraced an austere life, and devoted himself to celebrating the Divine Unity and the praises of the prophet of Islam. His only work is "The Divan," a collection of poems made after his death, consisting of five hundred and seventy-one *gazels* or odes, and seven elegies. The entire "Divan" was translated into German by Von Hammer in 1812-15. Several of the *gazels* have been rendered into English, by Richardson, Nott, Hindley, and others. Sir William Jones also translated several of them directly from the original Persian.

A PERSIAN SONG.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst chain my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand!

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clean as Roenabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when those fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret hearts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart ?
 Can cheeks where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrowed gloss of art ?

Speak not of Fate : ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odors, talk of wine.
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 't is all a dream.
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy,
 For her fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah ! sweet maid, my counsel hear —
 Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage —
 While music charms the ravished ear ;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay, and scorn the frown of age.

What cruel answer have I heard ?
 And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still :
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung :
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
 But oh ! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung !

THREE GAZELS OR ODES.

FROM the garden of union with thee, [even] the gardens of Rizvân
 [Paradise] gain lustre of joy ;
 From the torment of separation from thee, [even] hell's flame hath
 torment.

In the beauty of thy cheek and stature, shelter have taken
Paradise, and the tūba [tree]. For them, it [the shelter] is good;
and a good place of returning [from this world].

All night, [even] as my eye [seeth, so] the stream of Paradise
Seeth in sleep the image of thy intoxicated eye [of mercy].

In every season, Spring giveth description of thy beauty;
In every book, Paradise maketh mention of thy grace.

This heart consumed, and my soul attained not to the heart's desire;
If it had attained to its desire, it would not have poured forth blood
[of grief].

Oh, many the salt-rights of thy lip and mouth,
Which they have against rent livers and roast hearts.

Think not that in thy circle [only] lovers are intoxicated [with love
for thee]:

Of the state of zāhids distraught [with love] no news hast thou.

By the circle of thy [ruddy] lip [in thy face, resplendent as the
sun], I knew that the jewel [lustre] of the ruby
Was produced by the sun, world-illuminating.

Open the veil. This modesty how long wilt thou practise?
With this veil, what hast thou bound save modesty?

The rose beheld thy face, and fell into the fire [of love],
Perceived thy fragrance, and through shame, became [soft and fra-
grant like] rose-water.

In love for thy face, Hāfiz is immersed in the sea of calamity.
Behold he dieth! Come once! Help!

Hāfiz! that life should pass in folly, permit not:
Strive; and understand the value of dear life.

[WHEN] the rose is in the bosom, wine in the hand, and the beloved
to my desire, —

On such a day the world's Sultān is my slave.

Say, Into this assembly bring ye no candle for to-night.
In our assembly the moon of the Friend's face is full.

In our order [of profligates] the wine-cup is lawful; but
O Cypress, rose of body! without thy face [presence], unlawful.

In our assembly [of lovers], mix not *'itr* [perfume]; for our soul
Every moment receiveth perfume from the fragrance of the tip of
thy tress.

My ear is all [intent] on the voice of the reed and the melody of
the harp [the instruction of the Mūrshid] ;

My eye is all [intent] on thy ruby lip, and on the circulation of the
cup [the manifestations of glories of God in the night
season].

Say ye naught of the sweetness of candy and sugar [the delights of
the world] ;

For my desire is for thy sweet lip [the sweet stream of Divine grace,
the source of endless delight].

From the time when the treasure of grief for thee was dweller in
my ruined heart,

The corner of the tavern is ever my abode.

Of shame why speakest thou? For from shame is my name
[renown] :

Of name [renown] why askest thou? For from name [renown] is
my shame.

Wine-drinker, distraught of head, profligate, and glance-player, I am :
In this city, who is that one who is not like this ?

To the Muhtasib, utter not my crime ; for he also
Is ever like me in desire of the drinkers of wine.

Hāfiz! sit not a moment without wine and the beloved.

'T is the season of the rose, and of the jessamine, and of the 'Id of
Siyām! ¹

Without the beloved's face, the rose —	is not pleasant.
Without wine, spring —	is not pleasant.

The border of the sward and the air of the garden	
Without the [beloved of] tulip cheek —	is not pleasant.

With the beloved, sugar of lip, rose of body,	
[To be] without kiss and embrace —	is not pleasant.

The dancing of the cypress, and the rapture of the rose,	
Without the song of the hazār —	is not pleasant.

Every picture that reason's hand depicteth,	
Save the picture of the [living beauteous] idol —	is not pleasant.

The garden and the rose and wine, [all] is pleasant ; but	
Without the beloved's society, —	is not pleasant.

Hāfiz! the soul is [but] a despicable coin;	
For scattering [on the true beloved] it —	is not pleasant.

¹ A day of rejoicing following the fast of Ramazān.

THAT friend by whom our house the [happy] dwelling of the
 Parī — was,
 Head to foot, free from defect, a Parī — was.

Acceptable to the [All] Wise of mine [is] that moon. For his,
 With beauty of manner, the way of one endowed with vision — was.

[My] heart said, "In hope of her, in this city I will sojourn:"
 Helpless, it knew not that its friend a traveller — was.

Out from my grasp the malignant star plucked her:
 Yes: what can I do? The calamity of the revolution of the
 moon it — was.

Not only from my heart's mystery fell the screen;
 Since the sky [time] was, screen-rending its habit — was.

Sweet was the marge of the water, and the rose and the verdure. But
 Alas, that moving treasure a wayfarer — was.

Happy were those times which passed with the friend;
 All without result and without knowledge the rest — was.

The bulbul [the true lover] slew himself through jealousy of
 this, that to the rose [the true beloved]
 At morning-time [the last breath of life], with the morning
 breeze [the angel of death], splendor [of heavenly
 messages] — was.

O heart! establish an excuse. For thou art a beggar; and here,
 In the kingdom of beauty, the head of a crowned one — was.

Every treasure of happiness that God gave to Hāfiz,
 From the auspiciousness of the evening prayer and of the morn-
 ing supplication — was.

THREE GAZELS OR ODES.

O CUPBEARER! bring the joy of youth; bring cup after cup of red
 wine.
 Bring medicine for the disease of love; bring wine, which is the
 balm of old and young.
 Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and
 not thus. Touch the lute in peace.
 Wisdom is very wearisome; bring for its neck the noose of wine.
 When the rose goes, say "Go gladly," and drink wine, red like the
 rose.

If the moan of the turtle does not remain, what matter? Bring
music in the jug of wine.

The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the
moon.

To drink wine is either good or bad: drink, if it be bad or if it be
good.

Her face cannot be seen except in a dream; bring then the medicine
of sleep.

Give cup after cup to Hāfiz; pour, whether it be sin or sanctity.

THE east wind at the dawn of day brought a perfume from the
tresses of my beloved, which immediately cast my foolish
heart into fresh agitation.

I imagined that I had uprooted that flower from the garden of my
heart, for every blossom which sprang up from its suffering
bore only the fruits of pain.

From fear of the attacks of her love, I set my heart free with bloody
strife; my heart dropped gouts of blood which marked
my footsteps.

I beheld from her terrace how the glory of the moon veiled itself in
confusion, before the face of that dazzling sun.

At the voice of the singer and the cupbearer, I go to the door in and
out of season; for the messenger cometh with trouble
from a weary road.

Any gift of my beloved I take as courteous and kind, whether it be
Mohammedan, Christian, or Jewish.

Heaven protect her eyebrows from harm! for though they brought
me to despair, yet with a gracious greeting they have
given consolation to the sick heart.

Joy to the time and the hour when I freed myself from the snare of
her braided tresses, and gained a victory which even my
foe admitted!

From envy of the tresses of my beloved, the breeze lavished all the
musk which she had carried from Tartary.

I was amazed when I discovered last night cup and jug beside Hāfiz;
but I said no word, for he used them in Sūfi manner.

YESTERDAY morning I chanced to drink a cup or two, and from the
lip of the cupbearer wine had fallen into my heart.

From the joy of intoxication I was longing to call back the beloved
of my youth; but divorce had befallen.

I dreamed that I might kiss those divine eyes. I had lost strength
and patience on account of her arched eyebrow.

O Saki! give the cup frequently, because, in the journey on the path,
where is the lover who has not fallen into hypocrisy?

O interpreter of dreams! give good tidings, because last night the sun seemed to be my ally in the joy of the morning sleep.

At the hour when Hāfiz was writing this troubled verse, the bird of his heart had fallen into the snare of love.

A GAZEL OR ODE.

I HAVE made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chighil; splendor to mine eye and brightness to my heart from that moon of Khoten.

Since in accordance with my wishes and yearnings I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd?

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault my heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldst close thine eye for a while, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby lips!

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose garden of her favor.

O mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house; for abandoning the wine-cup, I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverage is easy of digestion, and my love is beautiful as a picture; no one hath a love — such a love as I have!

I have a Cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby lip is potent as was that of Solomon: in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the Evil One!

After long abstinence, Hāfiz is become a notorious reveler; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ad-Din Hassan!



HENRY RIDER HAGGARD

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER, an English novelist, was born in Norfolk, June 22, 1856. When nineteen years old he went to Natal as secretary to Sir H. Bulwer, and served on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his mission in the Transvaal. He retired from the Colonial Service in 1879. He has published numerous works: "Cetewayo and His White Neighbors" (1882); "Dawn" (1884); "The Witch's Head" (1885); "King Solomon's Mines" (1886); "She," "Jess," "Allan Quatermain," "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Maiwa's Revenge," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "Cleopatra," "Allan's Wife" (1889); "Beatrice" (1890); "Nada the Lily" (1892); "The People of the Mist" (1894); "Heart of the World" (1895); "Joan Haste" (1895); "The Wizard" (1896).

Haggard's works are very popular in both Europe and America. Walter Besant declares: "Among living authors Haggard is unquestionably first. I find two very remarkable qualities in Mr. Haggard's novels, — a power of imagination in which, for audacity and strength, he is unequalled since the Elizabethan dramatists. Secondly, there is the mesmeric influence which he exercises over his readers."

UMBOPA ENTERS OUR SERVICE.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

It takes from four to five days, according to the vessel and the state of the weather, to run up from the Cape to Durban. Sometimes, if the landing is bad at East London, where they have not yet got that wonderful harbor they talk so much of, and sink such a mint of money in, one is delayed for twenty-four hours before the cargo boats can get out to take the goods off. But on this occasion we had not to wait at all, for there were no breakers on the Bar to speak of, and the tugs came out at once with their long strings of ugly, flat-bottomed boats, into which the goods were bundled with a crash. It did not matter what they were, over they went slap bang; whether they were china or woollen goods they met with the same treatment. I saw one

case containing four dozen of champagne smashed all to bits, and there was the champagne fizzing and boiling about in the bottom of the dirty cargo boat. It was a wicked waste, and so evidently the Kafirs in the boat thought, for they found a couple of unbroken bottles, and knocking the tops off drunk the contents. But they had not allowed for the expansion caused by the fizz in the wine, and feeling themselves swelling, rolled about in the bottom of the boat, calling out that the good liquor was "tagati" (bewitched). I spoke to them from the vessel, and told them that it was the white man's strongest medicine, and that they were as good as dead men. They went on to the shore in a very great fright, and I do not think that they will touch champagne again.

Well, all the time we were running up to Natal I was thinking over Sir Henry Curtis's offer. We did not speak any more on the subject for a day or two, though I told them many hunting yarns, all true ones. There is no need to tell lies about hunting, for so many curious things happen within the knowledge of a man whose business it is to hunt; but this is by the way.

At last, one beautiful evening in January, which is our hottest month, we steamed along the coast of Natal, expecting to make Durban Point by sunset. It is a lovely coast all along from East London, with its red sandhills and wide sweeps of vivid green, dotted, here and there, with Kafir kraals, and bordered by a ribbon of white surf, which spouts up in pillars of foam where it hits the rocks. But just before you get to Durban there is a peculiar richness about it. There are the deep kloofs cut in the hills by the rushing rains of centuries, down which the rivers sparkle; there is the deepest green of the bush, growing as God planted it, and the other greens of the mealie gardens and the sugar patches, while here and there a white house, smiling out at the placid sea, puts a finish, and gives an air of homeliness to the scene. For to my mind, however beautiful a view may be, it requires the presence of man to make it complete, but perhaps that is because I have lived so much in the wilderness, and therefore know the value of civilization, though to be sure it drives away the game. The Garden of Eden, no doubt, was fair before man was, but I always think it must have been fairer when Eve was walking about it. But we had miscalculated a little, and the sun was well down before we dropped anchor off the Point, and heard the gun which told

the good folk that the English Mail was in. It was too late to think of getting over the Bar that night, so we went down comfortably to dinner, after seeing the Mails carried off in the life-boat.

When we came up again the moon was up, and shining so brightly over sea and shore that she almost paled the quick, large flashes from the lighthouse. From the shore floated sweet spicy odors that always remind me of hymns and missionaries, and in the windows of the houses on the Berea sparkled a hundred lights. From a large brig lying near came the music of the sailors as they worked at getting the anchor up to be ready for the wind. Altogether it was a perfect night, such a night as you only get in Southern Africa, and it threw a garment of peace over everybody as the moon threw a garment of silver over everything. Even the great bulldog, belonging to a sporting passenger, seemed to yield to the gentle influences, and giving up yearning to come to close quarters with the baboon in the cage on the foc'sle, snored happily in the door of the cabin, dreaming no doubt that he had finished him, and happy in his dream.

We all — that is, Sir Henry Curtis, Captain Good, and myself — went and sat by the wheel, and were quiet for awhile.

"Well, Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, presently, "have you been thinking about my proposals?"

"Ay," echoed Captain Good, "what do you think of them, Mr. Quatermain? I hope you are going to give us the pleasure of your company as far as Solomon's Mines, or wherever the gentleman you knew as Neville may have got to."

I rose and knocked out my pipe before I answered. I had not made up my mind, and wanted the additional moment to complete it. Before the burning tobacco had fallen into the sea it was completed; just that little extra second did the trick. It is often the way when you have been bothering a long time over a thing.

"Yes, gentlemen," I said, sitting down again, "I will go, and by your leave I will tell you why and on what terms. First for the terms which I ask.

"1. You are to pay all expenses, and any ivory or other valuables we may get is to be divided between Captain Good and myself.

"2. That you pay me £500 for my services on the trip before we start, and undertake to serve you faithfully till you

choose to abandon the enterprise, or till we succeed, or disaster overtakes us.

"3. That before we start you execute a deed agreeing, in the event of my death or disablement, to pay my boy Harry, who is studying medicine over there in London at Guy's Hospital, a sum of £200 a year for five years, by which time he ought to be able to earn a living for himself. That is all, I think, and I dare say you will say quite enough too."

"No," answered Sir Henry, "I accept them gladly. I am bent upon this project, and would pay more than that for your help, especially considering the peculiar knowledge you possess."

"Very well. And now that I have made my terms I will tell you my reasons for making up my mind to go. First of all, gentlemen, I have been observing you both for the last few days, and if you will not think me impertinent I will say that I like you, and think that we shall come up well to the yoke together. That is something, let me tell you, when one has a long journey like this before one.

"And now as to the journey itself, I tell you flatly, Sir Henry and Captain Good, that I do not think it probable that we can come out of it alive, that is, if we attempt to cross the Suliman Mountains. What was the fate of the old Don da Silvestra three hundred years ago? What was the fate of his descendant twenty years ago? What has been your brother's fate? I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that as their fate was so I believe ours will be."

I paused to watch the effect of my words. Captain Good looked a little uncomfortable; but Sir Henry's face did not change. "We must take our chance," he said.

"You may perhaps wonder," I went on, "why, if I think this, I, who am, as I told you, a timid man, should undertake such a journey. It is for two reasons. First, I am a fatalist, and believe that my time is appointed to come quite independently of my own movements, and that if I am to go to Suliman's Mountains to be killed, I shall go there and shall be killed there. God Almighty, no doubt, knows His mind about me, so I need not trouble on that point. Secondly, I am a poor man. For nearly forty years I have hunted and traded, but I have never made more than a living. Well, gentlemen, I don't know if you are aware that the average life of an elephant-hunter from the time he takes to the trade is from four to five years. So you see I have lived through about seven generations of my class,

and I should think that my time cannot be far off any way. Now, if anything were to happen to me in the ordinary course of business, by the time my debts were paid there would be nothing left to support my son Harry whilst he was getting in the way of earning a living, whereas now he would be provided for for five years. There is the whole affair in a nutshell."

"Mr. Quatermain," said Sir Henry, who had been giving me the most serious attention; "your motives for undertaking an enterprise which you believe can only end in disaster reflect a great deal of credit on you. Whether or not you are right, time and the event of course alone can show. But whether you are right or wrong, I may as well tell you at once that I am going through with it to the end, sweet or bitter. If we are going to be knocked on the head, all I have to say is that I hope we shall get a little shooting first — eh, Good?"

"Yes, yes," put in the captain. "We have all three of us been accustomed to face danger, and hold our lives in our hands in various ways, so it is no good turning back now."

"And now I vote we go down to the saloon and take an observation, just for luck, you know." And we did — through the bottom of a tumbler.

Next day we went ashore, and I put Sir Henry and Captain Good up at the little shanty I have on the Berea, and which I call my home. There are only three rooms and a kitchen in it, and it is built of green brick with a galvanized iron roof, but there is a good garden with the best loquat trees in it that I know, and some nice young mangoes, of which I hope great things. The curator of the botanical gardens gave them to me. It is looked after by an old hunter of mine, named Jack, whose thigh was so badly broken by a buffalo cow in Sikukuni's country, that he will never hunt again. But he can potter about and garden, being a Griqua by birth. You can never get your Zulu to take much interest in gardening. It is a peaceful art, and peaceful arts are not in his line.

Sir Henry and Good slept in a tent pitched in my little grove of orange-trees at the end of the garden (for there was no room for them in the house), and what with the smell of the bloom and the sight of the green and golden fruit — for in Durban you will see all three on the tree together — I dare say it is a pleasant place enough (for we have few mosquitoes here unless there happens to come an unusually heavy rain).

Well, to get on — for unless I do you will be tired of my

story before we fetch up at Suliman's Mountains — having once made up my mind to go I set about making the necessary preparations. First I got the deed from Sir Henry, providing for my boy in case of accident. There was some little difficulty about getting this legally executed, as Sir Henry was a stranger here, and the property to be charged was over the water, but it was ultimately got over with the help of a lawyer, who charged £20 for the job — a price that I thought outrageous. Then I got my check for £500. Having paid this tribute to my bump of caution, I bought a wagon and a span of oxen on Sir Henry's behalf, and beauties they were. It was a twenty-two-foot wagon with iron axles, very strong, very light, and built throughout of stink wood. It was not quite a new one, having been to the Diamond Fields and back, but in my opinion it was all the better for that, for one could see that the wood was well seasoned. If anything is going to give in a wagon, or if there is green wood in it, it will show out on the first trip. It was what we call a "half-tented" wagon, that is to say, it was only covered in over the after twelve feet, leaving all the front part free for the necessities we had to carry with us. In this after part was a hide "cartle" or bed, on which two people could sleep, also racks for rifles, and many other little conveniences. I gave £125 for it, and think it was cheap at the price. Then I bought a beautiful team of twenty salted Zulu oxen, which I had had my eye on for a year or two. Sixteen oxen are the usual number for a team, but I had four extra to allow for casualties. These Zulu oxen are small and light, not more than half the size of the Africander oxen, which are generally used for transport purposes; but they will live where the Africanders will starve, and with a light load will make five miles a day better going, being quicker and not so liable to get footsore. What is more, this lot were thoroughly "salted," that is, they had worked all over South Africa, and so had become proof (comparatively speaking) against red water, which so frequently destroys whole teams of oxen when they get on to strange "veldt" (grass country). As for "lung sick," which is a dreadful form of pneumonia, very prevalent in this country, they had all been inoculated against it. This is done by cutting a slit in the tail of an ox, and binding in a piece of the diseased lung of an animal which has died of the sickness. The result is that the ox sickens, takes the disease in a mild form, which causes its tail to drop off, as a rule about a foot from the root, and becomes proof against future attacks. It seems cruel to rob the animal

of his tail, especially in a country where there are so many flies, but it is better to sacrifice the tail and keep the ox than to lose both tail and ox, for a tail without an ox is not much good except to dust with. Still it does look odd to trek along behind twenty stumps, where there ought to be tails. It seems as though nature had made a trifling mistake, and stuck the stern ornaments of a lot of prize bull-dogs on to the rumps of the oxen.

Next came the question of provisioning and medicines, one which required the most careful consideration, for what one had to do was to avoid lumbering the wagon up, and yet take everything absolutely necessary. Fortunately, it turned out that Good was a bit of a doctor, having at some period in his previous career managed to pass through a course of medical and surgical instruction, which he had more or less kept up. He was not, of course, qualified, but he knew more about it than many a man who could write M. D. after his name, as we found out afterward, and he had a splendid travelling medicine-chest and a set of instruments. Whilst we were at Durban he cut off a Kafir's big toe in a way which it was a pleasure to see. But he was quite flabbergasted when the Kafir, who had sat stolidly watching the operation, asked him to put on another, saying that a "white one" would do at a pinch.

There remained, when these questions were satisfactorily settled, two further important points for consideration, namely, that of arms and that of servants. As to the arms I cannot do better than put down a list of those we finally decided on from among the ample store that Sir Henry had brought with him from England, and those which I had. I copy it from my pocket-book, where I made the entry at the time:—

"Three heavy breechloading double-eight elephant guns, weighing about fifteen pounds each, with a charge of eleven drachms of black powder." Two of these were by a well-known London firm, most excellent makers, but I do not know by whom mine, which was not so highly finished, was made. I had used it on several trips, and shot a good many elephants with it, and it had always proved a most superior weapon, thoroughly to be relied on.

"Three double .500 expresses, constructed to carry a charge of six drachms," sweet weapons, and admirable for medium-sized game, such as eland or sable antelope, or for men, especially in an open country and with the semi-hollow bullet.

"One double No. 12 central-fire Keeper's shot-gun, full choke both barrels." This gun proved of the greatest service to us afterward in shooting game for the pot.

"Three Winchester repeating rifles (not carbines), spare guns.

"Three single-action Colt's revolvers with the heavier pattern of cartridge."

This was our total armament, and the reader will doubtless observe that the weapons of each class were of the same make and calibre, so that the cartridges were interchangeable, a very important point. I make no apology for detailing it at length, for every experienced hunter will know how vital a proper supply of guns and ammunition is to the success of an expedition.

Now, as to the men who were to go with us. After much consultation we decided that their number should be limited to five; namely, a driver, a leader, and three servants.

The driver and leader I got without much difficulty, two Zulus, named respectively Goza and Tom; but the servants were a more difficult matter. It was necessary that they should be thoroughly trustworthy and brave men, as in a business of this sort our lives might depend upon their conduct. At last I secured two, one a Hottentot called Ventvogel (wind-bird), and one a little Zulu named Khiva, who had the merit of speaking English perfectly. Ventvogel I had known before; he was one of the most perfect "spoorers" (game-trackers) I ever had to do with, and tough as whipcord. He never seemed to tire. But he had one failing, so common with his race, drink. Put him within reach of a bottle of grog and you could not trust him. But as we were going beyond the region of grog-shops this little weakness of his did not so much matter.

Having got these two men I looked in vain for a third to suit my purpose, so we determined to start without one, trusting to luck to find a suitable man on our way up-country. But on the evening before the day we had fixed for our departure the Zulu Khiva informed me that a man was waiting to see me. Accordingly when we had done dinner, for we were at table at the time, I told him to bring him in. Presently a very tall, handsome-looking man, somewhere about thirty years of age, and very light-colored for a Zulu, entered, and, lifting his knob-stick by way of salute, squatted himself down in the corner on his haunches, and sat silent. I did not take any notice of him for a while, for it is a great mistake to do so.

If you rush into conversation at once a Zulu is apt to think you a person of little dignity or consideration. I observed, however, that he was a "Keshla" (ringed man), that is, that he wore on his head the black ring, made of a species of gum polished with fat and worked in with the hair, usually assumed by Zulus on attaining a certain age or dignity. Also it struck me that his face was familiar to me.

"Well," I said at last, "what is your name?"

"Umbopa," answered the man in a slow, deep voice.

"I have seen your face before."

"Yes; the Inkoosi" (chief) "saw my face at the place of the Little Hand" (Isandhlwana) "the day before the battle."

Then I remembered. I had been one of Lord Chelmsford's guides in that unlucky Zulu War, and had had the good fortune to leave the camp in charge of some wagons the day before the battle. While I had been waiting for the cattle to be in-spanned I had fallen into conversation with this man, who held some small command among the native auxiliaries, and he had expressed to me his doubts of the safety of the camp. At the time I had told him to hold his tongue, and leave such matters to wiser heads; but afterward I thought of his words.

"I remember," I said; "what is it you want?"

"It is this, 'Macumazahn' (that is my Kafir name, and means the man who gets up in the middle of the night, or, in vulgar English, he who keeps his eyes open). I hear that you go on a great expedition far into the North with the white chiefs from over the water. Is it a true word?"

"It is."

"I hear that you go even to the Lukanga River, a moon's journey beyond the Manica country. Is this so also, 'Macumazhan'?"

"Why do you ask whither we go? What is it to thee?" I answered, suspiciously, for the objects of our journey had been kept a dead secret.

"It is this, O white men! that if indeed you travel so far I would travel with you."

There was a certain assumption of dignity in the man's mode of speech, and especially in his use of the words "O white men!" instead of "O Inkosis" (chiefs), which struck me.

"You forget yourself a little," I said. "Your words come out unawares. That is not the way to speak. What is your

name, and where is your kraal? Tell us, that we may know with whom we have to deal."

"My name is Umbopa. I am of the Zulu people, yet not of them. The house of my tribe is in the far North; it was left behind when the Zulus came down here a 'thousand years ago,' long before Chaka reigned in Zululand. I have no kraal. I have wandered for many years. I came from the North as a child to Zululand. I was Cetywayo's man in the Nkomabakosi Regiment. I ran away from Zululand and came to Natal because I wanted to see the white man's ways. Then I served against Cetywayo in the war. Since then I have been working in Natal. Now I am tired, and would go North again. Here is not my place. I want no money, but I am a brave man, and am worth my place and meat. I have spoken."

I was rather puzzled at this man and his way of speech. It was evident to me from his manner that he was in the main telling the truth, but he was somehow different from the ordinary run of Zulus, and I rather mistrusted his offer to come without pay. Being in a difficulty, I translated his words to Sir Henry and Good, and asked them their opinion. Sir Henry told me to ask him to stand up. Umbopa did so, at the same time slipping off the long military great-coat he wore, and revealing himself naked except for the moocha round his centre and a necklace of lions' claws. He certainly was a magnificent-looking man; I never saw a finer native. Standing about six feet three high he was broad in proportion, and very shapely. In that light, too, his skin looked scarcely more than dark, except here and there where deep black scars marked old assegai wounds. Sir Henry walked up to him and looked into his proud, handsome face.

"They make a good pair, don't they?" said Good; "one as big as the other."

"I like your looks, Mr. Umbopa, and I will take you as my servant," said Sir Henry in English.

Umbopa evidently understood him, for he answered in Zulu, "It is well;" and then with a glance at the white man's great stature and breadth, "we are men, you and I."

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

Now I do not propose to narrate at full length all the incidents of our long journey up to Sitanda's Kraal, near the junc-

tion of the Lukanga and Kalukwe rivers, a journey of more than a thousand miles from Durban, the last three hundred or so of which, owing to the frequent presence of the dreadful "tsetse" fly, whose bite is fatal to all animals except donkeys and men, we had to make on foot.

We left Durban at the end of January, and it was in the second week of May that we camped near Sitanda's Kraal. Our adventures on the way were many and various, but as they were of the sort which befall every African hunter, I shall not — with one exception, to be presently detailed — set them down here, lest I should render this history too wearisome.

At Inyati, the outlying trading station in the Matabele country of which Lobengula (a great scoundrel) is king, we with many regrets parted from our comfortable wagon. Only twelve oxen remained to us out of the beautiful span of twenty which I had bought at Durban. One we had lost from the bite of a cobra, three had perished from poverty and the want of water, one had been lost, and the other three had died from eating the poisonous herb called "tulip." Five more sickened from this cause, but we managed to cure them with doses of an infusion made by boiling down the tulip leaves. If administered in time this is a very effective antidote. The wagon and oxen we left in the immediate charge of Goza and Tom, the driver and leader, both of them trustworthy boys, requesting a worthy Scotch missionary who lived in this wild place to keep an eye to it. Then, accompanied by Umbopa, Khiva, Ventvogel, and half a dozen bearers whom we hired on the spot, we started off on foot upon our wild quest. I remember we were all a little silent on the occasion of that departure, and I think that each of us was wondering if we should ever see that wagon again; for my part I never expected to. For a while we tramped on in silence, till Umbopa, who was marching in front, broke into a Zulu chant about how some brave men, tired of life and the tameness of things, started off into a great wilderness to find new things or die, and how, lo, and behold! when they had got far into the wilderness, they found it was not a wilderness at all, but a beautiful place full of young wives and fat cattle, of game to hunt and enemies to kill.

Then we all laughed and took it for a good omen. He was a cheerful savage was Umbopa, in a dignified sort of way, when he had not got one of his fits of brooding, and had a wonderful knack of keeping one's spirits up. We all got very fond of him.

And now for the one adventure I am going to treat myself to, for I do dearly love a hunting yarn.

About a fortnight's march from Inyati, we came across a peculiarly beautiful bit of fairly watered wooded country. The kloofs in the hills were covered with dense bush, "idoro" bush as the natives call it, and in some places, with the "wacht-een-beche" (wait-a-little) thorn, and there were great quantities of the beautiful "machabell" trees, laden with refreshing yellow fruit with enormous stones. This tree is the elephant's favorite food, and there were not wanting signs that the great brutes were about, for not only was their spoor frequent, but in many places the trees were broken down and even uprooted. The elephant is a destructive feeder.

One evening, after a long day's march, we came to a spot of peculiar loveliness. At the foot of a bush-clad hill was a dry river-bed, in which, however, were to be found pools of crystal water all trodden round with the hoof-prints of game. Facing this hill was a park-like plain, where grew clumps of flat-topped mimosa, varied with occasional glossy-leaved machabells, and all round was the great sea of pathless, silent bush.

As we emerged into this river-bed path we suddenly started a troop of tall giraffes, who galloped, or rather sailed off, with their strange gait, their tails screwed up over their backs, and their hoofs rattling like castanets. They were about three hundred yards from us, and therefore practically out of shot, but Good, who was walking ahead, and had an express loaded with solid ball in his hand, could not resist, but upped gun and let drive at the last, a young cow. By some extraordinary chance the ball struck it full on the back of the neck, shattering the spinal column, and that giraffe went rolling head over heels just like a rabbit. I never saw a more curious thing.

"Curse it!" said Good—for I am sorry to say he had a habit of using strong language when excited—contracted, no doubt, in the course of his nautical career; "curse it! I've killed him."

"Ou, Bougwan," ejaculated the Kafirs; "ou! ou!"

They called Good "Bougwan" (glasseye) because of his eyeglass.

"Oh, 'Bougwan!'" re-echoed Sir Henry and I, and from that day Good's reputation as a marvellous shot was established, at any rate among the Kafirs. Really he was a bad one, but whenever he missed we overlooked it for the sake of that giraffe.

Having set some of the "boys" to cut off the best of the giraffe meat, we went to work to build a "schirm" near one of the pools about a hundred yards to the right of it. This is done by cutting a quantity of thorn bushes and laying them in the shape of a circular hedge. Then the space enclosed is smoothed, and dry tambouki grass, if obtainable, is made into a bed in the centre, and a fire or fires lighted.

By the time the "schirm" was finished the moon was coming up, and our dinner of giraffe steaks and roasted marrow-bones was ready. How we enjoyed those marrow-bones, though it was rather a job to crack them! I know no greater luxury than giraffe marrow, unless it is elephant's heart, and we had that on the morrow. We eat our simple meal, pausing at times to thank Good for his wonderful shot, by the light of the full moon, and then we began to smoke and yarn, and a curious picture we must have made squatted there round the fire. I, with my short grizzled hair sticking up straight, and Sir Henry with his yellow locks, which were getting rather long, were rather a contrast, especially as I am thin, and short, and dark, weighing only nine stone and a half, and Sir Henry is tall, and broad, and fair, and weighs fifteen. But perhaps the most curious-looking of the three, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, was Captain John Good, R. N. There he sat upon a leather bag, looking just as though he had come in from a comfortable day's shooting in a civilized country, absolutely clean, tidy, and well dressed. He had on a shooting suit of brown tweed, with a hat to match, and neat gaiters. He was, as usual, beautifully shaved, his eyeglass and his false teeth appeared to be in perfect order, and altogether he was the neatest man I ever had to do with in the wilderness. He even had on a collar, of which he had a supply, made of white gutta-percha.

"You see, they weigh so little," he said to me, innocently, when I expressed my astonishment at the fact; "I always like to look like a gentleman."

Well, there we all sat yarning away in the beautiful moonlight, and watching the Kafirs a few yards off sucking their intoxicating "daccha" in a pipe of which the mouth-piece was made of the horn of an eland, till they one by one rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep by the fire, that is, all except Umbopa, who sat a little apart (I noticed he never mixed much with the other Kafirs), his chin resting on his hand, apparently thinking deeply.

Presently, from the depths of the bush behind us, came a loud "woof, woof!" "That's a lion," said I, and we all started up to listen. Hardly had we done so, when from the pool, about a hundred yards off, came the strident trumpeting of an elephant. "Incubu! Incubu!" (elephant! elephant!) whispered the Kafirs; and a few minutes afterward we saw a succession of vast shadowy forms moving slowly from the direction of the water toward the bush. Up jumped Good, burning for slaughter, and thinking, perhaps, that it was as easy to kill elephant as he had found it to shoot giraffe, but I caught him by the arm and pulled him down.

"It's no good," I said, "let them go."

"It seems that we are in a paradise of game. I vote we stop here a day or two, and have a go at them," said Sir Henry, presently.

I was rather surprised, for hitherto Sir Henry had always been for pushing on as fast as possible, more especially since we had ascertained at Inyati that about two years ago an Englishman of the name of Neville had sold his wagon there, and gone on up country; but I suppose his hunter instincts had got the better of him.

Good jumped at the idea, for he was longing to have a go at those elephants; and so, to speak the truth, did I, for it went against my conscience to let such a herd as that escape without having a pull at them.

"All right, my hearties," said I. "I think we want a little recreation. And now let's turn in, for we ought to be off by dawn, and then perhaps we may catch them feeding before they move on."

The others agreed, and we proceeded to make preparations. Good took off his clothes, shook them, put his eyeglass and his false teeth into his trousers pocket, and folding them all up neatly, placed them out of the dew under a corner of his mackintosh sheet. Sir Henry and I contented ourselves with rougher arrangements, and were soon curled up in our blankets, and dropping off into the dreamless sleep that rewards the traveller.

Going, going, go — What was that?

Suddenly from the direction of the water came a sound of violent scuffling, and next instant there broke upon our ears a succession of the most awful roars. There was no mistaking what they came from; only a lion could make such a noise as that. We all jumped up and looked toward the water, in the

direction of which we saw a confused mass, yellow and black in color, staggering and struggling toward us. We seized our rifles, and slipping on our veldt-schoons (shoes made of untanned hide), ran out of the scherm toward it. By this time it had fallen, and was rolling over and over on the ground, and by the time we reached it it struggled no longer, but was quite still.

And this was what it was. On the grass there lay a sable antelope bull — the most beautiful of all the African antelopes — quite dead, and transfixed by its great curved horns was a magnificent black-maned lion, also dead. What had happened evidently was this. The sable antelope had come down to drink at the pool where the lion — no doubt the same we had heard — had been lying in wait. While the antelope was drinking the lion had sprung upon him, but was received upon the sharp curved horns and transfixed. I once saw the same thing happen before. The lion, unable to free himself, had torn and bitten at the back and neck of the bull, which, maddened with fear and pain, had rushed on till it dropped dead.

As soon as we had sufficiently examined the dead beasts we called the Kafirs; and between us managed to drag their carcasses up to the scherm. Then we went in and lay down, to wake no more till dawn.

With the first light we were up and making ready for the fray. We took with us the three eight-bore rifles, a good supply of ammunition, and our large water-bottles, filled with weak, cold tea, which I have always found the best stuff to shoot on. After swallowing a little breakfast we started, Umbopa, Khiva, and Ventvogel accompanying us. The other Kafirs we left with instructions to skin the lion and the sable antelope, and cut up the latter.

We had no difficulty in finding the broad elephant trail, which Ventvogel, after examination, pronounced to have been made by between twenty and thirty elephants, most of them full-grown bulls. But the herd had moved on some way during the night, and it was nine o'clock, and already very hot, before, from the broken trees, bruised leaves and bark, and smoking dung, we knew we could not be far off them.

Presently we caught sight of the herd, numbering, as Ventvogel had said, between twenty and thirty, standing in a hollow, having finished their morning meal, and flapping their great ears. It was a splendid sight.

They were about two hundred yards from us. Taking a handful of dry grass I threw it into the air to see how the wind was; for if once they winded us I knew they would be off before we could get a shot. Finding that, if anything, it blew from the elephants to us, we crept stealthily on, and thanks to the cover managed to get within forty yards or so of the great brutes. Just in front of us and broadside on stood three splendid bulls, one of them with enormous tusks. I whispered to the others that I would take the middle one; Sir Henry covered the one to the left, and Good the bull with the big tusks.

"Now," I whispered.

Boom! boom! boom! went the three heavy rifles, and down went Sir Henry's elephant dead as a hammer, shot right through the heart. Mine fell on to its knees, and I thought he was going to die, but in another moment he was up and off, tearing along straight past me. As he went I gave him the second barrel in the ribs, and this brought him down in good earnest. Hastily slipping in two fresh cartridges, I ran close up to him, and a ball through the brain put an end to the poor brute's struggles. Then I turned to see how Good had fared with the big bull, which I had heard screaming with rage and pain as I gave mine its quietus. On reaching the captain I found him in a great state of excitement. It appeared that on receiving the bullet the bull had turned and come straight for his assailant, who had barely time to get out of his way, and then charged blindly on past him in the direction of our encampment. Meanwhile the herd had crashed off in wild alarm in the other direction.

For awhile we debated whether to go after the wounded bull or follow the herd, and finally decided for the latter alternative, and departed thinking that we had seen the last of those big tusks. I have often wished since that we had. It was easy work to follow the elephants, for they had left a trail like a carriage road behind them, crushing down the thick bush in their furious flight as though it were tambouki grass.

But to come up with them was another matter, and we had struggled on under a broiling sun for over two hours before we found them. They were, with the exception of one bull, standing together, and I could see, from their unquiet way and the manner in which they kept lifting their trunks to test the air, that they were on the lookout for mischief. The solitary bull stood fifty yards or so this side of the herd, over which he was evidently keeping sentry, and about sixty yards from us.

Thinking that he would see or wind us, and that it would probably start them all off again if we tried to get nearer, especially as the ground was rather open, we all aimed at this bull, and at my whispered word fired. All three shots took effect, and down he went dead. Again the herd started on, but unfortunately for them about a hundred yards further on was a nullah, or dried water track, with steep banks, a place very much resembling the one the Prince Imperial was killed in in Zululand. Into this the elephants plunged, and when we reached the edge we found them struggling in wild confusion to get up the other bank, and filling the air with their screams, and trumpeting as they pushed one another aside in their selfish panic, just like so many human beings. Now was our opportunity, and firing away as quick as we could load we killed five of the poor beasts, and no doubt should have bagged the whole herd had they not suddenly given up their attempts to climb the bank and rushed headlong down the nullah. We were too tired to follow them, and perhaps also a little sick of slaughter, eight elephants being a pretty good bag for one day.

So after we had rested a little, and the Kafirs had cut out the hearts of two of the dead elephants for supper, we started homeward, very well pleased with ourselves, having made up our minds to send the bearers on the morrow to chop out the tusks.

Shortly after we had passed the spot where Good had wounded the patriarchal bull we came across a herd of eland, but did not shoot at them, as we had already plenty of meat. They trotted past us, and then stopped behind a little patch of bush about a hundred yards away and wheeled round to look at us. As Good was anxious to get a near view of them, never having seen an eland close, he handed his rifle to Umbopa, and, followed by Khiva, strolled up to the patch of bush. We sat down and waited for him, not sorry of the excuse for a little rest.

The sun was just going down in its reddest glory, and Sir Henry and I were admiring the lovely scene, when suddenly we heard an elephant scream, and saw its huge and charging form with uplifted trunk and tail silhouetted against the great red globe of the sun. Next second we saw something else, and that was Good and Khiva tearing back toward us with the wounded bull (for it was he) charging after them. For a moment we did not dare to fire — though it would have been little use if we had at that distance — for fear of hitting one of them, and the next a

dreadful thing happened — Good fell a victim to his passion for civilized dress. Had he consented to discard his trousers and gaiters as we had, and hunt in a flannel shirt and a pair of veldtschoons, it would have been all right, but as it was his trousers cumbered him in that desperate race, and presently, when he was about sixty yards from us, his boot, polished by the dry grass, slipped, and down he went on his face right in front of the elephant.

We gave a gasp, for we knew he must die, and ran as hard as we could toward him. In three seconds it had ended, but not as we thought. Khiva, the Zulu boy, had seen his master fall, and brave lad that he was, had turned and flung his assegai straight into the elephant's face. It stuck in his trunk.

With a scream of pain the brute seized the poor Zulu, hurled him to the earth, and placing his huge foot on to his body about the middle, twined his trunk round his upper part and tore him in two.

We rushed up mad with horror, and fired again and again, and presently the elephant fell upon the fragments of the Zulu.

As for Good, he got up and wrung his hands over the brave man who had given his life to save him, and myself, though an old hand, I felt a lump in my throat. As for Umbopa, he stood and contemplated the huge dead elephant and the mangled remains of poor Khiva.

"Ah, well," he said, presently, "he is dead, but he died like a man."

THE ATTACK.

(From "King Solomon's Mines.")

SLOWLY, and without the slightest appearance of haste or excitement, the three columns crept on. When within about five hundred yards of us the main or centre column halted at the root of a tongue of open plain which ran up into the hill, to enable the other two to circumvent our position, which was shaped more or less in the form of a horse-shoe, the two points being toward the town of Loo, their object being, no doubt, that the threefold assault should be delivered simultaneously.

"Oh, for a Gatling!" groaned Good, as he contemplated the serried phalanxes beneath us. "I would clear the plain in twenty minutes."

"We have not got one, so it is no use yearning for it; but suppose you try a shot, Quatermain. See how near you can go

to that tall fellow who appears to be in command. Two to one you miss him, and an even sovereign, to be honestly paid if ever we get out of this, that you don't drop the ball within ten yards."

This piqued me, so, loading the express with solid ball, I waited till my friend walked some ten yards out from his force, in order to get a better view of our position, accompanied only by an orderly, and then, lying down and resting the express upon a rock, I covered him. The rifle, like all expresses, was only sighted to three hundred and fifty yards; so, to allow for the drop in trajectory, I took him half-way down the neck, which ought, I calculated, to find him in the chest. He stood quite still and gave me every opportunity, but whether it was the excitement or the wind, or the fact of the man being a long shot, I don't know, but this was what happened. Getting dead on, as I thought, a fine sight, I pressed, and when the puff of smoke had cleared away, I, to my disgust, saw my man standing unharmed, whilst his orderly, who was at least three paces to the left, was stretched upon the ground, apparently dead. Turning swiftly, the officer I had aimed at began to run toward his force, in evident alarm.

"Bravo, Quatermain!" sung out Good; "you've frightened him."

This made me very angry, for, if possible to avoid it, I hate to miss in public. When one can only do one thing well one likes to keep up one's reputation in that thing. Moved quite out of myself at my failure, I did a rash thing. Rapidly covering the general as he ran, I let drive with the second barrel. The poor man threw up his arms, and fell forward on to his face. This time I had made no mistake; and — I say it as a proof of how little we think of others when our own pride or reputation is in question — I was brute enough to feel delighted at the sight.

The regiments who had seen the feat cheered wildly at this exhibition of the white man's magic, which they took as an omen of success, while the force to which the general had belonged — which, indeed, as we afterward ascertained, he had commanded — began to fall back in confusion. Sir Henry and Good now took up their rifles, and began to fire, the latter industriously "browning" the dense mass before him with a Winchester repeater; and I also had another shot or two, with the result that, so far as we could judge, we put some eight or ten *men hors de combat* before they got out of range.

Just as we stopped firing there came an ominous roar from our far right, then a similar roar from our left. The two other divisions were engaging us.

At the sound the mass of men before us opened out a little, and came on toward the hill up the split of bare grass-land at a slow trot, singing a deep-throated song as they advanced. We kept up a steady fire from our rifles as they came, Ignosi joining in occasionally, and accounted for several men, but of course produced no more effect upon that mighty rush of armed humanity than he who throws pebbles does on the advancing wave.

On they came, with a shout and clashing of spears; now they were driving in the outposts we had placed among the rocks at the foot of the hill. After that the advance was a little slower, for, although as yet we had offered no serious opposition, the attacking force had to come up hill, and came slowly to save their breath. Our first line of defence was about half way up the side, our second fifty yards further back, while our third occupied the edge of the plain.

On they came, shouting their war-cry, "Twala! Twala! Chiele! Chiele!" (Twala! Twala! Smite! Smite). "Ignosi! Ignosi! Chiele! Chiele!" answered our people. They were quite close now, and the tollas, or throwing-knives began to flash backward and forward, and now with an awful yell the battle closed in.

To and fro swayed the mass of struggling warriors, men falling thick as leaves in an autumn wind; but before long the superior weight of the attacking force began to tell, and our first line of defence was slowly pressed back, till it merged into the second. Here the struggle was very fierce, but again our people were driven back and up, till at length, within twenty minutes of the commencement of the fight, our third line came into action.

But by this time the assailants were much exhausted, and had besides lost many men killed and wounded, and to break through that third impenetrable hedge of spears proved beyond their powers. For awhile the dense mass of struggling warriors swung backward and forward in the fierce ebb and flow of battle, and the issue was doubtful. Sir Henry watched the desperate struggle with a kindling eye, and then without a word he rushed off, followed by Good, and flung himself into the hottest of the fray. As for myself, I stopped where I was.

The soldiers caught sight of his tall form as he plunged into the battle, and there rose a cry of —

“Nanzia Incubu!” (Here is the Elephant!) *“Chiele! Chiele!”*

From that moment the issue was no longer in doubt. Inch by inch, fighting with desperate gallantry, the attacking force was pressed back down the hill-side, till at last it retreated upon its reserves in something like confusion. At that moment, too, a messenger arrived to say that the left attack had been repulsed; and I was just beginning to congratulate myself that the affair was over for the present, when, to our horror, we perceived our men who had been engaged in the right defence being driven toward us across the plain, followed by swarms of the enemy, who had evidently succeeded at this point.

Ignosi, who was standing by me, took in the situation at a glance, and issued a rapid order. Instantly the reserve regiment round us (the Grays) extended itself.

Again Ignosi gave a word of command, which was taken up and repeated by the captains, and in another second, to my intense disgust, I found myself involved in a furious onslaught upon the advancing foe. Getting as much as I could behind Ignosi's huge frame, I made the best of a bad job, and toddled along to be killed as though I liked it. In a minute or two — the time seemed all too short to me — we were plunging through the flying groups of our men, who at once began to reform behind us, and then I am sure I do not know what happened. All I can remember is a dreadful rolling noise of the meeting of shields, and the sudden apparition of a huge ruffian, whose eyes seemed literally to be starting out of his head, making straight at me with a bloody spear. But — I say it with pride — I rose to the occasion. It was an occasion before which most people would have collapsed once and for all. Seeing that if I stood where I was I must be done for, I, as the horrid apparition came, flung myself down in front of him so cleverly that, being unable to stop himself, he took a header right over my prostrate form. Before he could rise again, I had risen and settled the matter from behind with my revolver.

Shortly after this, somebody knocked me down, and I remember no more of the charge.

When I came to, I found myself back at the koppie, with Good bending over me with some water in a gourd.

"How do you feel, old fellow?" he asked, anxiously.

I got up and shook myself before answering.

"Pretty well, thank you," I answered.

"Thank Heaven! when I saw them carry you in I felt quite sick. I thought you were done for."

"Not this time, my boy. I fancy I only got a rap on the head, which knocked me out of time. How has it ended?"

"They are repulsed at every point for the time. The loss is dreadfully heavy; we have lost quite two thousand killed and wounded, and they must have lost three. Look, there's a sight!" and he pointed to long lines of men advancing by fours. In the centre of, and being borne by each group of four, was a kind of hide tray, of which a Kukuana force always carried a quantity, with a loop for a handle at each corner. On these trays — and their number seemed endless — lay wounded men, who as they arrived were hastily examined by the medicine men, of whom ten were attached to each regiment. If the wound was not of a fatal character, the sufferer was taken away and attended to as carefully as circumstances would allow. But if, on the other hand, the wounded man's condition was hopeless, what followed was very dreadful, though doubtless it was the truest mercy. One of the doctors, under pretence of carrying out an examination, swiftly opened an artery with a sharp knife, and in a minute or two the sufferer expired painlessly. There were many cases that day in which this was done. In fact, it was done in most cases when the wound was in the body, for the gash made by the entry of the enormously broad spears used by the Kukuanas generally rendered recovery hopeless. In most cases the poor sufferers were already unconscious, and in others the fatal "nick" of the artery was done so swiftly and painlessly that they did not seem to notice it. Still it was a ghastly sight, and one from which we were glad to escape; indeed, I never remember one which affected me more than seeing those gallant soldiers thus put out of pain by the red-handed medicine men, except, indeed, on an occasion when, after an attack, I saw a force of Swazis burying their hopelessly wounded alive.

Hurrying from this dreadful scene to the further side of the koppie, we found Sir Henry (who still held a bloody battle-axe in his hand), Ignosi, Infadoos, and one or two of the chiefs in deep consultation.

"Thank Heaven, here you are, Quatermain! I can't quite

make out what Ignosi wants to do. It seems that, though we have beaten off the attack, Twala is now receiving large reinforcements, and is showing a disposition to invest us, with a view of starving us out."

"That's awkward."

"Yes; especially as Infadoos says that the water supply has given out."

"My lord, that is so," said Infadoos; "the spring cannot supply the wants of so great a multitude, and is failing rapidly. Before night we shall all be thirsty. Listen, Macumazahn. Thou art wise, and hast doubtless seen many wars in the lands from whence thou camest — that is, if, indeed, they make wars in the stars. Now tell us, what shall we do? Twala has brought up many fresh men to take the place of those who have fallen. But Twala has learned a lesson; the hawk did not think to find the heron ready; but our beak has pierced his breast; he will not strike at us again. We too are wounded, and he will wait for us to die; he will wind himself round us like a snake round a buck, and fight the fight of 'sit down.'"

"I hear you," I said.

"So, Macumazahn, thou seest we have no water here, and but a little food, and we must choose between these three things — to languish like a starving lion in his den, or to strive to break away toward the north, or" — and here he rose and pointed toward the dense mass of our foes — "to launch ourselves straight at Twala's throat. Incubu, the great warrior — for to-day he fought like a buffalo in a net, and Twala's soldiers went down before his ax like corn before the hail; with these eyes I saw it — Incubu says 'Charge;' but the Elephant (Incubu) is ever prone to charge. Now what says Macumazahn, the wily old fox, who has seen much, and loves to bite his enemy from behind? The last word is in Ignosi the king, for it is a king's right to speak of war; but let us hear thy voice, O Macumazahn! who watchest by night, and the voice too of him of the transparent eye."

"What sayest thou, Ignosi?" I asked.

"Nay, my father," answered our quondam servant, who now, clad as he was in the full panoply of savage war, looked every inch a warrior king, "do thou speak, and let me, who am but a child in wisdom beside thee, hearken to thy words."

Thus adjured, I, after taking hasty counsel with Good and Sir Henry, delivered my opinion briefly to the effect that, being

trapped, our best chance, especially in view of the failure of our water supply, was to initiate an attack upon Twala's forces; and then I recommended that the attack should be delivered at once, "before our wounds grew stiff," and also before the sight of Twala's overpowering force caused the hearts of our soldiers "to wax small like fat before a fire." Otherwise, I pointed out, some of the captains might change their minds, and, making peace with Twala, desert to him, or even betray us into his hands.

This expression of opinion seemed, on the whole, to be favorably received; indeed, among the Kukuanas my utterances met with a respect which has never been accorded to them before or since. But the real decision as to our course lay with Ignosi, who, since he had been recognized as rightful king, could exercise the almost unbounded rights of sovereignty, including, of course, the final decision on matters of generalship, and it was to him that all eyes were now turned.

At length, after a pause, during which he appeared to be thinking deeply, he spoke:—

"Incubu, Macumazahn, and Bougwan, brave white men, and my friends; Infadoos, my uncle, and chiefs: my heart is fixed. I will strike at Twala this day, and set my fortunes on the blow, ay, and my life; my life and your lives also. Listen: thus will I strike. Ye see how the hill curves round like the half-moon, and how the plain runs like a green toward us within the curve?"

"We see," I answered.

"Good; it is now mid-day, and the men eat and rest after the toil of battle. When the sun has turned and travelled a little way toward the dark, let thy regiment, my uncle, advance with one other down to the green tongue. And it shall be that when Twala sees it he shall hurl his force at it to crush it. But the spot is narrow, and the regiments can come against thee one at a time only; so shall they be destroyed one by one, and the eyes of all Twala's army shall be fixed upon a struggle the like of which has not been seen by living man. And with thee, my uncle, shall go Incubu my friend, that when Twala sees his battle-axe flashing in the first rank of the 'Grays' his heart may grow faint. And I will come with the second regiment, that which follows thee, so that if ye are destroyed, as it may happen, there may yet be a king left to fight for; and with me shall come Macumazahn the wise."

"It is well, O king," said Infadoos, apparently contemplating the certainty of the complete annihilation of his regiment with perfect calmness. Truly these Kukuanas are a wonderful people. Death has no terrors for them when it is incurred in the course of duty.

"And whilst the eyes of the multitude of Twala's regiments are thus fixed upon the fight," went on Ignosi, "behold, one third of the men who are left alive to us (*i. e.*, about 6000) shall creep along the right horn of the hill and fall upon the left flank of Twala's force, and one third shall creep along the left horn and fall upon Twala's right flank. And when I see that the horns are ready to toss Twala, then will I, with the men who are left to me, charge home in Twala's face, and if fortune goes with us the day will be ours, and before Night drives her horses from the mountains to the mountains we shall sit in peace at Loo. And now let us eat and make ready; and, Infadoos, do thou prepare, that the plan be carried out; and stay, let my white father Bougwan go with the right horn, that his shining eye may give courage to the men."

The arrangements for attack thus briefly indicated were set in motion with a rapidity that spoke well for the perfection of the Kukuana military system. Within little more than an hour rations had been served out to the men and devoured, the three divisions were formed, the plan of attack explained to the leaders, and the whole force, with the exception of a guard left with the wounded, now numbering about 18,000 men in all, was ready to be put in motion.

Presently Good came up and shook hands with Sir Henry and myself.

"Good-bye, you fellows," he said, "I am off with the right wing according to orders; and so I have come to shake hands in case we should not meet again, you know," he added significantly.

We shook hands in silence, and not without the exhibition of as much emotion as Englishmen are wont to show.

"It is a queer business," said Sir Henry, his deep voice shaking a little, "and I confess I never expect to see to-morrow's sun. As far as I can make out, the Grays, with whom I am to go, are to fight until they are wiped out in order to enable the wings to slip round unawares and outflank Twala. Well, so be it; at any rate, it will be a man's death! Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you! I hope you will pull through and live to collar the diamonds; but

if you do, take my advice and don't have anything more to do with pretenders!"

In another second Good had wrung us both by the hand and gone, whilst I departed with Ignosi to my station.

THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

(From "She: A History of Adventure.")

OUR preparations did not take us very long. We put a change of clothing apiece and some spare boots into my Gladstone bag, also we took our revolvers and an express rifle each, together with a good supply of ammunition—a precaution to which, under Providence, we subsequently owed our lives over and over again. The rest of our gear, together with our heavy rifles, we left behind us. . . . At the mouth of the cave we found a single litter with six bearers, all of them mutes, waiting, and with them I was relieved to see our old friend Billali, for whom I had conceived a sort of affection. It appeared that, for reasons not necessary to explain at length, Ayesha had thought it best that, with the exception of herself, we should proceed on foot, and this we were nothing loath to do, after our long confinement in caves, which, however suitable they might be for sarcophagi—a singularly inappropriate word, by the way, for those particular tombs, which certainly did not consume the bodies given to their keeping—were depressing habitations for breathing mortals like ourselves. Either by accident, or by the orders of She, the space in front of the cave where he had beheld that awful dance was perfectly clear of spectators. Not a soul was to be seen, and consequently I do not believe that our departure was known to anybody except perhaps the mutes who waited on She, and they were, of course, in the habit of holding their tongues as to what they saw.

In a few minutes we were stepping out sharply across the great cultivated plain or lake bed framed like a vast emerald in its setting of frowning cliff, and had another opportunity of wondering at the extraordinary nature of the site chosen by these old people of Kôr for their capital, and at the marvellous amount of labor, ingenuity, and engineering skill that must have been brought into requisition by the founders of the city to drain so huge a sheet of water, and to keep it clear of subsequent accumulations. It is, indeed, so far as my experience goes, an unequalled instance of what man can do in the face of

nature, for in my opinion such achievements as the Suez Canal or even the Mont Cenis Tunnel do not approach this ancient undertaking in magnitude.

This cavern we pursued for twenty minutes or more, it being, so far as I could form a judgment — owing to its numerous twists and turns, no easy task — about a quarter of a mile long.

At last, however, we halted at its further end, and whilst I was still trying to pierce the gloom a great gust of air came tearing down it, and extinguished both the lamps.

Ayesha called to us, and we crept up to her, for she was a little in front, and were rewarded with a view that was positively appalling in its gloom and grandeur. Before us was a mighty chasm in the black rock, jagged and torn and splintered through it in a far past age by some awful convulsion of Nature, as though it had been cleft by stroke upon stroke of the lightning. This chasm, which was bounded by a precipice on the hither, and presumably, though we could not see it, on the further side also, may have measured any width across, but from its darkness I do not think that it can have been very broad. It was impossible to make out much of its outline, or how far it ran, for the simple reason that the point where we were standing was so far from the upper surface of the cliff, at least fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, that only a very dim light struggled down to us from above. The mouth of the cavern gave on to a most curious and tremendous spur of rock, which jutted out in the gulf before us in mid-air for a distance of some fifty yards, coming to a sharp point at its termination, and resembling nothing that I can think of so much as the spur upon the leg of a cock in shape. This huge spur was attached only to the parent precipice at its base, which was, of course, enormous, just as the cock's spur is attached to its leg. Otherwise it was utterly unsupported.

"Here must we pass," said Ayesha. "Be careful lest giddiness overcome ye, or the wind sweep ye into the gulf beneath, for of a truth it hath no bottom;" and, without giving us any further time to get scared, she started walking along the spur, leaving us to follow her as best we might. I was next to her, then came Job, painfully dragging his plank, while Leo brought up the rear. It was a wonderful sight to see this intrepid woman gliding fearlessly along that dreadful place. For my part, when I had gone but a very few yards, what be-

tween the pressure of the air and the awful sense of the consequences that a slip would entail, I found it necessary to go down on my hands and knees and crawl, and so did the other two.

But She never condescended to this. On she went, leaning her body against the gusts of wind, and never seeming to lose her head or her balance.

In a few minutes we had crossed some twenty paces of this awful bridge, which got narrower at every step, and then all of a sudden a great gust came tearing along the gorge. I saw Ayesha lean herself against it, but the strong draught got under her dark cloak, and tore it from her, and away it went down the wind, flapping like a dying bird. It was dreadful to see it go, till it was lost in the blackness. I clung to the saddle of rock, and looked round, while the great spur vibrated with a humming sound beneath us, like a living thing. The sight was a truly awesome one. There we were poised in the gloom between heaven and earth. Beneath us were hundreds upon hundreds of feet of emptiness that gradually grew darker and darker, till at last it was absolutely black, and at what depth it ended is more than I can guess. Above were space upon space of giddy air, and far, far away a line of blue sky. And down this vast gulf upon which we were pinnaled the great draught dashed and roared, driving clouds and misty wreaths of vapor before it, till we were half blinded, and utterly confused.

The whole position was so tremendous and so absolutely unearthly, that I believe it actually lulled our sense of terror, but to this hour I often see it in my dreams. and wake up covered with cold perspiration at its mere phantasy.

"On! on!" cried the white form before us, for now the cloak had gone. She was robed in white, and looked more like a spirit riding down the gale than a woman; "on, or ye will fall and be dashed to pieces. Keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closely hug the rock."

We obeyed her, and crept painfully along the quivering path, against which the wind shrieked and wailed as it shook it, causing it to murmur like a vast tuning-fork. On we went, I do not know for how long, only gazing round now and again, when it was absolutely necessary, until at last we saw that we were on the very tip of the spur, a slab of rock, little larger than an ordinary table, and that throbbed and jumped like any over-engined steamer. There we lay on our stomachs, clinging

to the ground, and looked about, while Ayesha stood leaning out against the wind, down which her long hair streamed, and, absolutely heedless of the hideous depth that yawned beneath, pointed before her. Then we saw why the narrow plank, which Job and I had painfully dragged along between us, had been provided. Before us was an empty space, on the other side of which was something, as yet we could not see what, for here — either owing to the shadow of the opposite cliff, or from some other cause — the gloom was that of night.

"We must wait awhile," called Ayesha; "soon there will be light."

At the moment I could not imagine what she meant. How could more light than there was ever come to this dreadful spot? Whilst I was still debating in my mind, suddenly, like a great sword of flame, a beam from the setting sun pierced the Stygian gloom, and smote upon the point of rock whereon we lay, illuminating Ayesha's lovely form with an unearthly splendor. I only wish that I could describe the wild and marvellous beauty of that sword of fire, laid across the darkness and rushing mist-wreaths of the gulf. How it got there I do not to this moment know, but I presume there was some cleft or hole in the opposing cliff through which it pierced when the setting orb was in a direct line with it. All I can say is that the effect was the most wonderful that I ever saw. Right through the heart of the darkness that flaming sword was stabbed, and where it lay there was the most surpassingly vivid light, so vivid that even at a distance one could see the grain of the rock, while, outside of it, yes, within a few inches of its keen edge — there was naught but clustering shadows.

And now, by this ray of light, for which She had been waiting, and timed our arrival to meet, knowing that at this season, for thousands of years it had always struck thus at sunset, we saw what lay before us. Within eleven or twelve feet of the very tip of the tongue-like rock whereon we lay there arose, presumably from the far bottom of the gulf, a sugarloaf-shaped cone, of which the summit was exactly opposite to us. But had there been a summit only it would not have helped us much, for the nearest point of its circumference was some forty feet from where we were. On the lip of this summit, however, which was circular and hollow, rested a tremendous flat stone, something like a glacier stone — indeed, perhaps it was one for all I know to the contrary — and the end of this stone ap-

proached to within twelve feet or so of us. This huge boulder was nothing more or less than a gigantic rocking-stone accurately balanced upon the edge of the cone or miniature crater, like a half-crown on the rim of a wine-glass; for in the fierce light that played upon it and us we could see it oscillating in the gusts of wind.

"Quick!" said Ayesha; "the plank — we must cross while the light endures; presently it will be gone."

"Oh, Lord, sir!" groaned Job, "surely she don't mean us to walk across that there place on that there thing," as in obedience to my direction he pushed the long board toward me.

"That's it, Job," I hallooed in ghastly merriment, though the idea of the plank was no pleasanter to me than to him.

I pushed the plank on to Ayesha, who deftly ran it across the gulf so that one end of it rested on the rocking-stone, the other remaining on the extremity of our trembling spur. Then placing her foot upon it to prevent it from being blown away, she turned to me.

"Since last I was here, oh, Holly!" she called, "the support of the moving stone hath lessened somewhat, so that I am not sure if it will bear our weight and fall or no. Therefore will I cross the first, because no harm will come unto me," and, without further ado, she trod lightly but firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon the heaving stone.

"It is safe," she called. "See, hold thou the plank! I will stand on the further side of the stone so that it may not over-balance with your greater weights. Now come, oh, Holly! for presently the light will fail us."

I struggled to my knees, and if ever I felt sick in my life, I felt sick then, and I am not ashamed to say that I hesitated and hung back.

"Surely thou art not afraid," called this strange creature in a lull of the gale, from where she stood poised like a bird, on the highest point of the rocking-stone. "Make then way for Kallikrates."

This settled me; it is better to fall down a precipice and die than be laughed at by such a woman; so I clinched my teeth, and in another instant I was on that horrible, narrow, bending plank with bottomless space beneath and around me. I have always hated a great height, but never before did I realize the full horrors of which such a position is capable. Oh,

the sickening sensation of that yielding board resting on the two moving supports! I grew dizzy, and thought that I must fall; my spine *crept*; it seemed to me that I was falling, and my delight at finding myself sprawling upon that stone, which rose and fell beneath me like a boat in a swell, cannot be expressed in words. All I know is that briefly, but earnestly enough, I thanked Providence for preserving me so far.

Then came Leo's turn, and, though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer. Ayesha stretched out her hand to clasp his own, and I heard her murmur, "Bravely done, my love—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor Job remained on the further side of the gulf. He crept up to the plank, and yelled out, "I can't do it, sir. I shall fall into that beastly place."

"You must," I said—"you must; Job, it's as easy as catching flies." I suppose that I said this to satisfy my conscience—because, while the expression conveys a wonderful idea of facility, as a matter of fact I know no more difficult operation in the whole world than catching flies—that is, in warm weather, when they have all their faculties—unless, indeed, it is catching mosquitoes.

"I can't, sir—I can't, indeed."

"Let the man come, or let him stop and perish there. See, the light is dying! In a minute it will be gone!" said Ayesha.

I looked. She was right. The sun was passing below the level of the hole or cleft in the precipice through which the ray came.

"If you stop there, Job, you will die alone," I hallooed; "the light is going."

"Come, be a man, Job," roared Leo; "it's quite easy."

Thus adjured, the miserable Job, with, I think, the most awful yell that I ever heard, precipitated himself face downward on the plank—he did not dare, small blame to him, to try to walk it, and commenced to draw himself across in little jerks, his poor legs hanging down on either side into the nothingness beneath.

His violent jerks at the frail board made the great stone, which was only balanced on a few inches of rock, oscillate in a most sickening manner, and, to make matters worse, just as he was half-way across, the flying ray of lurid light suddenly went out just as though a lamp had been extinguished in a cur-

tained room, leaving the whole howling wilderness of air in blackness.

"Come on, Job, for God's sake," I shouted, in an agony of fear, while the stone, gathering motion with every swing, rocked so violently that it was difficult to hang on to it. It was a truly awful position.

"Lord have mercy on me!" hallooed poor Job from the darkness. "Oh, the plank's slipping!" and I heard a violent struggle, and thought that he was gone.

But just at that moment his outstretched hand, clasping in agony at the air, met my own, and I hauled — ah, how I did haul, putting out all the strength that it has pleased Providence to give me in such abundance — and to my joy in another minute Job was gasping on the rock beside me. But the plank! I felt it slip, and heard it knock against a projecting knob of rock and it was gone.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How are we going to get back?"

"I don't know," answered Leo, out of the gloom. "'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' I am thankful enough to be here."

But Ayesha merely called to me to take her hand and creep after her.

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We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others, it was filled with a soft glow of rose-colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight, and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern, with a grinding and crashing noise — a noise so dreadful and awe-inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sunk to his knees — there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-colored, and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away — I know not whither — leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near!" cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright Spirit of the Globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very fount and seat of Being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed. And as we went we became sensible of a wild and splendid exhilaration, of a glorious sense of such a fierce intensity of Life that the most buoyant moments of our strength seemed flat and tame and feeble beside it. It was the mere effluvium of the flame, the subtle ether that it cast off as it passed, working on us, and making us feel strong as giants and swift as eagles.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearean beauty, all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind, it was as though the bonds of my flesh had been loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the Possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the Real.

Then suddenly, whilst I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new-found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder-wheels of Heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and

with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many-colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save She, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but of a truth — I am no coward — but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless will I do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See, now I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days if that be possible. If it be not possible, at the least it can not harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But

now is it otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire, empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings, and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows, and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

WHAT WE SAW.

Then came a few moments' pause during which Ayesha seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial, while we clung to each other, and waited in utter silence.

At last, from far, far away came the first murmur of sound, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow in its distance. As she heard it, Ayesha swiftly threw off her gauzy wrapping, loosened the golden snake from her kirtle and then, shaking her lovely hair about her like a garment, beneath the cover slipped the kirtle off, and replaced the snaky belt around her and outside the masses of falling hair. There she stood before us as Eve might have stood before Adam, clad in nothing but her abundant locks, held round by her golden band; and no words of mine can tell how sweet she looked — and yet how divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder wheels of fire, and as they came she pushed one ivory arm through the dark masses of her hair and flung it round Leo's neck.

"Oh, my love, my love," she murmured, "wilt thou ever know how I have loved thee!" and she kissed him on the forehead, and then went and stood in the pathway of the flame of Life.

There was, I remember, to my mind something very touching about the words and that embrace upon the forehead. It was like a mother's kiss and seemed to convey a benediction with it.

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof

was as though a forest were being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came; now flashes of light, forerunners of the revolving pillar of flame, were passing like arrows through the rosy air, and now the edge of the pillar itself appeared. Ayesha turned toward it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came, very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. I saw the fire run up her form. I saw her lift it with both her hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth and draw it down into her lungs, and a dread and wonderful sight it was.

Then she paused and stretched out her arms, and stood there quite still, with a heavenly smile upon her face, as though she were the very Spirit of the Flame.

The mysterious fire played up and down her dark and rolling locks, twining and twisting itself through and around them like threads of golden lace; it gleamed upon her ivory breast and shoulder, from which the hair had slipped aside; it slid along her pillared throat and delicate features, and seemed to find a home in the glorious eyes that shone and shone more brightly even than the spiritual essence.

Oh, how beautiful she looked there in the flame! No angel out of heaven could have worn a greater loveliness. Even now my heart faints before the recollection of it, as she stood and smiled at our awed faces, and I would give half my remaining time upon this earth to see her once like that again.

But suddenly — more suddenly than I can describe — a kind of change came over her face, a change which I could not define or explain on paper, but none the less a change. The smile vanished and in its place there came a dry, hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon it. The glorious eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its perfect shape and erectness.

I rubbed my eyes, thinking that I was the victim of some hallucination, or that the refraction from the intense light produced an optical delusion; and, as I did so, the flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off whithersoever it passes to in the bowels of the great earth, leaving Ayesha standing where it had been.

As soon as it was gone she stepped forward to Leo's side — it seemed to me that there was no spring in her step — and stretched out her hand to lay it on his shoulder. I gazed at her

arm. Where was its wonderful roundness and beauty? It was getting thin and angular. And her face — by Heaven! — *her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose that Leo saw it also, certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"What is it, my Kallikrates?" she said, and her voice — what was the matter with those deep and thrilling notes? They were quite high and cracked.

"Why, what is it — what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the quality of the fire hath not altered. Can the principle of Life alter? Tell me, Kallikrates, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear," and she put her hand to her head and touched her hair — and oh, *horror of horrors!* — it all fell off upon the floor, leaving her utterly bald.

"Oh, *look! look! look!*" shrieked Job, in a shrill falsetto of terror, his eyes nearly dropping out of his head, and foam upon his lips. "*Look! look! look!* she's shrivelling up! she's turning into a monkey!" and down he fell upon the floor, foaming and gnashing in a fit.

True enough — I faint even as I write it in the living presence of that terrible recollection — she *was* shrivelling up; the golden snake that had encircled her gracious form slipped over her hips and fell upon the ground; smaller and smaller she grew; her skin changed color, and in place of the perfect whiteness of its lustre it turned dirty brown and yellow, like an old piece of withered parchment. She felt at her bald head; the delicate hand was nothing but a claw now, a human talon, like that of a badly preserved Egyptian mummy, and then she seemed to realize what kind of change was passing over her, and she shrieked — ah, she shrieked! — she rolled upon the floor and shrieked!

Smaller she grew, and smaller yet, till she was no larger than a she baboon. Now the skin was puckered into a million wrinkles, and on the shapeless face was the stamp of unutterable age. I never saw anything like it; nobody ever saw anything like the frightful age that was graven on that fearful countenance, no bigger now than that of a two-months' child, though the skull remained the same size, or nearly so; and let all men pray to God they never may, if they wish to keep their reason.

At last she lay still, or only feebly moving. She who but two minutes before had gazed upon us the loveliest, noblest, most splendid woman the world had ever seen, she lay still before us, near the masses of her own dark hair, no larger than

a big monkey, and hideous — ah, too hideous for words. And yet, think of this — at that very moment I thought of it — it was the same woman!

She was dying; we saw it, and thanked God — for while she lived she could feel, and what must she have felt? She raised herself upon her bony hands, and blindly gazed around her, swaying her head slowly from side to side as a tortoise does. She could not see, for her whitish eyes were covered with a horny film. Oh, the horrible pathos of the sight! But she could still speak.

“Kallikrates,” she said, in husky, trembling notes. “Forget me not, Kallikrates. Have pity on my shame; I shall come again, and shall once more be beautiful, I swear it — it is true! *Oh—h—h—!*” and she fell upon her face and was still.

On the very spot where twenty centuries before she had slain the old Kallikrates, she herself fell down and died.

Overcome with the extremity of horror, we, too, fell on the sandy floor of that dread place, and swooned away.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, D.D., a distinguished American divine and general writer, born at Boston, April 3, 1822. He graduated at Harvard University in 1839; studied theology, and in 1846 became pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass. Ten years later he was called to the South Congregational Church of Boston. He was editor of the "Christian Examiner" and the "Sunday School Gazette;" in 1869 he founded a magazine, "Old and New," of which he was editor, and in 1885 began the publication of "Lend a Hand." He has contributed to numerous journals and periodicals, and is the author of many books. Among his earlier works are "Margaret Percival in America" and "Sketches of Christian History" (1850); "Letters on Irish Emigration" (1852); and "Kansas and Nebraska" (1854). "The Man Without a Country," contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine" in 1861, is the story of a young lieutenant whose punishment for treason was never to hear his country mentioned again. Among his later works are, "If, Yes, and Perhaps: Four Impossibilities, and Six Exaggerations, with some Bits of Fact" (1868); "Sybaris and Other Homes" (1871); "The Ingham Papers" (1869); "Ten Times One is Ten: the Possible Reformation" (1870); "His Level Best" (1870); "Ups and Downs" (1871); "In His Name," "Working Men's Homes," and "A Summer Vacation" (1874); "Philip Nolan's Friends: a Story of the Change of the Western Empire" (1876); "G. T. T., or the Wonderland Adventure of a Pullman" (1877); "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars" (1878); "Crusoe in New York, and Other Tales" (1880); "The Kingdom of God, and other Sermons" (1880); "June to May," sermons (1881); "Family Flights through Egypt and Syria, France, Germany, Spain, etc." (1881 and 1882); "About Home" (1884); "Through Mexico" (1886); "Story of Spain" (1886); "Franklin in France" (1887); "East and West" (1892); "Sybil Knox" (1892); "For Fifty Years," poems (1893); "If Jesus Came to Boston" (1885).

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDDID ME.¹

ONE OF THE INGHAM PAPERS.

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the "Atlantic Monthly." I should not trouble them now, but for the impor-

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tunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled, till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another *Rasselas*, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping! To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town,—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation,"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the "*Mayflower*," and putting into the fire the *Alpenstock* with which her father climbed *Mont Blanc*),—besides these, I say (imitating the style of *Robinson Crusoe*), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs,

handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional,—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue, you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard. But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye,

slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford, I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

O the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air, —

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and

cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory-village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself, if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each, — wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together. But on the first appearance of my double, — whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting, — he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way, — read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them), — and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room, — finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property

was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual, — and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I “set him again” at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a “speaking part,” — as, in my boyish, worldly days, I remember the bills used to say of Mlle. Celeste. We are all trustees of the New Coventry Academy; and there has lately been “a good deal of feeling” because the Sandemanian trustees did not regularly attend the exhibitions. It has been intimated, indeed, that the Sandemanians are leaning towards Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semiannual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to Commencement at Waterville. Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me, — so that, in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the programme from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* “SUNSHINE.” Miss Jones.

round to

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of “Midshipman Easy.” *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening! Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and who would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato, pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when, indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation. “I am very glad you liked it,” said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed,

supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day, the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches, — the Rev. Frederick Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said, “There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time.” The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love, — and *so* handsome! (Dennis is good-looking.) Three of them, with arms behind the others’ waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this *début* in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees’ dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began, I found six of the Academy girls had obtained permission to come across the river and attend our church. But this arrangement did not long continue.

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me, — always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody’s favor. “Ingham’s a good fellow, — always on hand;” “never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;” “is not as unpunctual as he used to be, — he comes early and sits through to the end.” “He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly,” etc., etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meetings of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enterprise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stockholders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, a “hen’s-rights hen,” transferred her stock to me. I, after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the arm-chairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened

when they first took him upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being, as I implied, of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occasions, from which he used to beg off most piteously. Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said, that, if the Bishop came to preach at Naguadavick, all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him; if Dr. Nicholas, all the Unitarians; and he thought we owed it to each other, that, whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandemanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend. "It looked well," if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the Ethnology of Religion. He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the "Sandemanianism of Anselm." But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what he took exceptions to,—the only thing, as I said, which he ever did except to. Now came the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead, so humbly, to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined,

let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table,— and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of *D'Aulnay vs. Laconia Mining Company*; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it,— and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. “Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population.” And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, “I'm very glad you liked it.” But Dr. Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime-minister and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling. “*Quæne sit historia Reformationis in Ungariâ?*” quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his *confrère* replied gallantly, “*In seculo decimo tertio,*” etc., etc., etc.; and from *decimo tertio*¹ to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that before

¹ Which means, “In the thirteenth century,” my dear little bell-and-coral reader. You have rightly guessed that the question means “What is the history of the Reformation in Hungary?”

Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit,—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and chamomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all,—except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub,—from our own currants, you know. My own mother,—that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4,—"I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room,"—which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly with "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you,—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till the move up-stairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in

the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and dentals. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, Ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted, — Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening."

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election-day came round, however, I found that by some accident there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting-list; and as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle, I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home, telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting-list, and vote. I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use, if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine which the readers of the "Atlantic" so well remember, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergill his coveted appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Leavenworth), and I gave Dennis, as we called

him, the chance. Something in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature. Whether this was I or Dennis I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta when the time came, and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning, on the ground that he took an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next No. 7, in the 10th Range. He never made any speeches, and always voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners. On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a good deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the "State of Maine" printed some extra copies. I believe there is no formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that if, by some such "general understanding" as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions and answer to roll-calls and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular list of Ashe, Bockock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest State prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty "correspondents" may be howling, "Where was Mr. Pendergrast when the Oregon bill passed?" And if poor Pendergrast stays there! Certainly the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas's novel of the "Iron Mask" turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce who shed tears

when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day. My charming friend, George Withers, has, I am almost sure, a double, who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But that double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is simply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine-work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my public duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was when I had on Sunday

the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand friend;—I, never tired on Sunday, and in condition to leave the sermon at home, if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always. Indeed, I wonder, when I think that a sensible people, like ours, — really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost days, when the Mathers and Nortons were noblemen, — should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the Poor Board, every other denomination must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregationalist Sabbath-School Conference must be as large, "lest 'they' — whoever *they* may be — should think 'we' — whoever *we* may be — are going down."

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, — she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days, — and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last, — and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtaken in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow, once a minister, — I will call him Isaacs, — who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home, — yes, right through the other side, — not disturbed, not frightened by his own success, — and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From

that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope, he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating-Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it, — got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! — he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak, if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper, — it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies, — she knew Dennis was at home, — and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement, — in a perfect Irish fury, — which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became

impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him, — not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried as his last shot, No. 1, vainly, "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like

another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, — stating, that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, — that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Mistrhess bade me say," cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-school.

The universal impression, of course, was, that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the "Atlantic" will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson, & Co. to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.

[A Boston journal, in noticing this story, called it improbable. I think it is. But I think the moral important. It was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1859.]

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA (BUELL), an American poet and novelist; born at Newport, N. H., October 24, 1790; died in Philadelphia, April 30, 1879. In 1823 she published "The Genius of Oblivion, and other Poems," and in 1828 "Northwood," a novel. The following year she became the editor of the "Ladies' Magazine," of Boston, which she continued to edit until 1837, when it was merged into "Godey's Lady's Book," of Philadelphia. Mrs. Hale also took charge of this magazine for many years, and contributed to it many sketches and poems. In 1848 she published "Ormond Grosvenor," a tragedy, and "Three Hours, or The Vigil of Love, and other Poems." Her last poem was a "Thanksgiving Hymn," published in 1872.

THE WATCHER.

THE night was dark and fearful,
 The blast swept wailing by; —
 A watcher, pale and tearful,
 Looked forth with anxious eye:
 How wistfully she gazes —
 No gleam of morn is there!
 And then her heart upraises
 Its agony of prayer!

Within that dwelling lonely,
 Where want and darkness reign,
 Her precious child, her only,
 Lay moaning in his pain;
 And death alone can free him —
 She feels that this must be:
 "But oh! for morn to see him
 Smile once again on me!"

A hundred lights are glancing
 In yonder mansion fair,
 And merry feet are dancing —
 They heed not morning there:

O young and lovely creatures,
One lamp from out your store
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more!

The morning sun is shining —
She heedeth not its ray —
Beside her dead, reclining,
That pale, dead mother lay!
A smile her lips was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing —
"There 's light for us above!"

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom —
Bright gems were twined amid her hair
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the moontide light
The radiant zone that bound her —
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came: o'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing;
Yet there no grief of earth we trace —
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre:
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

HALÉVY, LUDOVIC, a French novelist and dramatist, born in Paris, January 1, 1834. He is a son of Léon Halévy and a nephew of the composer Halévy, and is of Jewish extraction. He was educated at the Lycée Louis le Grand. From 1852 to 1858 he was employed in the Secretary's office of the Minister of State; after which he was chief of the department for Algiers and the Colonies. In 1861 he was appointed to edit the proceedings of the Corps Législatif; which position he resigned to devote himself to the drama. He wrote the librettos of a large number of the most popular operettas; and it was to these brilliant sketches, as well as to his dramas, that he owed his election, in 1884, to the French Academy. As a novelist he is also eminent, his "L'Abbé Constantin" having been dramatized after running through more than one hundred and fifty editions. His librettos include those for the opéras bouffes "La Belle Hélène" (1864); "Barbe Bleue" (1866); "La Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein" (1867); "La Perichole" (1868); and for the comic operas "Carmen" (1875); "Le Petit Duc" (1878); "La Petite Mademoiselle" (1879); and the comedies "Frou-Frou" (1869); "Le Réveillon" (1872); "La Boule" (1875); "Cigale" (1877); "La Petite Mère" (1880); "La Rousotte" (1881). Besides a collection of stories entitled "Karikari" (1892), his principal tales are "Un Scandale" (1860); "L'Abbé Constantin" (1882); "Deux Mariages" (1883); "Princesse" (1886). He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1890.

THE MEETING OF JEAN AND BETTINA.

(From "The Abbé Constantin.")

THIS sub-lieutenant of artillery was called Jean Reynaud. He was the son of a country doctor who lay in the churchyard of Longueval.

In 1846, when the Abbé Constantin took possession of his little living, the grandfather of Jean was residing in a pleasant cottage on the road to Souvigny, between the castles of Longueval and Lavardens.

Marcel, the son of that Dr. Reynaud, was finishing his medical studies in Paris. He possessed great industry, and an elevation of sentiment and mind extremely rare. He passed his examinations with great distinction, and had decided to fix his abode in Paris and tempt fortune there; and everything seemed to promise him the most prosperous and brilliant career, when in 1852 he received the news of his father's death—he had been struck down by a fit of apoplexy. Marcel hurried to Longueval overwhelmed with grief, for he adored his father. He spent a month with his mother, and then spoke of the necessity of returning to Paris.

"That is true," said his mother; "you must go."

"What! I must go! *We* must go, you mean. Do you think that I would leave you here alone? I shall take you with me."

"To live in Paris? to leave the place where I was born, where your father lived, where he died? I could never do it, my child, never! Go alone; your life, your future, are there. I know you; I know that you will never forget me, that you will come and see me often, very often."

"No, mother," he answered; "I will stay here."

And he stayed.

His hopes, his ambitions, all in one moment vanished. He saw only one thing—duty—the duty of not abandoning his aged mother. In this duty, simply accepted and simply discharged, he found happiness. After all, it is only thus that one does find happiness.

Marcel bowed with courage and good grace to his new existence. He continued his father's life, entering the groove at the very spot where he had left it. He devoted himself without regret to the obscure career of a country doctor. His father had left him a little land and a little money; he lived in the simplest manner possible, and one-half of his life belonged to the poor, from whom he would never receive a penny.

This was his only luxury.

He found in his way a young girl, charming, penniless, and alone in the world. He married her. This was in 1855, and the following year brought to Dr. Reynaud a great sorrow and a great joy,—the death of his old mother and the birth of his son Jean.

At an interval of six weeks, the Abbé Constantin recited the prayers for the dead over the grave of the grandmother,

and was present in the position of godfather at the baptism of the grandson.

In consequence of constantly meeting at the bedside of the suffering and dying, the priest and the doctor had been strongly attracted to each other. They instinctively felt that they belonged to the same family, the same race, — the race of the tender, the just, and the benevolent.

Year followed year — calm, peaceful, fully occupied in labor and duty. Jean was no longer a child. His father gave him his first lessons in reading and writing, the priest his first lessons in Latin. Jean was intelligent and industrious. He made so much progress that the two teachers — particularly the Curé — found themselves at the end of a few years rather cast into the shade by their pupil. It was at this moment that the Countess, after the death of her husband, came to settle at Lavardens. She brought with her a tutor for her son Paul, who was a very nice but very lazy little fellow. The two children were of the same age; they had known each other from their earliest years.

Madame de Lavardens had a great regard for Dr. Reynaud, and one day she made him the following proposal: —

“Send Jean to me every morning,” said she; “I will send him home in the evening. Paul’s tutor is a very accomplished man; he will make the children work together. It will be rendering me a real service. Jean will set Paul a good example.”

Things were thus arranged, and the little *bourgeois* set the little nobleman a most excellent example of industry and application; but this excellent example was not followed.

The war broke out. On November 14, at seven o’clock in the morning, the “Reserves” of Souvigny assembled in the great square of the town; their chaplain was the Abbé Constantin, their surgeon-major, Dr. Reynaud. The same idea had come at the same moment to both; the priest was sixty-two, the doctor fifty.

When they started, the battalion followed the road which led through Longueval, and passed before the doctor’s house. Madame Reynaud and Jean were waiting by the roadside.

The child threw himself into his father’s arms.

“Take me too, papa! take me too!”

Madame Reynaud wept. The doctor held them both in a long embrace; then he continued his way

A hundred steps farther the road made a sharp curve. The doctor turned, cast one long look at his wife and child — the last; he was never to see them again.

On January 8, 1871, the troops of Souvigny attacked the village of Villersexel, occupied by the Prussians, who had barricaded themselves. The firing began. A soldier who marched in the front rank received a ball in the chest and fell. There was a short moment of trouble and hesitation.

“Forward! forward!” shouted the officers.

The men passed over the body of their comrade, and under a hail of bullets entered the town.

Dr. Reynaud and the Abbé Constantin marched with the troops; they halted near the wounded man; the blood was rushing in floods from his mouth.

“There is nothing to be done,” said the doctor. “He is dying; he belongs to you.”

The priest knelt down by the dying man, and the doctor rose to go towards the village. He had not taken ten steps when he stopped, beat the air with both hands, and fell all at once to the ground. The priest ran to him; he was dead — killed on the spot by a bullet through the temples. That evening the village was ours, and the next day they placed in the cemetery of Villersexel the body of Dr. Reynaud.

Two months later the Abbé Constantin took back to Longueval the coffin of his friend, and behind the coffin when it was carried from the church walked an orphan. Jean had also lost his mother. At the news of her husband’s death Madame Reynaud had remained for twenty-four hours overwhelmed, crushed, without a word or a tear; then fever had seized her, then delirium, and after a fortnight, death.

Jean was alone in the world; he was fourteen years old. Of that family, where for more than a century all had been good and honest, there remained only a child kneeling beside a grave; but he, too, promised to be what his father and his grandfather before him had been, — good and honest and true.

There are families like that in France, and many of them, more than one ventures to say. Our poor country is in many respects cruelly calumniated by certain novelists, who draw exaggerated and distorted pictures of it. It is true the history of good people is often monotonous or painful. This story is a proof of it.

The grief of Jean was the grief of a man. He remained

long sad and long silent. The evening of his father's funeral the Abbé Constantin took him home to the vicarage. The day had been rainy and cold. Jean was sitting by the fireside; the priest was reading his breviary opposite him. Old Pauline came and went, attending to her duties.

An hour passed without a word, when Jean, raising his head, said:—

“Godfather, did my father leave me any money?”

This question was so extraordinary that the old priest, stupefied, could scarcely believe that he heard aright.

“You ask if your father —”

“I asked if my father left me some money?”

“Yes; he must have left you some.”

“A good deal, don't you think? I have often heard people say that my father was rich. Tell me about how much he has left me?”

“But I don't know. You ask —”

The poor old man felt his heart rent in twain. Such a question at such a moment! Yet he thought he knew the boy's heart, and in that heart there should not be room for such thoughts.

“Pray, dear godfather, tell me,” continued Jean, gently. “I will explain to you afterwards why I ask that.”

“Well, they say your father had two or three hundred thousand francs.”

“And is that much?”

“Yes, it is a great deal.”

“And it is all mine?”

“Yes, it is all yours.”

“Oh! I am glad, because, you know, the day that my father was killed in the war, the Prussians killed at the same time the son of a poor woman in Longueval, — old Clémence, you know; and they killed, too, Rosalie's brother, whom I used to play with when I was quite little. Well, since I am rich and they are poor, I will divide with Clémence and Rosalie the money my father has left me.”

On hearing these words the Curé rose, took Jean by both hands, and drew him into his arms. The white head rested on the fair one. Two large tears escaped from the old priest's eyes, rolled slowly down his cheeks, and were lost in the furrows of his face.

However, the Curé was obliged to explain to Jean that,

though he was his father's heir, he had not the right of disposing of his heritage as he would. There would be a family council, and a guardian would be appointed.

"You, no doubt, godfather?"

"No, not I, my child; a priest is not allowed to exercise the functions of a guardian. They will, I think, choose M. Lenient, the lawyer in Souvigny, who was one of your father's best friends. You can speak to him and tell him what you wish."

M. Lenient was eventually appointed guardian, and Jean urged his wishes so eagerly and touchingly that the lawyer consented to deduct from the income a sum of two thousand four hundred francs, which, every year till Jean came of age, was divided between old Clémence and little Rosalie.

In these circumstances Madame de Lavardens was perfect. She went to the Abbé and said:—

"Give Jean to me, give him to me entirely till he has finished his studies. I will bring him back to you every year during the holidays. It is not a service I am rendering you; it is a service which I ask of you. I cannot imagine any greater good fortune for my son than to have Jean for a companion. I must resign myself to leaving Lavardens for a time. Paul is bent upon being a soldier and going up to Saint-Cyr. It is only in Paris that I can obtain the necessary masters. I will take the two boys there; they will study together under my own eyes like brothers, and I will make no difference between them; of that you may be sure."

It was difficult to refuse such an offer. The old Curé would have dearly liked to keep Jean with him, and his heart was torn at the thought of this separation; but what was for the child's real interest? That was the only question to be considered; the rest was nothing. They summoned Jean.

"My child," said Madame de Lavardens to him, "will you come and live with Paul and me for some years? I will take you both to Paris."

"You are very kind, Madame, but I should have liked so much to stay here."

He looked at the Curé, who turned away his eyes.

"Why must we go?" he continued. "Why must you take Paul and me away?"

"Because it is only in Paris that you can have all the advantages necessary to complete your studies. Paul will pre-

pare for his examination at Saint-Cyr. You know he wants to be a soldier."

"So do I, Madame. I wish to be one too."

"You a soldier!" exclaimed the Curé; "but you know that was not at all your father's idea. In my presence he has often spoken of your future, your career. You were to be a doctor, and like him, doctor at Longueval, and like him, devote yourself to the sick and poor. Jean, my child, do you remember?"

"I remember; I remember."

"Well, then, Jean, you must do as your father wished: it is your duty, Jean; it is your duty. You must go to Paris. You would like to stay here, I understand that well, and I should like it too; but it cannot be. You must go to Paris, and work, work hard. Not that I am anxious about that; you are your father's true son. You will be an honest and industrious man. One cannot well be the one without the other. And some day, in your father's house, in the place where he has done so much good, the poor people of the country round will find another Dr. Reynaud, to whom they may look for help. And I, — if by chance I am still in this world, — when that day comes, I shall be so happy! But I am wrong to speak of myself; I ought not, I do not count. It is of your father that you must think. I repeat it, Jean, it was his dearest wish. You cannot have forgotten it."

"No, I have not forgotten; but if my father sees me, and hears me, I am certain that he understands and forgives me, for it is on his account."

"On his account?"

"Yes. When I heard that he was dead, and when I heard how he died, all at once, without any need of reflection, I said to myself that I would be a soldier; and I will be a soldier! Godfather, and you, Madame, I beg you not to prevent me."

The child burst into tears — a perfect flood of passionate tears. The Countess and the Abbé soothed him with gentle words.

"Yes — yes — it is settled," they said; "anything that you wish, all that you wish."

Both had the same thought, — leave it to time; Jean is only a child; he will change his mind.

In this both were mistaken; Jean did not change his mind. In the month of September, 1876, Paul de Lavardens was rejected at Saint-Cyr, and Jean Reynaud passed eleventh at the

École Polytechnique. The day when the list of the candidates who had passed was published he wrote to the Abbé Constantin:—

“I have passed, and passed too well, for I want to go into the army, and not the Civil Service; however, if I keep my place in the school, that will be the good fortune of one of my comrades: he will have my chance.”

It happened so in the end. Jean Reynaud did better than keep his place; the pass list showed his name seventh, but instead of entering “l’École des Ponts et Chaussées,” he entered the military college at Fontainebleau in 1878.

He was then just twenty-one; he was of age, master of his fortune, and the first act of the new administration was a great, a very great piece of extravagance. He bought for old Clémence and little Rosalie two shares in government stock of fifteen hundred francs a year each. That cost him 70,000 francs, almost the sum that Paul de Lavardens, in his first year of liberty in Paris, spent for Mademoiselle Lise Bruyère, of the Palais Royal Theatre.

Two years later Jean passed first at the examination, and left Fontainebleau with the right of choosing among the vacant places. There was one in the regiment quartered at Souvigny, and Souvigny was three miles from Longueval. Jean asked for this, and obtained it.

Thus Jean Reynaud, lieutenant in the ninth regiment of artillery, came in the month of October, 1880, to take possession of the house that had been his father’s; thus he found himself once more in the place where his childhood had passed, and where every one had kept green the memory of the life and death of his father; thus the Abbé Constantin was not denied the happiness of once again having near him the son of his old friend, and, if the truth must be told, he no longer wished that Jean had become a doctor.

When the old Curé left his church after saying mass, when he saw coming along the road a great cloud of dust, when he felt the earth tremble under the rumbling cannon, he would stop, and like a child amuse himself with seeing the regiment pass; but to him the regiment was — Jean. It was this robust and manly cavalier, in whose face, as in an open book, one read uprightness, courage, and goodness.

The moment Jean perceived the Curé he would put his horse to a gallop, and go to have a little chat with his godfather. The horse would turn his head towards the Curé, for

he knew very well there was always a piece of sugar for him in the pocket of that old black *soutane* — rusty and worn — the morning *soutane*. The Abbé Constantin had a beautiful new one of which he took great care, to wear in society — when he went into society.

The trumpets of the regiment sounded as they passed through the village, and all eyes sought Jean — “little Jean” — for to the old people of Longueval he was still little Jean. Certain wrinkled, broken-down old peasants had never been able to break themselves of the habit of saluting him when he passed with, “Bonjour, gamin, ça va bien ?”

He was six feet high, this “gamin,” and Jean never crossed the village without perceiving at one window the old furrowed parchment skin of Clémence, and at another the smiling countenance of Rosalie. The latter had married during the previous year, Jean had given her away, and joyously on the wedding night had he danced with the girls of Longueval.

Such was the lieutenant of artillery who on Saturday, May 28, 1881, at half-past four in the afternoon, sprang from his horse before the door of the vicarage of Longueval. He entered the gate, the horse obediently followed, and went by himself into a little shed in the yard. Pauline was at the kitchen window; Jean approached and kissed her heartily on both cheeks.

“Good-evening, Pauline. Is all well ?”

“Very well. I am busy preparing your dinner; would you like to know what you are going to have ? — potato soup, a leg of mutton, and a custard.”

“That is excellent; I shall enjoy everything, for I am dying of hunger.”

“And a salad; I had forgotten it; you can help me cut it directly. Dinner will be at half-past six exactly, for at half-past seven Monsieur le Curé has his service for the month of Mary.”

“Where is my godfather ?”

“You will find him in the garden. He is very sad on account of yesterday’s sale.”

“Yes, I know, I know.”

“It will cheer him a little to see you; he is always so happy when you are here. Take care; Loulou is going to eat the climbing roses. How hot he is !”

“I came the long way by the wood, and rode very fast.”

Jean captured Loulou, who was directing his steps towards the climbing roses. He unsaddled him, fastened him in the little shed, rubbed him down with a great handful of straw, after which he entered the house, relieved himself of his sword and képi, replaced the latter by an old straw hat, value sixpence, and then went to look for his godfather in the garden.

The poor Abbé was indeed sad; he had scarcely closed an eye all night — he who generally slept so easily, so quietly, the sound sleep of a child. His soul was wrung. Longueval in the hands of a foreigner, of a heretic, of an adventuress!

Jean repeated what Paul had said the evening before.

“You will have money, plenty of money, for your poor.”

“Money! money! Yes, my poor will not lose, perhaps they will even gain by it; but I must go and ask for this money, and in the salon, instead of my old and dear friend, I shall find this red-haired American. It seems that she has red hair! I will certainly go for the sake of my poor — I will go — and she will give me the money, but she will give me nothing but money; the Marquise gave me something else, — her life and her heart. Every week we went together to visit the sick and the poor; she knew all the sufferings and the miseries of the country round, and when the gout nailed me to my easy-chair she made the rounds alone, and as well, or better than I.”

Pauline interrupted this conversation. She carried an immense earthenware salad-dish, on which bloomed, violent and startling, enormous red flowers.”

“Here I am,” said Pauline, “I am going to cut the salad. Jean, would you like lettuce or endive?”

“Endive,” said Jean, gayly. “It is a long time since I have had any endive.”

“Well, you shall have some to-night. Stay, take the dish.”

Pauline began to cut the endive, and Jean bent down to receive the leaves in the great salad-dish. The Curé looked on.

At this moment a sound of little bells was heard. A carriage was approaching; one heard the jangling and creaking of its wheels. The Curé’s little garden was separated from the road only by a low hedge, in the middle of which was a little trellised gate.

All three looked out, and saw driving down the road a hired carriage of most primitive construction, drawn by two

great white horses, and driven by an old coachman in a blouse. Beside this old coachman was seated a tall footman in livery, of the most severe and correct demeanor. In the carriage were two young women, dressed both alike in very elegant, but very simple travelling costumes.

When the carriage was opposite the gate the coachman stopped his horses, and addressing the Abbé:—

“Monsieur le Curé,” said he, “these ladies wish to speak to you.”

Then, turning towards the ladies:—

“This is Monsieur le Curé of Longueval.”

The Abbé Constantin approached and opened the little gate. The travellers alighted. Their looks rested, not without astonishment, on the young officer who stood there, a little embarrassed, with his straw hat in one hand, and his salad-dish, all overflowing with endive, in the other.

The visitors entered the garden, and the elder—she seemed about twenty-five—addressing the Abbé Constantin, said to him, with a little foreign accent, very original and very peculiar:—

“I am obliged to introduce myself—Mrs. Scott; I am Mrs. Scott! It was I who bought the castle and farms and all the rest here at the sale yesterday. I hope that I do not disturb you, and that you can spare me five minutes.” Then, pointing to her travelling companion, “Miss Bettina Percival, my sister; you guessed it, I am sure. We are very much alike, are we not? Ah! Bettina, we have left our bags in the carriage, and we shall want them directly.”

“I will get them.”

And as Miss Percival prepared to go for the two little bags Jean said to her:—

“Pray allow me.”

“I am really very sorry to give you so much trouble. The servant will give them to you; they are on the front seat.”

She had the same accent as her sister, the same large eyes, black, laughing, and gay, and the same hair, not red, but fair, with golden shades, where daintily danced the light of the sun. She bowed to Jean with a pretty little smile, and he, having returned to Pauline the salad-dish full of endive, went to look for the two little bags. Meanwhile, much agitated, sorely disturbed, the Abbé Constantin introduced into his vicarage the new Châtelaine of Longueval.



MEETING OF JEAN AND BETTINA

THE BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

It is the tenth of August, the day which is to bring Jean back to Longueval.

Bettina wakes very early, rises, and runs immediately to the window. The evening before the sky had looked threatening, heavy with clouds. Bettina slept but little, and all night prayed that it might not rain the next day.

In the early morning a dense fog envelops the park of Longueval, the trees of which are hidden from view as by a curtain. But gradually the rays of the sun dissipate the mist, the trees become vaguely discernible through the vapor; then, suddenly, the sun shines out brilliantly, flooding with light the park, and the fields beyond; and the lake, where the black swans are disporting themselves in the radiant light, appears as bright as a sheet of polished metal.

The weather is going to be beautiful. Bettina is a little superstitious. The sunshine gives her good hope and good courage. "The day begins well, so it will finish well."

Mr. Scott had come some days before. Suzie, Bettina, and the children were waiting on the quay at Hâvre, for the arrival of his steamer.

They exchanged many tender embraces, then Richard, addressing his sister-in-law, says laughingly:—

"Well, when is the wedding to be?"

"What wedding?"

"Yours."

"My wedding?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And to whom am I going to be married?"

"To Monsieur Jean Reynaud."

"Ah! Suzie has written to you?"

"Suzie? Not at all. Suzie has not said a word. It was you, Bettina, who wrote to me. For the last two months, all your letters have been occupied with this young officer."

"All my letters?"

"Yes; and you have written to me oftener and more at length than usual. I do not complain of that, but I do ask when you are going to present me with a brother-in-law."

He speaks jestingly, but Bettina replies:—

"Soon, I hope."

Mr. Scott perceives that the affair is serious. When returning in the carriage, Bettina asks Mr. Scott if he has kept her letters.

"Certainly," he replies.

She reads them again. It is indeed only with "Jean," that all these letters have been filled. She finds therein related, down to the most trifling details, their first meeting. There is the portrait of Jean in the vicarage garden, with his straw hat and his earthen salad-dish — and then it is again Monsieur Jean, always Monsieur Jean.

She discovers that she has loved him much longer than she had suspected.

Now it is the tenth of August. Luncheon is just over, and Harry and Bella are impatient. They know that between one and two o'clock the regiment must go through the village. They have been promised that they shall be taken to see the soldiers pass, and for them as well as for Bettina the return of the 9th Artillery is a great event.

"Aunt Betty," said Bella, — "Aunt Betty, come with us."

"Yes, do come," said Harry, — "do come; we shall see our friend Jean on his big gray horse."

Bettina resists, refuses — and yet how great is the temptation.

But no, she will not go, she will not see Jean again till evening, when she will give him that decisive explanation for which she has been preparing herself for the last three weeks.

The children hasten away with their governesses. Bettina, Suzie, and Richard go and sit in the park, quite close to the castle, and as soon as they are established there —

"Suzie," says Bettina, "I am going to remind you to-day of your promise; you remember what passed between us the night of his departure; we settled that if on the day of his return I could say to you, 'Suzie, I am sure that I love him,' — we settled that you would allow me to speak frankly to him, and ask him if he would have me for his wife."

"Yes, I did promise you. But are you very sure?"

"Absolutely — and now the time has come to redeem your promise. I warn you that I intend to bring him to this very place" — she added, smiling, "to this seat; and to use almost the same language to him that you formerly used to Richard. You were successful, Suzie, you are perfectly happy, and I — that is what I wish to be."

“Richard, Suzie has told you about Monsieur Reynaud?”

“Yes, and she has told me that there is no man of whom she has a higher opinion, but —”

“But she has told you that for me, it would be a rather quiet, rather commonplace marriage. Oh, naughty sister! Will you believe it, Richard, that I cannot get this fear out of her head? She does not understand that before everything I wish to love and be loved; will you believe it, Richard, that only last week she laid a horrible trap for me? You know that there exists a certain Prince Romanelli?”

“Yes, I know you might have been a princess.”

“That would not have been immensely difficult, I believe. Well, one day I was so foolish as to say to Suzie, that, in extremity, I might accept the Prince Romanelli. Now, just imagine what she did? The Turners were at Trouville. Suzie arranged a little plot. We lunched with the Prince, but the result was disastrous. Accept him! The two hours that I passed with him I passed in asking myself how I could have said such a thing. No, Richard; no, Suzie; I will be neither princess, nor marchioness, nor countess. My wish is to be Madame Jean Reynaud; if, however, M. Jean Reynaud will agree to it, and that is by no means certain.”

The regiment is entering the village, and suddenly a burst of music, martial and joyous, sweeps across the space. All three remain silent; it is the regiment; it was Jean passing; the sound becomes fainter, dies away, and Bettina continues: —

“No, that is not certain. He loves me, however, and much, but without knowing well what I am; I think that I deserve to be loved differently; I think that I should not cause him so much terror, so much fear, if he knew me better, and that is why I ask you to permit me to speak to him this evening freely from my heart.”

“We will allow you,” replied Richard; “you shall speak to him freely, for we know, both of us, Bettina, that you will never do anything but what is noble and generous.”

“At least I will try.”

The children run up to them, they have seen Jean, he was quite white with dust, he said good-morning to them.

“Only,” adds Bella, “he is not very nice, he did not stop to talk to us. Generally he stops, and this time he would n’t.”

“Yes, he would,” replies Harry; “for at first he seemed as if he were going to — and then he would not. He went away.”

"Well, he did n't stop, and it is so nice to talk to a soldier, especially when he is on horseback."

"It is not that only, but we are very fond of Monsieur Jean; if you knew, papa, how kind he is, and how nicely he plays with us."

"And what beautiful drawings he makes. Harry, you remember that great Punch who was so funny, with his stick, you know."

"And the cat, there was the little cat too, as in the show."

The two children go away talking of their friend Jean.

"Decidedly," says Mr. Scott, "every one likes him in this house."

"And you will be like every one else when you know him," replies Bettina.

The regiment broke into a trot along the high road, after leaving the village. There is the terrace where Bettina had been the other morning. Jean says to himself:—

"Supposing she should be there."

He dreads and hopes it at the same time. He raises his head, he looks, she is not there.

He has not seen her again, he will not see her again, for a long time at least. He will start that very evening at six o'clock for Paris; one of the head men in the War Office is interested in him; he will try to get exchanged into another regiment.

Alone at Cercottes, Jean has had time to reflect deeply, and this is the result of his reflections. He cannot, he must not, be Bettina Percival's husband.

The men dismount at the barracks, Jean takes leave of his colonel, his comrades; all is over. He is free, he can go.

But he does not go yet; he looks around him. . . . How happy he was three months ago, when he rode out of that great yard amidst the noise of the cannon rolling over the pavement of Souvigny, but how sadly he would ride away to-day! Formerly his life was there; where would it be now?

He goes home, he goes up to his own room, he writes to Mrs. Scott; he tells her that his duties oblige him to leave immediately; he cannot dine at the castle, and begs Mrs. Scott to remember him to Miss Bettina. Bettina, ah! what trouble it cost him to write that name; he closes his letter; he will send it directly.

He makes his preparations for departure; then he will go to

wish his godfather farewell. That is what costs him most; he will only speak to him of a short absence.

He opens one of the drawers of his bureau to take out some money. The first thing that meets his eyes is a little note on bluish paper; it is the only note which he has ever received from her.

"Will you have the kindness to give to the servant the book of which you spoke yesterday evening? Perhaps it will be a little heavy for me, but yet I should like to try to read it. We shall see you to-night; come as early as possible." It is signed, "BETTINA."

Jean reads and re-reads those few lines, but soon he can read them no longer, his eyes are dim.

"It is all that is left me of her," he thinks.

At the same moment the Abbé Constantin is holding conference with Pauline; they are making up their accounts. The financial situation is admirable; more than two thousand francs in hand! And the wishes of Suzie and Bettina are accomplished; there are no more poor in the neighborhood. His old servant, Pauline, has even occasional scruples of conscience.

"You see, Monsieur le Curé," says she, "perhaps we give them a little too much. Then it will be spread about in other parishes that here they can always find charity. And do you know what will happen one of these days? Poor people will come and settle at Longueval."

The Curé gives fifty francs to Pauline. She goes off to take them to a poor man who had broken his arm a few days before by falling from the top of a hay-cart.

The Abbé Constantin remains alone in the vicarage. He is rather anxious. He has watched for the passing of the regiment; but Jean only stopped for a moment; he looked sad. For some time the Abbé had noticed that Jean had no longer the flow of good humor and gayety he once possessed.

The Curé had not disturbed himself too much about it, believing it to be one of those little youthful troubles which did not concern a poor old priest. But on this occasion Jean's disturbance was very perceptible.

"I will come back directly," he said to the Curé. "I want to speak to you."

He abruptly turned away. The Abbé Constantin had not even had time to give Loulou his piece of sugar, or rather his pieces of sugar, for he had put five or six in his pocket, con-

sidering that Loulou had well deserved this feast by ten long days' march, and a score of nights passed under the open sky.

Besides, since Mrs. Scott had lived at Longueval, Loulou had very often had several pieces of sugar; the Abbé Constantin had become extravagant, prodigal; he felt himself a millionaire; the sugar for Loulou was one of his follies. One day even he had been on the point of addressing to Loulou his everlasting little speech:—

"This comes from the new mistresses of Longueval; pray for them to-night."

It was three o'clock when Jean arrived at the vicarage, and the Curé said immediately:—

"You told me that you wanted to speak to me; what is it about?"

"About something, my dear godfather, which will surprise you, will grieve you—"

"Grieve me!"

"Yes, and which grieves me too—I have come to bid you farewell,"

"Farewell! You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away."

"When?"

"To-day, in two hours."

"In two hours? But, my dear boy, we were going to dine at the castle to-night."

"I have just written to Mrs. Scott to excuse me, I am positively obliged to go."

"Directly?"

"Directly."

"And where are you going?"

"To Paris."

"To Paris? Why this sudden determination?"

"Not so very sudden. I have thought about it for a long time."

"And you have said nothing about it to me! Jean, something has happened. You are a man, and I have no longer the right to treat you as a child; but you know how much I love you; if you have vexations, troubles, why not tell them to me? I could perhaps advise you. Jean, why go to Paris?"

"I did not wish to tell you; it will give you pain; but you have the right to know. I am going to Paris to ask to be exchanged into another regiment."

"Into another regiment? To leave Souvigny!"

"Yes, that is just it. I must leave Souvigny for a short time, for a little while only; but to leave Souvigny is necessary; it is what I wish above all things."

"And what about me, Jean; do you think of me? A little while! A little while! But that is all that remains to me of life,—a little while. And during these last days, that I owe to the grace of God, it was my happiness, yes, Jean, my happiness, to feel you here, near me, and now you are going away! Jean, wait a little patiently, it cannot be for very long now. Wait until the good God has called me to Himself; wait till I shall be gone, to meet there, at His side, your father and your mother. Do not go, Jean, do not go!"

"If you love me, I love you too, and you know it well."

"Yes, I know it."

"I have just the same affection for you now that I had when I was quite little, when you took me to yourself, when you brought me up. My heart has not changed, will never change. But if duty—if honor—oblige me to go?"

"Ah! if it is duty, if it is honor, I say nothing more, Jean; that stands before all!—all!—all! I have always known you a good judge of your duty, your honor. Go, my boy, go; I ask you nothing more, I wish to know no more."

"But I wish to tell you all," cried Jean, vanquished by his emotion, "and it is better that you should know all. You will stay here, you will return to the castle, you will see her again—her!"

"See her! Who?"

"Bettina!"

"Bettina?"

"I adore her, I adore her!"

"Oh, my poor boy!"

"Pardon me for speaking to you of these things; but I tell you as I would have told my father. And then, I have not been able to speak of it to any one, and it stifled me; yes, it is a madness which has seized me, which has grown upon me little by little against my will, for you know very well—My God! It was here that I began to love her. You know, when she came here with her sister—the little rouleaux of a thousand francs—her hair fell down—and then the evening, the month of Mary. Then I was permitted to see her freely, familiarly, and you yourself spoke to me constantly of her. You praised her sweetness,

her goodness. How often have you told me that there was no one in the world better than she is!"

"And I thought so, and I think so still. And no one here knows her better than I do, for I alone have seen her with the poor. If you only knew how tender and how good she is! Neither wretchedness nor suffering are repulsive to her. But, my dear boy, I am wrong to tell you all this."

"No, no, I shall see her no more, but I like to hear you speak of her."

"In your whole life, Jean, you will never meet a better woman, nor one who has more elevated sentiments. To such a point, that one day — she had taken me with her in an open carriage, full of toys — she was taking these toys to a poor little sick girl, and when she gave them to her, to make the poor little thing laugh, to amuse her, she talked so prettily to her that I thought of you, and I said to myself, I remember it now, 'Ah, if she were poor!'"

"Ah, if she were poor! but she is not."

"Oh, no! But what can you do, my poor boy? If it gives you pain to see her, to live near her, above all, if it will prevent you suffering — go away, go — and yet, and yet —"

The old priest became thoughtful, let his head fall between his hands, and remained silent for some moments; then he continued:—

"And yet, Jean, do you know what I think? I have seen a great deal of Mademoiselle Bettina since she came to Longueval. Well — when I reflect — it did not astonish me then that any one should be interested in you, for it seemed so natural — but she talked always, yes, always of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you, and of your father and mother; she was curious to know how you lived. She begged me to explain to her what a soldier's life was, the life of a true soldier who loved his profession, and performed his duties conscientiously. . . . It is extraordinary, since you have told me this, recollections crowd upon me, a thousand little things collect and group themselves together. . . . She returned from Havre day before yesterday at three o'clock. Well, an hour after her arrival she was here. And it was you of whom she spoke directly. She asked if you had written to me, if you had not been ill, when you would arrive, at what hour, if the regiment would pass through the village."

"It is useless at this moment, my dear godfather," said Jean, "to recall all these memories."

"No, it is not useless. . . . She seemed so pleased, so happy even, at the thought of seeing you again! She would make quite a *fête* of the dinner this evening. She would introduce you to her brother-in-law, who has come back. There is no one else at the château at this moment, not a single visitor. She insisted strongly on this point, and I remember her last words — she was there, on the threshold of the door —

"‘There will only be five of us,’ she said, ‘you and Monsieur Jean, my sister, my brother-in-law, and myself.’

"And then she added, laughing, ‘Quite a family party.’

"With these words she went, she almost ran away. Quite a family party! Do you know what I think, Jean? Do you know?"

"You must not think that, you must not."

"Jean, I believe that she loves you!"

"And I believe it too."

"You too!"

"When I left her, three weeks ago, she was so agitated, so moved! She saw me sad and unhappy, she would not let me go. It was at the door of the château. I was obliged to tear myself, yes literally tear myself away. I should have spoken, burst out, told her all. After having gone a few steps I stopped and turned. She could no longer see me, I was lost in the darkness; but I could see her. She stood there motionless, her shoulders and arms bare, in the rain, her eyes fixed on the way by which I had gone. Perhaps I am mad to think that. Perhaps it was only a feeling of pity. But no, it was something more than pity, for do you know what she did the next morning? She came at five o'clock in the most frightful weather to see me pass with the regiment — and then — the way she bade me adieu — oh, my friend, my dear old friend!"

"But then," said the poor Curé, completely bewildered, completely at a loss, "but then I do not understand you at all. If you love her, Jean, and if she loves you."

"But that is, above all, the reason why I must go. If it were only me, if I were certain that she had not perceived my love, certain that she had not been touched by it, I would stay, I would stay — for nothing but the sweet joy of seeing her; and I would love her from afar, without any hope, for nothing but the happiness of loving her. But no, she has understood too well, and far from discouraging me — that is what forces me to go."

"No, I do not understand it! I know well, my poor boy, we are speaking of things in which I am no great scholar, but you are both good, young, and charming; you love her, she would love you, and you will not!"

"And her money! her money!"

"What matters her money. If it is only that, is it because of her money that you have loved her? It is rather in spite of her money. Your conscience, my son, would be quite at peace with regard to that, and that would suffice."

"No, that would not suffice. To have a good opinion of one's self is not enough; that opinion must be shared by others."

"Oh, Jean! Among all who know you, who can doubt you?"

"Who knows? And then there is another thing besides this question of money, another thing more serious and more grave. I am not the husband suited to her."

"And who could be more worthy than you?"

"The question to be considered is not my worth; we have to consider what she is and what I am, to ask what ought to be her life and what ought to be my life. . . . One day, Paul — you know he has rather a blunt way of saying things, but that very bluntness often places thoughts much more clearly before us — we were speaking of her; Paul did not suspect anything; if he had, he is good-natured, he would not have spoken thus — well, he said to me: —

"What she needs is a husband who would be entirely devoted to her, to her alone; a husband who would have no other care than to make her existence a perpetual holiday; a husband who would give himself, his whole life, in return for her money."

"You know me; such a husband I cannot, I must not be. I am a soldier, and will remain one. If the chances of my career sent me some day to a garrison in the depths of the Alps, or in some almost unknown village in Algeria, could I ask her to follow me? Could I condemn her to the life of a soldier's wife, which is in some degree the life of a soldier himself? Think of the life which she leads now, of all that luxury, of all those pleasures!"

"Yes," said the Abbé, "that is more serious than the question of money."

"So serious that there is no hesitation possible. During the

three weeks that I passed alone in the camp I have well considered all that; I have thought of nothing else, and loving her as I do love, the reason must indeed be strong which shows me clearly my duty. I must go. I must go far, very far away, as far as possible. I shall suffer much, but I must not see her again! I must not see her again!"

Jean sank on a chair near the fireplace. He remained there quite overpowered with his emotion. The old priest looked at him.

"To see you suffer, my poor boy! That such suffering should fall upon you! It is too cruel, too unjust!"

At that moment some one knocked gently at the door.

"Ah!" said the Curé, "do not be afraid, Jean. I will send them away."

The Abbé went to the door, opened it, and recoiled as if before an unexpected apparition.

It was Bettina. In a moment she had seen Jean, and going direct to him —

"You!" she cried. "Oh, how glad I am!"

He rose. She took both his hands in hers, and addressing the Curé, she said: —

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Curé, for going to him first. I saw you yesterday, but I have not seen him for three whole weeks, not since a certain night when he left our house sad and suffering."

She still held Jean's hands. He had neither power to make a movement nor to utter a sound.

"And now," continued Bettina, "are you better? No, not yet, I can see; still sad. Ah, I have done well to come! It was an inspiration! However, it embarrasses me much to find you here. You will understand why when you know what I have come to ask of your godfather."

She relinquished his hands, and, turning towards the Abbé, said: —

"I have come to beg you to listen to my confession — yes, my confession. But do not go away, Monsieur Jean; I will make my confession publicly. I am quite willing to speak before you, and now I think of it, it will be better thus. Let us sit down, shall we?"

She felt herself full of confidence and daring. She burnt with fever, but with that fever which on the field of battle gives to a soldier ardor, heroism, and disdain of danger. The emotion

which made Bettina's heart beat quicker than usual was a high and generous emotion. She said to herself: —

“I wish to be loved! I wish to love! I wish to be happy! I wish to make him happy! And since he cannot have the courage to do it, I must have it for both. I must march alone, my head high and my heart at ease, to the conquest of our love, to the conquest of our happiness!”

From her first words Bettina had gained over the Abbé and Jean a complete ascendancy. They let her say what she liked, they let her do as she liked, they felt that the hour was supreme; they understood that what was happening would be decisive, irrevocable, but neither was in a position to foresee.

They sat down obediently, almost automatically; they waited, they listened. Alone of the three, Bettina retained her composure. It was in a calm and even voice that she began.

“I must tell you first, Monsieur le Curé, to set your conscience quite at rest, — I must tell you that I am here with the consent of my sister and my brother-in-law. They know why I have come; they know what I am going to do. They not only know, but they approve. That is settled, is it not? Well, what brings me here is your letter, Monsieur Jean, — that letter in which you tell my sister that you cannot dine with us this evening, and that you are positively obliged to leave here. This letter has unsettled all my plans. I had intended this evening — of course with the permission of my sister and brother-in-law — I had intended after dinner to take you into the park, Monsieur Jean, to seat myself with you on a bench; I was childish enough to choose the place beforehand. There I should have delivered a little speech, well prepared, well studied, almost learnt by heart, for since your departure I have scarcely thought of anything else; I repeat it to myself from morning to night. That is what I had proposed to do, and you understand that your letter caused me much embarrassment. I reflected a little, and thought that if I addressed my little speech to your godfather it would be almost the same as if I addressed it to you. So I have come, Monsieur le Curé, to beg you to listen to me.”

“I will listen to you, Miss Percival,” stammered the Abbé.

“I am rich, Monsieur le Curé, I am very rich, and, to speak frankly, I love my wealth very much — yes, very much. To it I owe the luxury which surrounds me, luxury which, I acknowledge, — this is a confession, — is by no means disagreeable to me. My excuse is that I am still very young; it will perhaps

pass as I grow older, but of that I am not very sure. I have another excuse: it is, that if I love money a little for the pleasure that it procures me, I love it still more for the good which it allows me to do. I love it — selfishly, if you like — for the joy of giving; but I think that my fortune is not very badly placed in my hands. Well, Monsieur le Curé, in the same way that you have the care of souls, it seems that I have the care of money. I have always thought, ‘I wish, above all things, that my husband should be worthy of sharing this great fortune. I wish to be very sure that he will make a good use of it with me while I am here, and after me if I must leave this world first.’ I thought of another thing; I thought, ‘He who will be my husband must be some one I can love!’ And now, Monsieur le Curé, this is where my confession really begins. There is a man who for the last two months has done all he can to conceal from me that he loves me, but I do not doubt that this man loves me. . . . You do love me, Jean?”

“Yes,” said Jean, in a low voice, and looking like a criminal, “I do love you!”

“I knew it very well, but I wanted to hear you say it; and now, I entreat you, do not utter a single word. Any words of yours would be useless, would disturb me, would prevent me from going straight to my aim, and telling you what I positively intend to say. Promise me to stay there, sitting still, without moving, without speaking. You promise me?”

“I promise you.”

Bettina, as she went on speaking, began to lose a little of her confidence; her voice trembled slightly. She continued, however, with a gayety that was a little forced.

“Monsieur le Curé, I do not blame you for what has happened, yet all this is a little your fault.”

“My fault!”

“Ah! do not speak, not even you. Yes, I repeat it, your fault. . . . I am certain that you have spoken well of me to Jean, much too well. Perhaps without that he would not have thought — And at the same time, you have spoken very well of him to me. Not too well — no, no — but yet very well! Then I had so much confidence in you that I began to look at him, and examine him with a little more attention. I began to compare him with those who, during the last year, had asked my hand. It seemed to me that he was in every respect superior to them.

“At last it happened on a certain day, or rather on a certain evening — three weeks ago, the evening before you left here, Jean — I discovered that I loved you. . . . Yes, Jean, I love you! . . . I entreat you, do not speak; stay where you are; do not come near me.

“Before I came here I thought I had supplied myself with a good stock of courage, but you see I have no longer my fine composure of a minute ago. But I have still something to tell you, and the most important of all. Jean, listen to me carefully: I do not wish for a reply torn from you in your emotion; I know that you love me. If you marry me, I do not wish it to be only for love; I wish it to be also for reason. During the fortnight before you left here, you took so much pains to avoid me, to escape any conversation, that I have not been able to show myself to you as I am. Perhaps there are in me certain qualities which you do not suspect. . . .

“Jean, I know what you are, I know to what I should bind myself in marrying you, and I would be for you not only the loving and tender woman, but the courageous and constant wife. I know your entire life; your godfather has related it to me. I know why you became a soldier; I know what duties, what sacrifices, the future may demand from you. Jean, do not suppose that I will turn you from any of these duties, from any of these sacrifices. If I could be disappointed with you for anything, it would be, perhaps, for this thought, — oh! you must have had it, — that I should wish you free, and quite my own, that I should ask you to abandon your career. Never! never! Understand well, I will never ask such a thing of you. . . .

“A young girl whom I know did that when she married, and she did wrong. I love you, and I wish you to be just what you are. It is because you live differently from, and better than, those who have before desired me for a wife, that I desire you for a husband. I should love you less — perhaps I should not love you at all, though that would be very difficult — if you were to begin to live as all those live whom I would not have. When I can follow you, I will follow you; wherever you are will be my duty, wherever you are will be my happiness. And if the day comes when you can not take me, the day when you must go alone, — well, Jean, on that day I promise you to be brave, and not take your courage from you.

“And now, Monsieur le Curé, it is not to him, it is to you that I am speaking: I want *you* to answer me, not him. Tell



"Took her in his arms, and pressed upon her brow the first kiss"

me, . . . if he loves me, and feels me worthy of his love, would it be just to make me expiate so severely the fortune that I possess? Tell me, should he not agree to be my husband?"

"Jean," said the old priest gravely, "marry her. It is your duty, and it will be your happiness!"

Jean approached Bettina, took her in his arms, and pressed upon her brow the first kiss.

Bettina gently freed herself, and addressing the Abbé said:—

"And now, Monsieur l'Abbé, I have still one thing to ask you. I wish—I wish—"

"You wish?"

"Pray, Monsieur le Curé, kiss me too."

The old priest kissed her paternally on both cheeks, and then Bettina continued:—

"You have often told me, Monsieur le Curé, that Jean was almost like your own son, and I shall be almost like your own daughter, shall I not? So you will have two children, that is all."

.
A month after, on the 12th of September, at midday, Bettina, in the simplest of wedding dresses, entered the church of Longueval while, placed behind the altar, the trumpets of the 9th Artillery rang joyously through the arches of the old church.

Nancy Turner had begged for the honor of playing the organ on this solemn occasion, for the poor little harmonium had disappeared; an organ with resplendent pipes rose in the gallery of the church—it was Miss Percival's wedding present to the Abbé Constantin.

The old Curé said mass, Jean and Bettina knelt before him, he pronounced the Benediction, and then remained for some moments in prayer, his arms extended, calling down with his whole soul the blessings of Heaven on his two children.

Then floated from the organ the same revery of Chopin's which Bettina had played the first time that she had entered that village church, where was to be consecrated the happiness of her life.

And this time it was Bettina who wept.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER (pseudonym "Sam Slick"), a Canadian jurist and humorous writer; born in Nova Scotia in December, 1796; died at Isleworth, near London, England, August 27, 1865. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1820; became Chief-Justice of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia in 1829, and Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. In 1856 he took up his residence in England, and in 1859 was returned to Parliament for Launceston, holding the seat until his death. In 1835 he published in a newspaper a series of satirical sketches entitled "The Clockmaker: Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," of which subsequent series appeared in 1838 and 1840. He also wrote "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" (1829); "Bubbles of Canada;" "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony;" "Letter-Bag of the Great Western" (1839); "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England" (1843, second series, 1844); "Rule and Misrule of the English in America" (1851); "Yankee Stories and Traits of American Humor" (1852); and "Nature and Human Nature" (1855).

MR. SAMUEL SLICK.

(From "The Clockmaker.")

I HAD heard of Yankee clock-peddlers, tin-peddlers, and Bible-peddlers, — especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments: a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares at whatever price he pleases, where a Bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. Slick," — for such was his name, — "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time."

"I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We

reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about 'House of Assembly.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone:—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you; for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*'. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down-east here in Nova Scotia, they would n't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike —"

"Seventy," said the deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy: but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it —"

"Interval, we call it," said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

"Well, interval, if you please — though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms — is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or

four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and —"

"Too old," said the deacon; "too old for all those speculations."

"Old!" repeated the Clockmaker, "not you: why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have" — here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear: but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

"But your beasts — dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call 'soft sawder.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away if he could. Now I find —" Here his lecture on "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low too; for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn — no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one — it has composition wheels and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first-chop, no mistake, genuine superfine — but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?"

"It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties and soon produced the clock, — a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-

looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one: but the deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

"I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon: it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it."

Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

"It is no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do: but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. — Why, it ain't possible!" said the Clockmaker in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; "why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I have n't been two hours here! How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint; I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night — which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call 'human natur'!" Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out of it."

"What success had you," said I, "in the sale of your clocks

among the Scotch in the eastern part of the Province? Do you find them as gullible as the Bluenoses?"

"Well," said he, "you have heerd tell that a Yankee never answers one question without axing another, have n't you? Did you ever seen an English stage-driver make a bow? because if you hain't obsarved it, I have, and a queer one it is, I swan. He brings his right arm up, jist across his face, and passes on, with a knowin' nod of his head, as much as to say, 'How do you do? but keep clear of my wheels, or I'll fetch your horses a lick in the mouth, as sure as your're born,' jist as a bear puts up his paw to fend off the blow of a stick from his nose.

"Well, that's the way I pass them 'ere bare-breeched Scotchmen. Lord, if they were located down in these 'ere Cumberland marshes, how the mosquitoes would tickle them up, would n't they? They'd set 'em scratchin' thereabouts, as an Irishman does his head, when he's in search of a lie. Them 'ere fellows cut their eye-teeth afore they ever set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it, that's a fact. They open their pouch and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. Oatmeal is no great shake, at best; it ain't even as good for a horse as real yaller Varginny corn; but I guess I warn't long in findin' out that the grits hardly pay for the riddlin'. No, a Yankee has as little chance among them as a Jew has in New England; the sooner he clears out the better.

"Now, it's different with the Irish. They never carry a puss, for they never have a cent to put in it. They're always in love or in likker, or else in a row. They are the merriest shavers I ever seed. Judge Beeler—I daresay you've heerd tell of him—he's a funny feller; he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, 'No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;' for, said he, 'the one will set a flame agoin' among my cottons, and t' other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account.' When the British wanted our folks to jine in the treaty to chock the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin' old John Adams say we had ought to humor them; 'for,' says he, 'they supply us with labor on cheaper terms, by shippin' out the Irish,' says he; 'they work better, and they work

cheaper, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor-rates for t' other ones.'

"The English are the boys for tradin' with, they shell out their cash like a sheaf of wheat in frosty weather; it flies all over the thrashin' floor. But then, they are a cross-grained, ungainly, kickin' breed of cattle as I e'en a'most ever seed. Whoever gave them the name of John Bull knew what he was about, I tell you: for they are all bull-headed folks, I vow; sulky, ugly-tempered, vicious critters, a-pawin' and a-roarin' the whole time, and plaguy onsafe unless well watched. They are as headstrong as mules, and as conceited as peacocks."

The astonishment with which I heard this tirade against my countrymen absorbed every feeling of resentment. I listened with amazement at the perfect composure with which he uttered it. He treated it as one of those self-evident truths that neither need proof nor apology, but as a thing well known and admitted by all mankind.

"There's no richer sight that I know of," said he, "than to see one on 'em when he fust lands in one of our great cities. He swells out as big as a balloon; his skin is ready to burst with wind, a regular walkin' bag of gas; and he prances over the pavement like a bear over hot iron; a great awkward hulk of a feller—for they ain't to be compared to the French in manners—a-smirkin' at you, as much as to say, 'Look here, Jonathan, here's an Englishman; here's a boy that's got blood as pure as a Norman pirate, and lots of the blunt of both kinds—a pocket full of one, and a mouth full of t' other,' bean't he lovely? And then he looks as fierce as a tiger, as much as to say, 'Say boo to a goose, if you dare.'

"No, I believe we may stump the univarse. We improve on everything, and we have improved on our own species. You'll search one while, I tell you, afore you'll find a man that, take him by-and-large, is equal to one of our free and enlightened citizens. He's the chap that has both speed, wind, and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend. It's generally allowed there ain't the beat of them to be found anywhere. Spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel. Though I say it, that shouldn't say it, they fairly take the shine off creation; they are actilly equal to cash."

He looked like a man who felt that he had expressed himself so aptly and so well, that anything additional would only weaken its effect. He therefore changed the conversation immediately by pointing to a tree some little distance from the house and remarking that it was the rock-maple, or sugar-tree.

"It's a pretty tree," said he, "and a profitable one, too, to raise. It will bear tapping for many years, though it gets exhausted at last. This province of Nova Scotia is like that 'ere tree: it is tapped till it begins to die at the top, and if they don't drive in a spile and stop the everlastin' flow of the sap, it will perish altogether. All the money that's made here, all the interest that's paid in it, and a pretty considerable portion of the rent, too, all goes abroad for investment, and the rest is sent to the United States to buy bread. It's drained like a bog; it has open and covered trenches all through it; and then there's others to the foot of the upland to cut off the springs. Now you may make even a bog too dry; you may take the moisture out to that degree that the very sile becomes dust, and blows away. The English funds, and our banks, railroads, and canals, are all absorbing your capital like a sponge, and will lick it up as fast as you can make it."

SAM SLICK IN THE WEST.

(From "The Clockmaker.")

THE next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood. "You had n't out," says he, "to be in a hurry; you should see the vicinity of this location; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere."

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. "That," said he, "is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it." — "You mean of Halifax," said I; "St. John is in the other province." — "I mean what I say," he replied, "and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country — they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and

nothin' else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the Bluenoses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a peddler has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, 'cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, 'cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, 'cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, 'cause he intends to *move all* at last. It's actilly overrun with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at everything, and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they're fobbin' your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in anything but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they hain't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart-spirited ones that's left are too few to do anything, and so nothin' is done. It appears to me if I was a Bluenose I'd — But thank fortin' I ain't, so I says nothin' — but there is something that ain't altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

“But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder, bean't it lovely? The prayer eyes of the Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dikes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our Far West, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin'. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it. A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran-new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our real American live oak (and that's allowed to be about the best in the world), send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot through it, you wouldn't believe what a *bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

“Besides, we like the smell of the salt water, it seems

kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin' of the seas, than plowin' of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and *native* place, where one was raised, halter-broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin' like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses — lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But it's no use talkin', they are just made critters, that's a fact, full of health and life and beauty, — now, to change them are splendid white water-lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island for the yaller crocuses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller it's all over with her; she's up a tree then, you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek, too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin' apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign-board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It's no use to cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done, that. Women-kind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin' of their roses, and their frettin' only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most everlastin' sweet girl), 'Sally,' he used to say, 'now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the

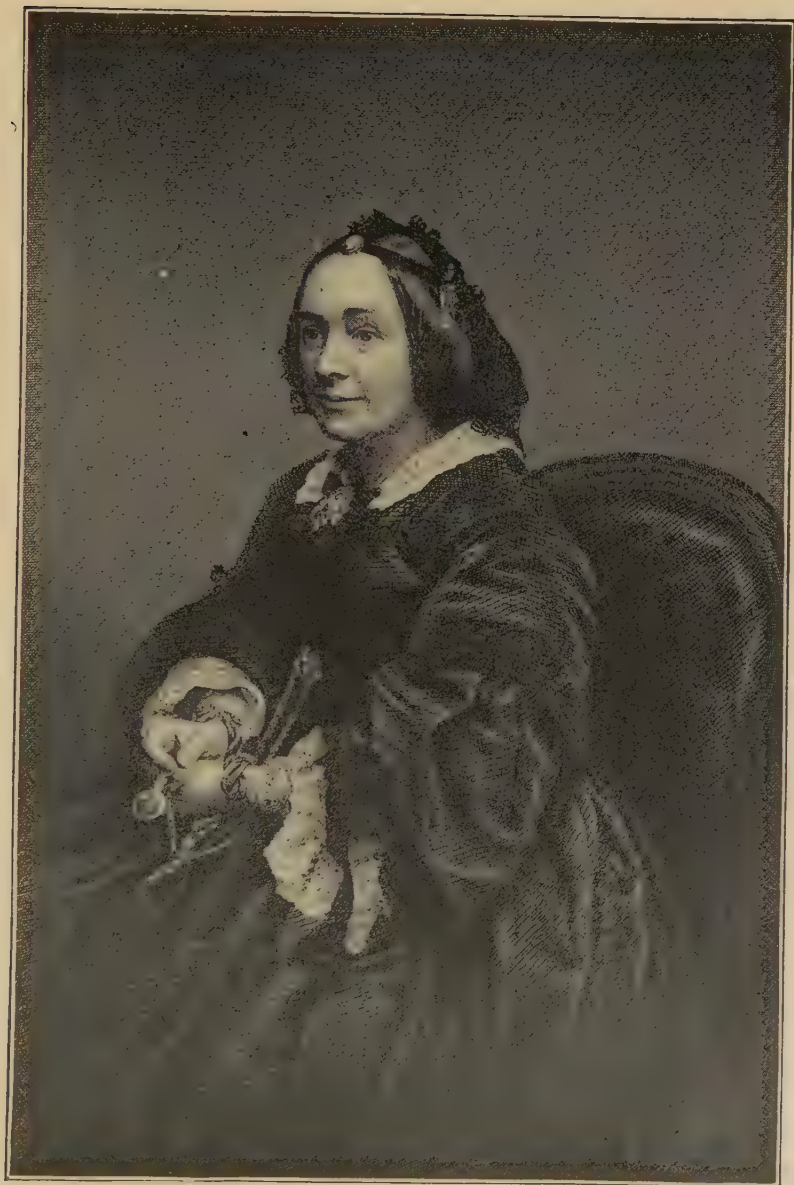
fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The ottar of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.*' Sall wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that; but father larfed, he said he guessed Minister's courtin' days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin' in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

"This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things — *Industry, Enterprise, Economy*; these Bluenoses don't know how to valy this location — only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is — the centre of the Province — the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy — the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States — the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone — the dikes — but it's no use talkin'; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree — stick 'em in anywhere, butt eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin' fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin' of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, 'Oh, we are too poor and too young.' Says I, 'You put me in mind of a great long-legged, long-tail colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin' post. He was colt all his days — always young — always poor; and young and poor you'll be, I guess, to the eend of the chapter.'"

On our return to the Inn, the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I determind, therefore, to take a seat in the coach

for Halifax, and defer until next year the remaining part of my tour. Mr. Slick agreed to meet me here in June, and to provide for me the same conveyance I had used from Amherst. I look forward with much pleasure to our meeting again. His manner and idiom were to me perfectly new and very amusing; while his good sound sense, searching observation, and queer humor rendered his conversation at once valuable and interesting. There are many subjects on which I should like to draw him out; and I promise myself a fund of amusement in his remarks on the state of society and manners at Halifax, and the machinery of the local government, on both of which he appears to entertain many original and some very just opinions.

As he took leave of me in the coach, he whispered, "Inside of your great big cloak you will find wrapped up a box, containin' a thousand rael genuine first-chop Havanas — no mistake — the clear thing. When you smoke 'em, think sometimes of your old companion, 'SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER.'"



ANNA MARIA (FIELDING) HALL

ANNA MARIA (FIELDING) HALL.

HALL, ANNA MARIA (FIELDING), a popular Irish novelist; born at Dublin, January 6, 1800; died at East Moulsey, Surrey, England, January 30, 1881. At the age of fifteen she went to live in London, and in 1824 married Samuel Carter Hall. Among her numerous works are "Sketches of Irish Character" (1829); "Chronicles of a Schoolroom" (1830); "The Buccaneer, a Novel" (1832); "Tales of a Woman's Trials" (1834); "The Outlaw" and "Uncle Horace" (1837); "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life" (1838); "The Redderbore, an Irish Novel" (1839); "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," and "Tales of the Irish Peasantry" (1840); "The White Boy" (1845); "Midsummer Eve, a Fairy Tale of Love" (1848); "Pilgrimages to English Shrines" (1850); "Popular Tales and Sketches" (1856); "A Woman's Story" (1857); "Can Wrong be Right?" (1862); "The Fight of Faith" (1868-69). She was also the author of two successful dramas, "The French Refugee" and "The Groves of Blarney;" joint author with her husband of "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.," and his collaborer in other works.

LARRY MOORE.

(From "Sketches of Irish Character.")

"THINK of to-morrow!" — that is what few Irish peasants ever do, with a view of providing for it: at least few with whom I have had opportunities of being acquainted. They will think of anything — of everything, but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: — who that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman — the invaluable Larry, who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision? — He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. There he lies, stretched in the sunlight, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise — sometimes on his back — then slowly turning on his side — but his most usual attitude is a

sort of reclining position against that flat gray stone, just at high-water mark; he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words), "the tide, bad cess to it! was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of trouble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra a morsal of harm the salt water could do ye on the gray stone, where a living merwoman sat every New Year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves, who, consequently, trated her sate wid great respect — why not?"

There, then, is Larry — his chest leaning on the mermaid's stone, as we call it — his long, bare legs stretched out behind, kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about what it naturally considers lawful prey: — his lower garments have evidently once been trousers — blue trousers, but as Larry when in motion is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed, his frieze jacket is no great thing, being much rubbed at the elbows — and no wonder; for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles formed on the surface of the calm waters by the large or small pebbles he throws into it; and as Larry, of course, rests his elbow on the rocks while performing these exploits, the sleeves must wear; for frieze is not "impene-trable stuff." His hat is a natural curiosity, composed of faded straw, banded by a misshapen sea-ribbon, and garnished with "delisk" red and green, his cutty-pipe stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy without any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in this extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders, and a low-furrowed brow, very unpromising to the eye of a phrenologist: — in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved at times by the humorous twinkle of his little gray eyes, pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumines the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist; from this depends a rough

wooden case, containing his whiskey bottle; a long, narrow knife; pieces of rope of varied length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns at his "vocation."

"Good-morrow, Larry!"

"Good-morrow kindly, my lady! maybe ye 're going across?"

"No, thank ye, Larry, but there 's a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye!—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the soul o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—asy, says I, what trouble ye take! sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by token, the grawls were so plased wid the mate—the craturs!—sorra morsel o' pratee they 'd put in their mouths;—and we 'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry, if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"

"Is it fish? Ough! sorra fancy I have for fasting mate—besides, it's mighty watery, and a dale o' trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod lept into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up: I thought it would ha' sted while I hollered to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the samphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jewil! it was whip and away wid it all in a minit—back to the water—Small loss!"

"But, Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure, I 'm after telling your ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner, by grate good luck, yesterday."

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure, you 've just given me sixpence."

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where 's the good of thinking that now?"

"Oh, Larry, I 'm afraid you never think of to-morrow!"

"There 's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it than I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and, to prove it to ye, madam, dear, we 'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it, for all the sun 's so bright, both in the air and the water."

"Then, Larry, take my advice; go home and mend the great hole that is in the thatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole?—where 's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather 's so fine?"

"But when the rain comes?"

"Lord bless ye, my lady! sure I can't hinder the rain! and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the *teams* to stop up a taste of a hole. Sorra a drop comes through it in *dry weather*."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time; it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day;—and here you stay, doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself, by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust? Sure I must mind the boat. But, God bless ye, ma'am, darlint! don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't by no manner of means deserve. My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel, because I gave my consint to our Nancy's marrying Matty Keogh; and she says they were to come together on account that they had n't enough to pay the priest; and the end of it is, that the girl and a grandchild are come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where!"

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"There it is again, my lady! James was never very bright, and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Ben's school, and saying a dale about the time to come; but I did n't care to bother the cratur; and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate—and even the priest says it's bekase I never think of *to-morrow*."

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion. But, tell me, have you fattened the pig Mr. Herriot gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing yer pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland! That pig has been the ruin of me; it has such a taste for eating young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I'm going out; but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty? You are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour."

"Is it a sty for the likes of him! cock him up wid a sty! Och, Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him asy for the day."

"But not for the morrow, Larry."

"Now ye're at me agin!—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder! if there is n't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye're in a hurry, are ye?—well, ye must wait till yer hurry is over; I'm not going to hurry myself, wid sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn the better, Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for *to-morrow*, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'am, dear; though people take a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, whin they've full and plinty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then."

"But do you know the English think of *to-morrow*, Larry?"

"Ay, the tame negres! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure, if there had been English before his time, it's long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland so long alone."

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

HALLAM, ARTHUR HENRY, an English poet, son of Henry Hallam; born at London, February 1, 1811; died at Vienna, September 15, 1833. He distinguished himself at Eton and Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1832. At Trinity College he gained a prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero. He was betrothed to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, whose "In Memoriam" is a memorial of the friendship of the two young poets. A collection of his essays and poems was made by his father in 1834.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED, I would that you beheld me now,
 Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
 On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
 Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
 Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
 Seeming received into the blue expanse
 That vaults this summer noon. Before me lies
 A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,
 Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,
 Whose fragrance, blended with the rose-perfume
 From that white flowering bush, invites my sense
 To a delicious madness; and faint thoughts
 Of childish years are borne into my brain
 By unforgotten ardors waking now.

Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade
 Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown
 Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,
 That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves
 Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,
 And the gay humming things that Summer loves,
 Through the warm air, or altering the bound
 Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line
 Divide dominion with the abundant light.

TO AN ABSENT SWEETHEART.

O BLESSING and delight of my young heart,
 Maiden, who wast so lovely and so pure,
 I know not in what region now thou art,
 Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
 Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
 Not the old faces which we both did love,
 Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather —
 Not these, but others, now thy fancies move.
 I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
 All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
 And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
 So, though in body absent, I might walk
 With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
 Did sanctify my own to peerless good.

WRITTEN IN EDINBURGH.

EVEN thus, methinks, a city rear'd should be,
 Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
 Five times an hundred noble towns in fee,
 And either with their might of Babel old,
 Or the rich Roman pomp of Empery,
 Might stand compare, highest in arts enroll'd,
 Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
 Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
 Thus should her towers be raised — with vicinage
 Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
 As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
 Of art, abiding Nature's majesty;
 And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
 Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

HENRY HALLAM.

HALLAM, HENRY, an English historian; born at Windsor, July 9, 1777; died at Penshurst, Kent, January 21, 1859. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, studied law, but did not go into practice. He entered upon literary pursuits in London, and his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" gave him a prominent place among the writers of the day. In 1818 he published his "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages." He had intended to continue the work down to the middle of the last century, but he finally restricted himself to treating "The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II." This was published in 1827. After ten years Mr. Hallam brought out his most important work, "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries" (4 vols., 1837-39). All of these works have been frequently reprinted, and have been translated into many languages. In 1848 he put forth a supplementary volume of the "Middle Ages," which is incorporated with subsequent editions of that work. In 1852 he put forth a volume of "Literary Essays and Characters."

MEDIEVAL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKS.

(From "Literature of Europe.")

THE trade of bookselling seems to have been established at Paris and at Boulogne in the twelfth century; the lawyers and universities called it into life. It is very improbable that it existed in what we properly call the dark ages. Peter of Blois mentions a book which he had bought of a public dealer. But we do not find, I believe, many distinct accounts of them till the next age. These dealers were denominated *Stationarii*, perhaps from the open stalls at which they carried on their business, though *statio* is a general word for "shop" in low Latin. They appear by the old statutes of the University of Paris, and by those of Boulogne, to have sold books upon commission; and are sometimes, though not uniformly, distinguished from the

Librarii, a word which, having originally been confined to the copyists of books, was afterward applied to those who traded in them. They sold parchment and other materials of writing, which with us, though as far as I know, nowhere else, have retained the name of "stationery," and naturally exercised the kindred occupations of binding and decorating. They probably employed transcribers; we find at least that there was a profession of copyists in the universities and in large cities; and by means of these before the invention of printing the necessary books of grammar, law, and theology were multiplied to a great extent for the use of students; but with much incorrectness, and far more expense than afterward.

The first printers were always booksellers, and sold their own impressions. These occupations were not divided till the early part of the sixteenth century. But the risks of sale at a time when learning was by no means general, combined with the great cost of production — paper and other materials being very dear — rendered this a hazardous trade. We have a curious petition of Sweynheim and Pannartz to Sixtus IV., in 1472, wherein they complain of their poverty, brought on by printing so many works, which they had not been able to sell. They state the number of impressions of each edition. Of the classical authors they had generally printed 275; of Virgil and the philosophical works of Cicero, twice that number. In theological publications the usual number of copies had also been 550. The whole number of copies printed was 12,475. It is possible that experience made other printers more discreet in their estimation of the public demand. Notwithstanding the casualties of three centuries, it seems, from the great scarcity of these early editions which has long existed, that the original circulation must have been much below the number of copies printed, as, indeed, the complaint of Sweynheim and Pannartz shows.

The price of books was diminished by four-fifths after the invention of printing. Chevillier gives some instances of a fall in this proportion. But not content with such a reduction, the University of Paris proceeded to establish a tariff, according to which every edition was to be sold, and seems to have set the prices very low. This was by virtue of the prerogatives they exerted over the book-trade of the capital. The priced catalogues of Colinaeus and Robert Stephens are extant, relating, of course, to a later period than the present. The Greek Testa-

ment of Colinaeus was sold for twelve sous, the Latin for six. The folio Latin Bible, printed by Stephens in 1532, might be had for one hundred sous; a copy of the Pandects for forty sous; a Virgil for two sous and six deniers; a Greek grammar of Cle-nardus for two sous; Demosthenes and Æschines—I know not what editions—for five sous. It would of course be necessary, before we could make any use of these prices, to compare them with that of corn. The more usual form of books printed in the fifteenth century is folio. But the Psalter of 1547, and the Donatus of the same year, are in quarto: and this size is not uncommon in the early Italian editions of classics. The disputed Oxford book of 1468, “*Sancti Jeronymi Expositio*,” is in octavo, and would, if genuine, be the earliest specimen of that size; which may perhaps furnish an additional presumption against the date. It is at least, however, of 1478, when the octavo form was of the rarest occurrence. Maittaire mentions a book printed in octavo at Milan in 1470; but the existence of this, and of one or two more that follow, seems equivocal; and the first on which we can rely is the Sallust, printed at Valencia in 1475. Another book of that form, at Treviso, occurs in the same year, and an edition of Pliny’s Epistles at Florence in 1478. They become from this time gradually more common; but even at the end of the century form a rather small proportion of the editions. I have not observed that the duodecimo division of the sheet was adopted in any instance. The price and convenience of books are evidently not unconnected with their size.

Nothing could be less unreasonable than that the printer should have a better chance of indemnifying himself and the author, if in those days the author, as he probably did, hoped for some lucrative return after his exhausting drudgery, by means of an exclusive privilege. The Senate of Venice granted an exclusive privilege for five years to John of Spire in 1469, for the first book printed in the city—his edition of Cicero’s Epistles; but I am not aware that this extended to any other work. And this seems to have escaped the learned Beckmann, who says that the earliest instance of protected copyrights on record appears to be in favor of a book insignificant enough—a missal for the church at Bamberg, printed in 1490. It is probable that other privileges of an older date have not been found. In 1491 one occurs at the end of a book printed at Venice, and five more at the same place within the century; the Aristotle of Aldus being one of the books. These privileges are always recited at the

end of the volume. They are, however, very rare in comparison with the number of books published, and seem not accorded by preference to the most important editions.

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

(From "Literature of Europe.")

IN these exclusive privileges the printer was forced to call in the magistrate for his own benefit. But there was often a different sort of interference by the civil power with the press. The destruction of books, and the prohibition of their sale, had not been unknown to antiquity ; instances of it occur in the free republics of Athens and Rome ; but it was naturally more frequent under suspicious despotism, especially when to the jealousy of the State was superadded that of the Church, and novelty, even in speculation, became a crime. Ignorance came on with the fall of the Empire, and it was unnecessary to guard against the abuse of an art which very few possessed at all. With the first revival of letters in the eleventh and twelfth centuries sprang up the reviving shoots of heretical freedom ; but with Berenger and Abélard came also the jealousy of the Church, and the usual exertion of the right of the strongest. Abélard was censured by the Council of Soissons in 1121, for suffering copies of his book to be taken without the approbation of his superiors, and the delinquent volumes were given to the flames. It does not appear, however, that any regulation on this subject had been made. But when the sale of books became the occupation of a class of traders, it was deemed necessary to place them under restraint. Those of Paris and Boulogne, the cities, doubtless, where the greatest business of the kind was carried on, came altogether into the power of the universities. It is proved by various statutes of the University of Paris, originating, no doubt, in some authority granted by the Crown, and bearing date from the year 1275 to 1403, that booksellers were appointed by the university, and considered as its officers, probably matriculated by entry on her roll ; that they took an oath, renewable at her pleasure, to observe her statutes and regulations ; that they were admitted upon security, and with testimonials to their moral conduct ; that no one could sell books in Paris without this permission ; that they could expose no book to sale without communication with the university, and without its approbation ; that the university fixed the prices,

according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, at which books should be sold or lent to scholars ; that a fine might be imposed for incorrect copies ; that the sellers were bound to fix up in their shops a priced catalogue of their books, besides other regulations of less importance. Books deemed by the university unfit for perusal were sometimes burned by its order.

CERVANTES'S "DON QUIXOTE"

(From "Literature of Europe.")

"DON QUIXOTE" is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakespeare to England : the one book to which the slightest allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of it in every language bespeak its adaptation to mankind ; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration ; no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and the old in every climate have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning ; and in giving the reins to the gayety that his fertile invention and comic humor inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announced, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan. A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic, analysis of works of taste ; but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities of this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. According to these writers, "the primary idea is that of a man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry ; nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the abused passion for reading old romances."

It has been said by some modern writer — though I cannot remember by whom — that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes. There was indeed a side of calm, strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. It might naturally occur how absurd

any one must appear who should attempt to realize in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this very happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of "Don Quixote." Its simplicity is perfect, no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination. But the death of Don Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon lest someone else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as "Don Quixote." And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet; born at Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died there, November 19, 1867. After acting as a clerk in his native town, he entered a banking house in New York. About 1832 he became private secretary to John Jacob Astor, retaining that relation until the death of Mr. Astor, in 1848, when Halleck retired to his native village, being also one of the trustees of the Astor Library. Halleck occasionally wrote verses while quite young. In 1819, in conjunction with Joseph Rodman Drake, he produced the "Croaker" papers, a series of poetical satires on public characters of the period, which were published in the "New York Evening Post." His longest poem, "Fanny," a social satire, was written in 1819. In 1822-23 he visited Europe, and wrote "Alnwick Castle," and the lines on Burns. "Young America," his last lines, appeared in the "New York Ledger," in 1865. A complete edition of his Poems, as also a collection of his Letters, with a "Life," edited by James Grant Wilson, appeared in 1869.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep;
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven,
 Like thine, are laid in earth,
 There should a wreath be woven,
 To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
 Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
 Around thy faded brow;
 But I've in vain essayed it,
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep,
 Nor thoughts nor words are free;
 The Grief is fixed too deep
 That mourns a man like thee.

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

(Written in the Album of a daughter of the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket.")

"A LADY asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
 A lady asks? There was a time
 When, musical as play-bells' chime
 To wearied boy,
 That sound would summon dreams sublime
 Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway;
 Life's first-born fancies first decay;
 Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
 Of young Romance;
 There linger here but ruins gray,
 And broken lance.

'T is a new world — no more to maid,
 Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
 The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
 Men's thoughts resign;
 Heaven placed us here to vote and trade —
 Twin tasks divine.

"'T is youth, 't is beauty asks; the green
 And growing leaves of seventeen
 Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
 A violet flower,
 Nursed by the virtues she hath been
 From childhood's hour."

Blind Passion's picture — yet for this
 We woo the life-long bridal kiss,
 And blend our every hope of bliss
 With hers we love;
 Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
 In Eden's grove.

Beauty — the fading rainbow's pride;
 Youth — 't was the charm of her who died
 At dawn, and by her coffin's side
 A grandsire stands,
 Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
 Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin — hush the tale it tells! —
 Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
 Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
 Untold till death,
 And where the grave-mound greenly swells
 O'er buried faith.

“But what if hers are rank and power,
 Armies her train, a throne her bower,
 A Kingdom's gold her marriage dower,
 Broad seas and lands?
 What if from bannered hall and tower
 A queen commands?”

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set,
 Where perished Marie Antoinette!
 Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
 Black Haytian dame?
 And Lusitania's coronet?
 And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
 The castle kneels before the town,
 The monarch fears a printer's frown,
 A brickbat's range;
 Give me in preference to a crown,
 Five shillings change.

“But she who asks, though first among
 The good, the beautiful, the young,
 The birthright of a spell more strong
 Than these hath brought her —
 She is your kinswoman in song,
 A Poet's daughter.”

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
 The consanguinity of fame,
 Veins of my intellectual frame!
 Your blood would glow
 Proudly to sing that gentlest name
 Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter — dearer word
 Lip hath not spoken nor listener heard,
 Fit theme for song of bee or bird,
 From morn till even,
 And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
 Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
 Poetic comes but to expire,
 Her name needs not my humble lyre
 To bid it live ;
 She hath already from her sire
 All bard can give.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
 Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king :
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band :
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Platæa's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arms to strike and souls to dare
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on : the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke, to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke, to die, mid flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,

And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band.
 "Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
 Strike — for your altars and your fires!
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
 God — and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible! the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come when his task of Fame is wrought;
 Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
 Come in her crowning hour — and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew over the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee! there is no prouder grave
 Even in her own proud clime —
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone.
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said,
 At palace couch and cottage bed.
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys;
 And even she who gave thee birth
 Will by their pilgrim-circled hearth
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!

ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle and their grave!

Still sternly o'er the castle-gate
 Their house's Lion stands in state,
 As in his proud departed hours ;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky,"
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,
 To meet the quiet stream which winds
 Through this romantic scene,
 As silently and sweetly still
 As when, at evening, on that hill,
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
 His Katherine was a happy bride,
 A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile :
 Does not the succoring ivy keeping
 Her watch around it, seem to smile,
 As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
 One solitary turret gray
 Still tells, in melancholy glory,
 The legend of the Cheviot day,
 The Percy's proudest border story.

That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
 Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
 The light step of the soldier's march,
 The music of the trump and drum ;
 And babe and sire, the old, the young,
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
 Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers
 Are gay in their young bud and bloom ;
 They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
 That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
 A Templar's knightly tomb.
 He died, his sword in his mailèd hand,
 On the holiest spot of the Blessèd Land,
 Where the Cross was damped with his dying breath,
 When blood ran free as festal wine,
 And the sainted air of Palestine
 Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
 Those giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here!
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
 The Norman's curfew-bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high, heroic name;
 From him who once his standard set
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington,
 A major of dragoons. . . .

That last half stanza — it has dashed
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup:
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world — is gone;
 And Alnwick's but a market-town,
 And this, alas! its market-day,
 And beasts and burdens throng the way;
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,
 Men in the coal and cattle line;
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy:
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable;
 Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;
 'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
 Has called the "era of good feeling;"

The Highlander, the bitterest foe
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,
 Consented to be taxed, and vote,
 And put on pantaloons and coat,
 And leave off cattle-stealing:
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglass in red herrings;
 And noble name and cultured land,
 Palace, and park, and vassal-band,
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild or the Barings. . . .

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
 In the armed pomp of feudal state? —
 The present representatives
 Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
 Are some half-dozen serving men,
 In the drab coat of William Penn;
 A chamber-maid, whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
 Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,
 Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
 From donjon-keep to turret-wall,
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

FROM ROBERT BURNS.

THERE have been loftier themes than his,
 And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
 And lays lit up with Poesy's
 Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
 In which the answering heart would speak;
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
 Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery ?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours.

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourner's weep, where lovers woo,
From throng to cottage hearth !

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung !

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise ;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee —
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal —
Tortures, the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel —

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,
 A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
 Of coward and of slave —

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
 That could not fear and would not bow,
 Were written in his manly eye,
 And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! His words are driven,
 Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
 Where'er beneath the sky of heaven.
 The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! A nation stood
 Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
 Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
 As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
 Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
 With the mute homage that we pay
 To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
 The last, the hallowed home of one
 Who lives upon all memories,
 Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined —
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind. . . .

All ask the cottage of his birth,
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
 And gather feelings not of earth
 His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !
 The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?
 Wear they not graven on the heart
 The name of Robert Burns ?

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM, an Irish-American journalist and poet born at Oldcastle, County Meath, Ireland, November 20, 1829; died in New York, August 3, 1868. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and began the study of medicine, but soon turned to journalism; contributed to Irish and English papers, and at length emigrated to the United States. He was connected with the "Boston Post," the "New York Times," and "Leader," and lastly became proprietor and editor of "The Citizen," which he conducted until his death. When the civil war broke out he enlisted as lieutenant in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York Volunteers, was rapidly promoted, and at length attained the brevet rank of brigadier-general. In 1867 he was elected to the office of Recorder of the City of New York. In 1862 he assumed the *nom de plume* of "Miles O'Reilly," under which he wrote many amusing lyrics and fancy sketches in prose, published in the "New York Herald" and other papers, under the titles of "Miles O'Reilly, his Book; the Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly;" "Baked Meats of the Funeral," etc. A collection of his poems, with a sketch of the author's life, was published in 1868. It is entitled "The Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine."

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

O'RYAN was a man of might
 Whin Ireland was a nation,
 But poachin' was his heart's delight
 And constant occupation.
 He had an ould militia gun,
 And sartin sure his aim was;
 He gave the keepers many a run,
 And would n't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
 O'Ryan's little houldin',
 And, as the Saint felt wake and dhry,
 He thought he'd enther bould in.

"O'Ryan," says the Saint, "avick!
 To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
 So let me have a rasher quick,
 And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,
 While betther is to spare, sir,
 But here's a jug of mountain dew,
 And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
 St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
 And says he, "Good luck attind you,
 And, when you're in your windin' sheet,
 It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff —
 "Them tidin's is thransportin',
 But may I ax your saintship if
 There's any kind of sportin'?"
 St Patrick said, "A Lion's there,
 Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer —"
 Bedad," says Mike, "the huntin's rare;
 St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
 For fear I'd tire your patience,
 You'll see O'Ryan any night
 Amid the constellations.
 And Venus follows in his track
 Till Mars grows jealous really,
 But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
 Of handling the shillaly.

MY BROKEN MEERSCHAUM.

OLD pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown,
 With silver spliced and linked together,
 With hopes high up and spirits down,
 I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;
 And still upon thy glowing lid,
 'Mid carving quaint and curious tracing,
 Beneath the dust of years half hid,
 The giver's name mine eye is tracing.

When thou wert given we were as one,
 Who now are two, and widely sundered:
 Our feud the worst beneath the sun,
 Where each behind the other blundered.

No public squall of anger burst
 The moorings of our choice relation —
 'Tis the dumb quarrel that is worst,
 Where pride forbids an explanation.

Old pipe! had then thy smoky bowl
 A tongue that could to life have started —
 Knowing the secrets of my soul,
 In many a midnight hour imparted —
 Thy speech, perchance, had then re-knit
 The ties of friendship rudely sundered,
 And healed the feud of little wit,
 In which each thinks the other blundered.

JANETTE'S HAIR.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
 Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
 For the world to me had no daintier sight
 Than your brown hair veiling your shoulder white,
 As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
 It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet,
 'T was a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
 'T was a thing to be braided and jewelled and kissed —
 'T was the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
 It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet,
 But warmly and softly it loved to caress
 Your round white neck and your wealth of tress —
 Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet. . . .

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette;
 'T was a silken and golden snare, my pet,
 But, so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
 The right to continue your slave evermore,
 With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
 With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair, my pet;
 In the darkness of desolate years, I moan,
 And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
 That covers your golden hair, my pet.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT, an English artist and art critic, born at Laneside, Lancashire, September 10, 1834; died at Boulogne-sur-Seine, November 6, 1894. He received his education at Oxford, studied art in England and in Rome, and on his return to England devoted himself to painting and literature. He was the art-critic of the "Saturday Review" for three years, and edited "The Portfolio." Among his works are "The Isles of Loch Awe and other Poems" (1855); "Thoughts about Art," and "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," his most characteristic work (1862); "Etching and Etchers" (1868); "Wenderholme: a Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire" (1869); "The Sylvan Year" (1876); "The Unknown River" (1870); "Chapters on Animals," and "The Intellectual Life" (1873); "Round My House" (1876); "Marmorne, a Novel," "Modern Frenchmen" (1878); "Life of J. M. W. Turner" (1879); "The Graphic Arts" (1882); "Landscape" (1885); "The Painter's Imagination" (1887); "Man in Art" (1892); "Present State of Art in France" (1892); "Drawing and Engraving" (1892); "Contemporary French Painting" (1895); "Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism" (1895).

THAT CERTAIN ARTISTS SHOULD WRITE ON ART.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

THE public use of literature may be comprehensively defined in a single word. All literature is a record. The important service it renders to mankind is *the perpetual registering of the experience of the race*. Without literature it is inconceivable that any race of men could reach a degree of culture comparable to ours, because, without a literature to record it, the experience of dead generations could never be fully available for the living one. Oral and practical tradition no doubt have their use, as we see to this day in many trades and professions; but this tradition is in our time nearly always aided by, or based upon, written records. And nothing is more characteristic of our age than its constantly increasing tendency to commit everything to

writing. The most ordinary professions and trades have their literatures,—trades which not long since were merely traditional. The experience of the race is now registered by literature in all its departments. Our novelists paint the manners of their time.

How precious such verbal paintings will be in a thousand years! Thackeray and Balzac will make it possible for our descendants to live over again in the England and France of to-day. Seen in this light, the novelist has a higher office than merely to amuse his contemporaries; he hands them down all living and talking together to the remotest ages. When the new Houses of Parliament and the new Louvre shall be as antique to others as the Colosseum is to us, *they* shall know what manner of men and women first walked under the freshly carved arcades of the new palace on the banks of the Seine, and saw the tall towers grow year after year like young trees at Westminster.

This view of all literature as a register of human experience may be demurred to with regard to some of its departments. It may be objected, for example, that our contemporary poetry is not a record of our experience. But it is a record of our *feelings*, and these are a part, and a very important part, of the experience of all cultivated persons. A poem which has been greatly popular in its own time, even though it may bear no very obvious relation to it, must nevertheless have been in close unison with much contemporary sentiment.

I mentioned fiction and poetry first because they seemed the weakest point of my argument; but when I come to periodical literature no one will for a moment dispute that it is strictly a register of all the thoughts and acts of humanity, day by day, week by week, and month by month. In the files of the newspapers our descendants will possess a full and detailed record, not only of our acts, but of our most transient opinions and hopes. A number of the "Times" has not done its work when you or I have read it. Other eyes will read it after a thousand years with all the advantages of that immense experience behind them! They will see us timidly delaying, or earnestly advocating, changes whose vast results shall to them be matter of history.

Such history as that of Macaulay and Motley is a register of the retrospective kind. It is like the early chapters of an autobiography. In an autobiography we have an accurate type of mankind's ways of placing itself on record. Such records or

memories of their life as childhood and youth preserve to maturity are afterwards sifted, judged, arranged, and re-written by the grown man in the full light of his experience. Yet the past is continually slipping away from us, and, though we keep its results, we forget its circumstances. So all that we call history is no better than the early or introductory chapter of Humanity's autobiography. Its best history is its *diary*; that is, its daily newspapers. For histories, though they may preserve facts, which is not always to be said of them, inevitably lose impressions, whereas journalists write down the most transient impressions of the intelligent class in their time. We may therefore look upon the newspaper not merely as a register of facts, but a record of thoughts.

The technical literature which has taken such a vast development of late is, however, the strongest basis of the argument I wish to enforce. The immense quantity of books published within the last twenty years for the especial use of particular trades and professions is one of the best results of the increase of population, and the consequent increase of professional readers. It is, perhaps, in law and medicine that this development is most remarkable; but it extends to all trades, for almost every mechanic can read, and cheap technical literature is brought within the reach of all purses. Mr. Weale, of Holborn, has published a very valuable series of cheap technical works at a shilling a volume. M. Roret, of Paris, has issued an immense encyclopædia, including every conceivable trade, from common blacksmith's work up to religious architecture.

In reviewing all these technical works, the first fact that strikes one with regard to their authors is, that they are none of them what we call literary men. They are not men who live by literature as a profession; they live by other trades or professions, and resort to literature only as a means of communicating to others their professional observations.

It therefore appears that literature is not an exclusive profession, but a common magazine to which intelligent men of all classes, and of every occupation, contribute the results of their particular experience. This is the point which I desire the reader to concede. If he maintains, as some literary men do, that literature is a profession which no one can enter without an exclusively literary training, if he believes that no one ought to write who does anything else, it will be necessary for me to argue my point more elaborately.

There is no proof that literature is an exclusive profession; if it is one, it presents the singular peculiarity that its professors are often surpassed by amateurs. It is not at all on the same footing with painting in this respect. The art of pictorial expression is quite technical, and peculiar to a certain limited class of students; the art of verbal expression is common to all men who can talk, and the art of literary expression to all who can write a letter.

It is not too much to say that, of the great writers of the world, at least one-half have been amateurs. Chaucer and Milton were; and even in the case of Shakespeare, though his plays made money, his authorship was secondary to his business of theatrical manager. Scott and Talfourd were both lawyers, not bred especially to literature; Kingsley is a clergyman, Ricardo was a banker, so was Grote; and John Stuart Mill was a hard-working servant of the East India Company. Sidney Dobell was a wine-merchant, and followed that business assiduously fifteen years. Samuel Warren is an industrious lawyer, Mr. Trollope a clerk in the Civil Service, and the author of "Tom Brown's School-days" a barrister, whom I have heard solicitors speak highly of in his professional capacity. These are names which occur to me whilst writing rapidly. If I took time to reflect, I should find a host of other instances of amateurs who have succeeded in literature; but this is needless. It is enough to suggest a truth so obvious. It can require no accumulation of evidence to show, what all men's experience proves, that the faculty of expressing oneself well in written language is by no means peculiar to those who earn their living by it. The contributors to our best reviews are not invariably writers by profession, and their editors are only too happy to receive good articles written by intelligent men in the intervals of quite different avocations. The last phrase reminds me of a book called "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," which has passed through many editions, — a fact which of itself proves that a man of business may successfully occupy himself with literature.

No merely literary man can, as such, be expected to write any one of those very useful and even necessary books which treat of subjects that require great special experience. Literary men never do write such books unless prepared for them, as Lewes was for his "Essays on Physiology," by a distinct professional education, quite apart from purely literary culture.

If by accident a man who has been intended by his parents for a lawyer, and educated for the law, and who has practised for some years as a lawyer, afterwards abandons the law for general literature, he may compose a legal treatise; but a magazine writer by profession, who had never received any legal education, could not.

There is no subject in the world of which the mere writer-of-all-work is less competent to treat than art. It is eminently a subject requiring practical experience and especial study. It cannot be grasped in its large relations by minds habitually occupied with other matters, and whose only claim to treat of it is their faculty of verbal expression. It demands great personal devotion, and untiring enthusiasm. It requires also much technical knowledge. The devotion and the enthusiasm are occasionally found in men who are not practically artists, the technical experience never.

This is the reason why our art criticism is for the most part so unprofitable. Even the best of it generally deals with works of art in their intellectual aspect only, with a slight admixture of technical jargon, but no intelligent reference to the facts of nature.

I do not, however, argue that artists should write criticism. It may be undesirable that painters should spend any of their time or energy in what would in their case be too likely to degenerate into personal recrimination. It is true that literary men attack each other's works from behind the shelter of the anonymous, and a few of the best art criticisms are contributed to the periodicals by artists. But this is not a desirable direction for the talents of an artist who writes. His especial office with the pen is to contribute to the general enlightenment on the subject of art in its relation to nature, in ways which need not involve attacks on his living rivals.

I was present on one occasion when a distinguished painter was asked by a young author how it happened that artists so rarely wrote upon their own art. "Because," said the painter, "they are so generally deficient in the first rudiments of a literary education." I believe that answer, however unfavorable to artists, to have been much nearer to the truth than the common theory that there is something essentially incompatible between the literary and artistic intellects. Certainly Ary Scheffer recognized no such incompatibility when he said, that "*pour être artiste, il faut avoir en soi un sentiment élevé,*

ou une conviction puissante, digne d'être exprimé par une langue qui peut être indifféremment la prose, la poésie, la musique, la sculpture, ou la peinture." . . .

Persons to whom the mere act of writing is the most arduous of all exertion are not likely to spend more time upon it than they are absolutely compelled so to spend. This simple consideration is sufficient to account for the fact that artists, in general, are not communicative by means of the pen. If they were all educated in literature before they began to paint, as clergymen and lawyers are before they begin to preach and to practise, artist writers would, probably, bear as great a proportion to the numbers employed in their art as legal and clerical authors to the other members of their professions. And if painters were so educated, perhaps they would not paint worse for it. It does not follow that Turner would have painted less skilfully if he had had such a degree of education as every schoolboy of twelve years old ought to possess. If he had been able to write good English, and even spell such French words as he required as titles to his drawings, he might, nevertheless, in spite of these attainments, have reached his present rank as a landscape painter. . . .

In the case of artists who can write and do not, there may be two reasons for their silence. The first is, that when a successful painter lays down the brush to take up a pen, he is sacrificing, for each hour that he writes, a certain calculable sum of money; another reason is a strong conviction, common to most artists, that if they were to say anything about their art it would be of no use, because the public could not understand it.

This feeling has hitherto been well founded, but there can be no doubt that a certain portion of the public is advancing towards such a knowledge of art as may enable it to receive the teaching even of artists themselves. The consequence of this, and its inevitable result in creating a demand for a kind of literature relating to the fine arts, will be, that unless artists are themselves prepared to supply such a literature, they will be supplanted by dilettantes, who thus acquire an influence over public opinion on matters connected with art, to which they have no natural right. On the other hand, the public itself must be retarded in its art culture by the dissemination of crude and imperfect theories. And since it has not time to investigate such matters for itself, and must always take them on trust from some one in temporary authority, society will

set up its favorite writers as rulers, against whose verdict there will be no appeal. It appears therefore desirable that a few artists in each generation should themselves contribute to the literature of art, in order to maintain the influence which their knowledge entitles them to. For as the priesthood in every religion takes into its own hands the production of a theological literature based on its especial tenets, so, it appears, ought painters to lead the literature of their own art, though I would not discourage intelligent amateurs from freely contributing to it.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

THE first secret of the painter from nature is to select his subject wisely.

None but foreground subjects can be really painted from nature in a climate so changeable as ours; but there is a kind of intermediate art, a combination of the two arts of painting from nature and painting from memoranda, which is competent to deal with mountains.

To illustrate this, let us take a single instance of no extraordinary difficulty. The painter wants a faithful picture of Ben Cruachan. So he plants his easel as near to the mountain as he can get it, if he wishes to see it at all, which of course must be a few miles off. He sits down conscientiously to paint a portrait of Ben Cruachan from nature.

The first day is the 10th of July. A good, plain daylight effect is on the hill — not a difficult evanescent effect, but such plain daylight as an unimaginative copyist likes best.

The picture cannot possibly be finished before the 10th of August.

On the 10th of July, the water is a deep blue, the mountain a pale but rich olive-green, with a peculiar velvety texture, anything but easy to imitate.

The next day the water is cold gray, almost white, and the mountain full of various new grays and deep purples, with an entirely new texture not at all velvety.

Now, the question is, whether the painter, in continuing to paint the effect of the 10th of July on the 11th, is painting from nature or from memory.

He is painting from *memory*. It is self-deception on his

part to fancy that he is painting from nature merely because he is working out of doors.

And day after day there is a new and brilliant effect; inconceivably more brilliant in its imposing presence than the painter's fast-fading recollection of what he saw on the 10th of July. If he is determined to finish the picture from nature, in the sense of direct copyism of the hues before him, there are only two ways of doing it. Either he may paint from nature day by day, and so make his picture intensely unnatural, by mixing together a hundred incompatible and contradictory effects, or he may paint whenever the chosen effect shall recur, which may be five or six times in a twelvemonth.

It might be objected that in working from nature he would at least get the *form* of the mountain; *that*, at least, might be expected to remain stationary.

No; the form of a mountain under changing light is the most unstable thing in the world, except that of a sea-wave. *The perception of mountain form is entirely dependent on effect.* A great, rough boss on the side of a mountain is its principal feature one minute, and the next you cannot find it, — seek as you will, you cannot find it any more than if the thing had been fairly chiselled away by the hand of a mighty sculptor. Rocks alter in apparent shape as the light changes. A wreath of mist creeps stealthily, and shows you a chasm you never suspected yesterday; a sunbeam falls, and a great crag leaps out to bask in it like an eagle from the copse. And after a certain practical apprenticeship, the student at last discovers that the *only* truth of landscape-painting is temporary effect, and that *real form belongs to sculpture alone.*

It is unnecessary to explain that clouds can never be painted from nature. Even the slowest of them are full of rapid and continual change, which, however little seen by unobservant people, is only too evident as soon as one attempts to draw them. The utmost that can really be got from nature of a complete *sky* is a rude pencil memorandum of the arrangement of its principal masses, not pretending to form in any part of it, still less to color. A rapid draughtsman may, however, get a tolerable pencil outline of a single cloud, if he tries for that only. But all attempts to paint skies from nature are futile. Constable's way of sketching them in oil may have served occasionally for a rude memorandum of the relations of color in a common lowland sky, but he had to sacrifice the forms.

Trees may be painted from nature if they are near to us, and on condition that we work only for two hours at a time on the same picture, and in lowland scenery where there is much sameness of effect.

Rocks admit of careful and accurate painting from nature; so of course does a great precipice, if we are near to it. A great deal of good material for artists who paint from nature is to be had along our own coasts. The cliffs on the southern coast are excellent subjects, and the climate not unfavorable.

Water may occasionally, as for instance in rapidly running streams, be painted from nature, because there the same forms are continually reproduced by the effect of the submerged stones on the surface of the water; but great expanses of broad rivers and lakes cannot be painted from nature at all, because they change incessantly. It is needless to add that the sea cannot be copied in the strict sense, though it may, no doubt, under certain circumstances, be wise to paint it from memoranda in the presence of nature.

In the selection of climate, a painter who works from nature on pre-Raphaelite principles ought to permit himself to be guided by his practical convenience, and not by the splendor of the scenery.

Of all climates that are classed as "temperate," that of the Highlands of Scotland is the very worst for painting from nature. The continual prevalence of rainy weather, the incessant changes of effect, the intense brilliancy of the color, subject everywhere to sudden and violent revolution, the frequent occurrence of low rain-clouds which hide the hills much more effectually than a cloak hides the human form, — all these objections are in the aggregate insuperable, and not to be lightly laughed away as small evils which a little resolution would overcome. The Highlands of Scotland are a noble field for painters from memoranda; but artists who wish to work from nature ought not to think of going there.

On the other hand, lowland France is a perfect climate for painting from nature. On the borders of Burgundy and Champagne, on the banks of the river Yonne, it is possible to work from nature as many days in one year as you would get in seven years in the Highlands. And those French subjects, if not so grand as the Highland scenery, are infinitely *prettier*, infinitely easier to deal with, and, I should imagine, could be worked up into more popular pictures.

Painters who are not much accustomed to paint mountains from nature are invariably defeated by the subtlety of the natural lines; the extreme refinement of form, so different from the vulgar exaggerations of many popular artists, the infinity of detail, and the impenetrable mystery which veils it all as with enchantment. Add to these difficulties the tremendous one of Nature's *changefulness*. Every day she offers some new effect to the student; some days she offers two or three hundred, any one of which, in its glorious and august presence, seems to him more noble and more worthy to be painted than the one he has already selected. The temptations of the new effects are to beginners quite irresistible. They alter their work to suit some effect seen more recently, and so ruin it. As for the recent effect being grander than the one first chosen, it is generally a mere delusion, for the comparison instituted by the painter cannot really be *between the two effects*, as they occurred in nature, but between his strong and vivid recollection of the effect of to-day, and his worn-out impression of the effect he saw a fortnight ago; and no wonder, if, after a comparison of this kind, the most recent effect should appear the more noble and beautiful. An experienced workman makes his choice of effect carefully, but once chosen he abides by it, and relies upon it, nor can all the enchantments of subsequent splendor turn him one instant from his purpose. A good way to guard oneself against this besetting temptation of recent effects is, to make memoranda of them all as they occur, even though it may interrupt the progress of the picture. These memoranda will always be valuable, and they serve to allay the instinctive desire to represent everything that moves and excites us.

The impenetrable mystery of nature is a great cause of defeat to young artists who, even when they have skill enough to draw firmly and accurately, can so rarely attain that wonderful evanescence of execution which represents just so much of objects as we see of them in nature *and no more*. No object is ever well drawn that is completely drawn, nor can any picture ever have the look of reality, in which details, however numerous, are all brought out with perfect definition. It does not signify how much work there may be in a picture; where every detail is thoroughly defined, it will always look poor; and a rapid sketch by a real artist, if only mysterious enough, will have more power over the mind, and recall more mightily the

infinity of nature, than any quantity of perfectly definite labor. Now the difficulty of rendering the mystery of Nature is intimately associated with the other difficulty occasioned by her changefulness. She generally defines *something*; some fragment of the outline of an object comes out clearly for a moment, whilst a great part of the same outline lies in various degrees of semi-definition, and the rest of it is untraceable altogether. This for perhaps two seconds, but the third second the very part of the outline which was untraceable may have become the clearest and most definite, the part that was definite at first being now quite vague or perhaps entirely invisible. Such changes occur incessantly in every detail of a great mountain's front, even in the serenest weather. Any attempt to paint such a detail by mere ocular copyism must therefore be futile, for a touch cannot be laid before it will become falsified by these minute changes; changes by ordinary eyes unnoticed and uncared for, but which cannot long be ignored by any practical student.

Mountains in nature are full of exquisite and refined *form*, needing most masterly skill in drawing for even an approximate rendering, such skill as only three or four men now alive possess,—such skill as the rest of us may humbly labor for and aspire to. How shall we follow the lines of their innumerable streams?—how render the roundings of their infinitely various surfaces, the delicate moulding of the swelling forms between the streams, the projections of the descending slopes throwing all the sculpture of the great mountain front into intricate foreshortening, full of difficult perspective? The very best of us can but give a sort of abstract of mountain. No man ever really drew a mountain front in its infinite fulness, and no man ever will draw one, for such work is beyond all human power. The most masterly mountain painting in the world is nothing but a well-selected abstract and abridgment, choosing the most expressive lines, but not rendering one line out of ten. And in those lines that we do render, how are we to approach the ineffable tenderness and subtlety of nature? What the coarseness of our faculties exaggerates into strong curves are often so slightly different from straight lines that nothing but the photograph can render them without either omitting the curve altogether or destroying its perfect delicacy by exaggeration. And is not the habit of exaggeration just as often a sign of mere bluntness and coarseness as of noble emotion? We may exag-

gerate because we feel strongly, but we far oftener exaggerate because we do *not* feel delicately. Perfect drawing, like perfect cookery, or perfect rowing, or riding, or sailing, or indeed anything else that men do, becomes in its latest advance an exceedingly delicate business, dealing with subtle distinctions which the untrained faculties cannot perceive at all. For the perfectly trained man, however strong he may be, is also much refined by his training, and in his strongest exercise of power is full of grace and gentleness and self-restraint, only untrained and inexperienced hands using violence. And the more refined the skill of the draughtsman the less he will need exaggeration, owing to his habitual self-government and moderation, from which the slightest departure is at once recognized as the sign of overpowering emotion. It is like the writing of a great master in words, who will express himself strongly rather by the exact and *adhesive* fitness of his words to the occasion than by their violence; or like the hostility of a perfectly refined lady, who will inflict acute torture in the gentlest phrases, whereas her sisters in Billingsgate, coarser but not so cruel, are obliged to seek the most sounding epithets.

Of all exaggeration in landscape-painting the commonest is exaggeration of height in high objects, and consequently of steepness in their sloping lines. This is universal with all landscape-painters, and I believe the landscape-painter never lived who did not habitually exaggerate height and steepness. But no one ever exaggerates the length of a horizontal line. If, for instance, a mountain to be true ought to be two feet high and six feet long in a large picture, the chances are that a painter will make it about three feet high and five feet long. Turner exaggerated in this way habitually; but there is no instance in which he exaggerated the proportionate length of a horizontal line. Our most rigid topographical painters may ultimately, if they work in entire submission to photography, and with its continual guidance, come to produce unexaggerated work; but if ever such work shall be exhibited nobody will believe it to be true, because it will fail to give the *impression* of steepness and height that Nature produces on her own scale, with exactly the same lines. I have occasionally, for an especial purpose, made rigidly unexaggerated topographical drawings; but they always look so flat and tame that people intimately acquainted with the scenery never know what they are intended for, and I have always to *prove* their truth by a

comparison with photographs of the same places. Now, it is evident that as a painter cannot always be at hand with a portfolio of photographs to defend, in hours of reasoning, the literal exactness of accurate work, such work, in his absence, must continually be slighted as feeble, and even condemned as unfaithful.

If landscape-painters painted on thin sheets of vulcanized india-rubber, instead of canvas, their pictures might be made tolerably true by a simple process. It would then only be necessary to stretch the india-rubber sheet horizontally, and the drawing would come, in a rude way, nearly right. Some painters would need more stretching than others, but even Mr. Newton, the truest painter of Highland landscape who ever lived, would need a little stretching. His noble "mountain gloom in Glen Coe" shortens the horizontal length of the rocky mass in the middle distance, and so exaggerates its vertical height.

You will, however, constantly find that there is a notable difference between the exaggerations of true men and false. When a true artist exaggerates, it is not from coarseness of perception, but strength of enthusiasm, whereas the false one exaggerates one fact merely because he is blind to all the rest. In mountain drawing, in addition to the exaggeration of height and steepness already mentioned, bad painters always exaggerate ruggedness, and always curvature; whereas good ones, though they usually exaggerate *height*, because they are forced to do so, in order to produce the impression they desire, rarely exaggerate curves and projections with anything like violence, because they perceive and relish the reserve and delicacy of nature. The reader would understand this at once if he had the opportunity of comparing one of Turner's mountains with any specimen of mountain drawing by our third-rate water-color men.

The supreme difficulty in painting from nature is to know what to take and what to leave, how far to follow nature, how to select the most essential and mutually helpful truths. We *cannot* have all the truths, do what we will.

How far are we to be slaves to the subject, and when are we to act in something like independence of it?

All painting from nature includes a great deal of painting from memory, and this is even rendered more difficult out of doors than in the studio, by the presence of other and embar-

passing facts which it costs us a great effort to reject. It is true, for example, that in painting our mountain from nature we have to color from nature, but in quite a peculiar sense, not in the way of simple imitation, and matching of particular tints. The color of the mountain never continuing the same for a single hour, how is it possible to match its hues? If you match them for a few square inches of your picture to-day, and match the other hues for a few square inches to-morrow, what good will come of it? Will not the harmony of your picture be utterly and irretrievably ruined, and the whole work be quite false and monstrous? Then why are you to color from nature at all, if you may not match the natural tints you see? Why not paint such pictures entirely in the studio? The answer is, that you are to paint from nature in order to avoid falsity, and that you may have the opportunity of always referring to nature for any fact you find it necessary to ascertain. Now, many facts of local color may be ascertained through and in spite of the intervening veil of transient color. For instance, in painting a Highland hill in late autumn you may always ascertain (when the weather will allow of your seeing it at all) where the patches of red fern are, and what is their shape, a thing not easy to invent rightly in a studio; and, of the trees in the forest on the mountain's flank, you may see with great precision how far they are reddened by the death of their leaves. But if you merely try to imitate the mountain as you see it, not taking the trouble to use your intellect as well as your eyes, your picture, though painted from nature, will be as false and discordant as if it had been painted in the dingiest studio in Newman Street.

So that self-reliance is one of the first lessons a young artist has to learn, in working directly from nature. He is to get all he can from the natural scene, but to be thoroughly independent of it, and only submit to its guidance just so far as may assist the truth of his work. All slavish, Chinese imitation of separate bits is death and destruction to the whole picture. Nor must any reader misunderstand the reason for this most essential of all principles. The object of every artist who takes his canvas out of doors is to get more truth, yet always harmonious truth. We are not to mix together discordant and contradictory truths, and mere ocular imitation is sure to do so. What there is of simple imitation in good painting from nature is really very slight, for it is modified first by

constant obedience to the memory, *often in direct opposition to the facts immediately before our eyes*; and farther, it is overruled by the necessity for compromise in all translation of nature into art, a necessity occasioned by the difference in point of light between flake white and the sun, and the difference in point of depth between ivory black in broad daylight and the intense vacuity of natural darkness. Only the uninformed imagine that the most accurate work from nature is to be accomplished without very great reliance on the memory and considerable effort of the intellect. It requires, no doubt, both delicacy of hand and clearness of vision; but it requires, in addition to these, much of that strength of memory, and all that knowledge of the resources of art, which are essential to the painter who works exclusively in the studio. Hence, the very curious and interesting truth that a painter who can produce a good picture in a studio from slight memoranda is more likely to paint well from nature than one who has never done anything else, because he has acquired the habit of self-reliance, and can hold straight on his own path without being allured away from it by the attractions of the ever-changing subject.

The artist who paints from nature must be content to produce little, if he cares for accuracy. Watch a careful painter at work, and you will find his time incessantly divided between two distinct acts, — looking at nature, and putting down what he has seen. First, the retina must receive a strong impression, and then, whilst this remains quite vivid in the memory, it must be got into color. *But this looking at nature occupies as much time as the actual work of painting.* An artist, therefore, who works directly from nature in the pre-Raphaelite manner, must spend twice as much time on his picture as if he did it from memory and invention in the Turnerian manner. When we take the nature of the two procedures into consideration, there is nothing surprising in this difference.

A curious result in popular criticism of the difference between active and passive looking is, that the critic who looks passively, finds fault with the painter who looks actively. I have heard such critics declare that no detail was to be seen in nature, and thence deduce the conclusion that painters ought not to paint detail. But the true painter does not paint what an unobservant spectator sees, but *what he sees himself*, which is a different matter. It may be readily believed that to people who never really look at nature, no details are visible: it is

also probable that the broadest effects of light, and the most obvious facts of form, are never seen by them; but let us repudiate the doctrine that a painter is to regulate his expression of natural truth by a reference to the degree of information on the subject possessed by people who have not yet learned the use of their eyes. When the function of the painter shall be rather better understood, let us hope that this imbecile doctrine, that he has no right to see deeper and know more than other people, will die like its sister doctrines, that have so long retarded the advance of science; let us even hope that the world will ultimately perceive how the especial duty and function of the artist is precisely to see farther than the rest of mankind, and to lead the eyes of all men to the deepest truths of nature.

It is needless to observe that no landscape can be painted from nature on such a scale, or with such a degree of finish, as would demand more than a very few weeks for its completion. The changes in local color produced by the continual advance or decline of vegetation are so incessant and so great, that to paint longer than three or four weeks on one canvas, would generally involve the registering of inconsistent and contradictory facts, and consequently destroy the truth of the work. In the depth of winter, however, a longer time may be given; and with a tent it is as easy to paint from nature in winter as in summer, except that the days are shorter.

Before quitting the subject of painting from nature, I desire to add a few observations on the advantages and dangers of the practice.

The advantages are twofold; some of them belong to the picture, and others to the artist.

A picture which is painted from nature, if well done, is sure to contain many truths which would have escaped the strongest memory in the studio, unless aided by memoranda as copious in detail as the very picture itself. Such works have, therefore, a peculiar value for their authenticity, independently of their intellectual or artistic value. When strictly topographical, as Seddon's Jerusalem, in the National Gallery, or Brett's Val d'Aosta, they considerably exceed the most perfect photograph in interest and value as records of the scene they represent. The details cannot be quite so accurately drawn as in the photograph, nor so minute, but *there are more of them in the picture*; and, in addition to this, we have the facts of

color and atmosphere, which have a great deal to do with our impression of any natural scene, and which it is consequently very desirable to preserve in a record of it.

The advantages of painting from nature are, however, still more striking as they concern the artist himself.

It is not for what he *does*, but for what he *learns*, that the practice is so useful. Whilst he is painting a scene under one effect, he sees it under a thousand, and is incessantly occupied in comparing them. He is always learning something which he did not intend to learn; knowledge of all kinds being brought before him as he sits at work by the inevitable changes of the natural scene. He intends to paint Ben Cruachan in clear weather, and he has not been two days at work before the whole mountain is veiled in a half-transparent mist. If the painter has the true temper of the student, instead of being angry at the mist, he will set to work and study it, and learn the laws of evanescence. Round about his tent, in the intervals of painful labor, he will find a thousand objects of interest—beautiful plants and mosses, delightful studies of rock and tree forms—which he may as well sketch while he has the opportunity, and about which he consequently learns a great many truths which have nothing to do with the particular picture he is engaged upon, but which will be of the greatest use to his education.

The dangers of painting from nature are more obvious. It undoubtedly weakens the memory and deadens the inventive faculty, and that to such an extent, that if persisted in without frequent alternation with studio work, or unless counteracted by the continual practice of drawing from the memory with the express object of preserving its power, the habit of painting from nature may deprive the artist of that faculty altogether. The simple imitation of nature must precede, but ought by no means to preclude, the exercise of the memory and the practice of painting *as a fine art*, which is absolutely impossible so long as we are held down to the strictly accurate copyism of natural detail. It is an inexpressible relief to eyes and hands jaded with the wearing toil of mechanical imitation to revel in the happy elysium of the memory, and realize the day-dreams of invention; and again, it is often a salutary and refreshing change to turn from this exciting poetry of the art to the brave scientific prose of the most determined imitation. This action and reaction of all large intellects between the real and the



THE SACRED WOOD DEAR TO THE ARTS

From a Painting by Puvis de Chavannes

ideal, the fact and the dream, is so universally necessary to their healthful life, that they always *will* have it somehow, either in their art or out of it. James Watt refreshed himself with fiction, and Shelley braced himself with mathematics. The painter may find the two elements in the practice of his own all-embracing art, and alternate between the labors of observation and the pleasures of memory, to the perplexity of his critics, but with substantial benefit to his own nature, because in obedience to its profoundest laws.

THE ARTISTIC SPIRIT.

(From "Thoughts about Art.")

BETWEEN the spirit of art and the spirit of aristocracy there is coolness, and that coolness neither writing nor lecturing is likely to overcome.

But then, on the other hand, art is not particularly democratic. Artists, if they find little to appeal to in the richest class, find still less in those poorer classes whose entire energy is absorbed in the struggle for daily bread. It is true that the French republicans have usually, even in the midst of the utmost national excitement, found leisure to care for the protection and encouragement of art; but this is less a republican than a national sentiment. It is an accepted creed in the minds of all Frenchmen that their country has conquered, and must maintain, the first place in two things — war and art; nor could any popular government altogether refuse to employ artists and keep up picture galleries. Even Louis Philippe, who shared and represented the bourgeois feeling, spent money on pictures for Versailles, though these were generally bad ones; and the present Government cherishes art as much as its predecessors did.

Yet, though art be neither aristocratic nor democratic, it is worthy of remark that whenever the artistic spirit develops itself, it effaces, between the persons possessing it, the distinctions of rank. A man of rank, endowed with artistic perceptions, is drawn towards all true artists by a feeling of confraternity. It has been observed even of photography, that it affords a common ground on which men of all classes fraternize. This is still more true of painting, probably because painting cultivates the feelings so much more, and therefore awakens subtler sympathies. Much has been written by

Thackeray and other novelists about the narrow contempt with which society regards art and artists. The truth is, that so long as people of station are ignorant of art, they do undoubtedly hold its professors in slight esteem, because the Fine Arts can only influence by sympathy, never by force. But on the other hand, it is equally true that when rich men are endowed with the faculties which apprehend art, they always respect good artists, and show that they value their friendship.

As to the Bourgeois Spirit. — The state of mind in which our middle classes and the French bourgeois live, is unfavorable to art in many ways. Competence and comfort and cleanliness are very good and pleasant and desirable, and it is wonderful with how little money a managing couple in the middle classes will procure those blessings; but when they are made the only aims of life, they bring on an incredible pettiness of soul. I never met with any thoroughly bourgeois mind which had the least understanding of art. If, for example, a mayor and common council, composed of this class of people, have to deliberate about the destruction of some grand relic of the Middle Ages, you may *perhaps* find some one man amongst them who is superior enough to think that the object ought to be preserved for its historical or antiquarian interest, but you would not be likely to find any one to suggest its preservation on purely artistic grounds; and if you tried to explain its artistic value to such people, you would waste your explanation. The cardinal bourgeois virtues of tidiness and decency and order are always likely to be offended by the grandeur of the high artistic spirit. For example, a mutilated antique is not exactly what the bourgeois mind would care to have in its parlor.

Much of the Bohemianism we find amongst artists is due to their instinctive revolt from middle-class narrowness. The artists lose a great deal, no doubt, by yielding so far to this repulsion, because there are virtues conspicuous in the middle class which all men ought to strive for, and which, when faithfully practised, add very greatly to human happiness in every condition of life. The bourgeois often has his revenge and triumph in the ruin and wretchedness consequent on the careless, irregular ways of Bohemianism; but the narrow prudence which hates ideas, scorns beauty, and regulates everything with reference to the lowest standard of utility, is quite incompatible with artistic achievement; and not only that, but it even incapacitates men for comprehending such achievement.

As to Religion. — The Fine Arts illustrate religion willingly, because it affords good subjects, and there is nothing in the artistic spirit in any way incompatible with the purest spirit of devotion; indeed, art draws us continually towards a state of mind akin to the devotional, by requiring us to spend our time in the conscious contemplation of the work of the Supreme Artist. Still, it is quite certain that there exists an opposition between art, which takes *pleasure* in God's work, and all those various forms of religious fanaticism which condemn pleasure as sinful. The healthiest temper of art is to rejoice in the sight of all visible beauty, fully, heartily, and exquisitely; the temper of religious fanaticism is to turn away from all earthly loveliness, and to mortify the desire of the eyes. Roman Catholic piety appears to find a certain utility in art, for it buys much; but it seems to like bad art just as well as good, and even to have a decided taste for certain kinds of foppery — as in the curling of saints' hair; or tawdriness — as in the tinsel on their garments — which true art disdains. Our own most earnest Protestants care very little for art; if they buy an engraving now and then, it is not for any artistic quality, but for the subject, as connected with their faith; or if it be secular, for its interest as a portraiture of some great man they admire, — some Cromwell, or Wellington, or Havellock. The reason seems to be that religious enthusiasm is always so ready to be kindled, so ready to illuminate and exalt everything it loves with its own internal light, that it does not care whether the work of art be good if it only have the religious spirit, or some plausible manufactured imitation of it; and it is surprising what a very poor mockery of it suffices. The customs of society in matters of outward observance, to which many sceptics find it expedient to conform, make it difficult to ascertain with precision what are or have been the real convictions of great artists, but amongst recent ones we may note that Haydon was an extremely religious man, who prayed almost literally without ceasing, whilst Turner was a sceptic. Thomas Seddon, on the other hand, was eminently pious, at least during his labors in the East, but then the artistic spirit is just what is absent from his works. Love of the sacred ground, reverence for the fact, earnestness, patient industry, keenness of sight, delicate skill of hand, all these he had, and exercised most conscientiously, most bravely, but the spirit of *art* he had *not*. Of living men it is better not to speak; it is

useless to mention those who are religious without naming others who are not, and it would be wrong to expose these latter to public odium on account of opinions which can only be known privately, and which in no wise injuriously affect their pictures.

As to Morality. — The general opinion about the morality of figure-painters is this: Common sense argues that it is not probable that men can pass a great portion of their time in the study of the female form, without undergoing temptations which human nature is seldom insensible enough, or resolute enough, to resist. It may, however, be observed, without claiming immaculate purity of life for all these artists, that the naked figure loses, when seen habitually, and for purposes of serious study, much of that disturbing influence over the senses which a beautiful woman, unclothed, would, in other circumstances, generally exercise. And it is only fair to say that artists, as a class, are not more immoral than other men. Young officers, young attorneys, young cotton manufacturers, have, as a general rule, little right to reproach young painters with licentiousness.

But it is not so much with morality of life that we are here concerned, as with the morality of the artistic spirit itself. The truth is that art, as such, has nothing to do with either morality or immorality; it illustrates both with equal artistic satisfaction, provided that the quality of the material be to its mind. The leaning towards sensual subjects evinced by Gérôme, for instance, is, we are convinced, due far more to artistic predilections for certain qualities of line and modelling, best found in such subjects, than to prurience of feeling. When the artistic spirit is powerful, and has predilections of this kind, it is apt to overrule all other considerations. The spectator who does not share this spirit sees immorality where none was intended, and, as he sees nothing else, imagines that the work was produced only for immoral purposes. On the other hand, the artist, who was aiming at some purely artistic triumph, some masterly feat of drawing and arrangement of forms, and who selected the immoral subject because it so precisely furnished the excuse for, and called for the display of, those subtleties of his craft, thinks no more about the immoral conduct of his figures than a girl thinks of the sensual behavior of the flowers she gathers in her garden. There have been examples, no doubt, of artists endowed with the true fac-

ulty, who had, notwithstanding, religious convictions powerful enough to enable them to withstand these artistic temptations, but such men are rare, and they are not the greatest painters. It is the nature of art to give to artistic considerations such importance that they gradually come to outweigh all others. I remember taking part in a discussion in a French *atelier*, as to the merits of a certain modern picture. The subject was most immoral, but the work had valuable artistic qualities, and it was on these qualities alone that the discussion turned. The disputants were insensible to the *apparent* subject, which, as they all knew, was only a pretext; their entire attention was occupied by the more or less successful artistic achievement which was the real purpose of the painter.

As to the Military Spirit. — Artists like soldiers, as they like priests, for their costume and action. But the military and ecclesiastical costumes have both grievously declined in artistic interest since the Middle Ages. Golden cope and jewelled mitre were nobler to look upon than wig and lawn sleeves; armor of steel inlaid with silver and gold was better worth painting than padded coatee or strapped pantaloons. Horace Vernet loved modern military tailoring, however, and knew the craft down to every braid and button. But are the pictures of Vernet due to the artistic or the military spirit? Is he not rather a soldier using paint for military purposes than a painter using soldiers for artistic ends? He had a wonderful memory, but of the kind which distinguishes good generals; he remembered men, and uniforms, and military combinations. He drew very cleverly, and colored brightly and plausibly; yet who goes to Vernet's works for their artistic qualities?

When greater artists have painted battles, it has usually been either for the action of the naked figure, to display which they purposely stripped the combatants, or for the costume of some more picturesque time or nation; not from any definitely military spirit. A good many artists, too, have painted battles from a love of horror and slaughter, which it would be grievous injustice to all noble soldiers to call *their* spirit. A high-minded soldier walks through blood whither duty commands him, but he does not wallow in it.

As to the Commercial Spirit. — What first strikes us here is the obvious reflection that commerce is the best and kindest helper and friend of the Fine Arts, and yet that the spirit of commerce is directly opposed to the spirit of art.

In recognizing this opposition, we by no means intend to detract from the utility of the commercial spirit, or to imply any wish to substitute for it the artistic feeling generally. It is the object of commerce to increase wealth, and the result of the general spread of the commercial spirit in a country is the augmentation of the national power and resources. If it were to become the general custom of all persons having capital enough to afford them perfect leisure, to devote their whole time to the study of the Fine Arts, not only would the country become so enfeebled both in money and population as to be incapable of maintaining its independence, but even the Fine Arts themselves would be ruined by the diminution of that wealth, a great abundance of which is absolutely necessary to their support.

Men of business, whose primary object is gain, have usually some difficulty in appreciating the truest artists, with whom gain is the secondary and art the first object. Either they look upon the Fine Arts as a trade, or else, perceiving that artists are often indifferent to their pecuniary interests, they consider them foolish children, who cannot discern what is best to be done. No doubt a commercial man who sets aside his pecuniary interest for an idea, disobeys and sets aside, in so doing, the commercial principle. Some tradesmen do this knowingly from time to time, as for instance, it now and then happens that a publisher issues a book by which he is aware that he is likely to be a loser, merely because he thinks that the work ought not to be stifled. Or, again, a manufacturer occasionally tries a new invention less in the hope that it will pay than from a desire to give ingenuity a fair chance. Men who do these things often render great services to humanity, but they are not likely to get much reputation for wisdom in any society which recognizes profit as the measure of intelligence.

Now, the true artist outrages the commercial spirit habitually. To begin with, his choice of art at all as a means of living is in itself contrary to the commercial principle, because art is as a profession too precarious to be embraced by any one not prepared to endure poverty contentedly, and contentment with poverty is an idea foreign to the commercial mind, which is accustomed to consider it as the proof of incapacity. In nine cases out of ten art is a bad investment of ability, and people who make bad investments seldom enjoy high credit for practical sense. But not only in the selection of his profession does an artist outrage the commercial spirit; he often outrages it still

more in the way he follows his art. Instead of carefully studying the market and providing what the public best likes, original artists are apt to make themselves martyrs to their artistic predilections. A successful tradesman said to me one day, "In business we provide what sells best; that is our affair. Whether a pattern is artistic or not does not concern us; we encourage bad art if our customers prefer it; and the shopkeeper who proceeds on any other principle is pretty sure to ruin himself." When you buy a carpet or a wall paper and the shopman tells you that the design is beautiful, what he means is that it is in fashion; and a thing gets into fashion as soon as everybody thinks everybody else approves of it. The temper of a real artist is not this shopman's pliant mood; it is more like the temper of William Wordsworth. He offers what he believes to be the worthiest thing that he is capable of doing, whether anybody likes it or not; and he will not condescend to offer anything less worthy because the people like it better. This Wordsworthian condition of mind looks self-opinionated, conceited; would it not be more graceful to yield the point, conform to precedent, defer to the general opinion? And artists, so far as they approach to this state, are liable to be accused of vanity, which is the only explanation that the world can find for such strange, unaccountable ways.

A better explanation, however, does not seem unattainable. Original men appear to be endowed with an almost ungovernable desire to find an outlet for their originality; and it would be as well if, instead of setting down originality as folly, we were to give Heaven credit for understanding the best interests of humanity when it accompanied every good gift with the condition that the possessor should be uneasy till he had set it forth. All artists, poets, inventors, thinkers, are compelled to set forth their gifts. And this is the condition of genuineness in art-work. Original art is not only the best, it is the only art which has any interest. The simple expression of a real gift, however humble, is better than the most learned imitation of other men's labor. Nor is it vanity which makes men try to express lesser talents; vanity would rather suggest the more ambitious notion of rivalling great men on their own ground. William Hunt, not being a vain man, became what we all know; had nature added vanity to his composition, he would never have painted such simple subjects. His life was a bright triumph of that combination of humility with self-reliance which distinguishes the true artist.

It follows that since a painter cannot without danger pay much attention to the question of profit, he is obliged, if he would be happy, to learn the philosophy preached by so many ancient sages, and enforced by the authority of no less a teacher than the Head of Christianity, that poverty has its own blessings and compensations, and that it is, in some important respects, a better condition than wealth. This philosophy, wild as it may seem to the worldly, has an immense attraction for noble minds; the more so that it allows of a more cheerful view of human life generally. If happiness is attainable by the poor, we may hope that a good many more or less completely attain to it. But if on the other hand happiness cannot possibly be procured for less than two thousand pounds a year, many human beings are for ever debarred from it. It seems so glorious for a human being to bear bravely the suffering and contempt which poverty brings, so enviable to have found the secret of an inward happiness strong enough to dwell serenely in the midst of privation, that heroic spirits are one and all in love with this lofty creed. A true artist will eat bread and drink water for his art; and this temper, able to be happy almost without money, often makes him careless of it when it comes: if he gets any, he is apt to be foolishly generous with it, especially to brother artists who are in want. This characteristic of artists tends, however, to diminish as their place in general society is better recognized. Living more in the world than they used to do and less in solitude or in Bohemia, they are learning a new virtue and a new vice — provident habits and polite selfishness. And as the Philistines only practise Christianity so far as it is consistent with a very high degree of physical comfort, the artist who, having two coats, was always ready to give one of them, if not *both*, to his less fortunate brother, is now to be sought rather in the taverns of disreputable Bohemia than in the pillared streets of the West End.

As to the Industrial Spirit. — The industrial principle is to find out, first, how to make a thing, and then to produce that identical thing in the utmost possible quantities and at the lowest possible rate for ever and ever.

The artistic principle is that when once a thing has been perfectly well done, there is little or no use in trying to do it again. If, for instance, a water-color painter felt inclined to paint birds' nests, he would very likely be deterred from attempting them by the reflection that Hunt had done them so

well. An industrial mind would endeavor to find out means of producing unlimited copies of Hunt's nests in color.

This is one reason the more why good artists are almost always new. If a man has the artistic spirit, he will either seek unusual material in nature; or if he appears to accept the old material, he will make it new by finding unthought-of elements and suggestions in it.

Artists, however, occasionally share the industrial spirit to a certain extent; but when they do, it degrades them exactly in proportion to its degree. It would be easy to mention painters, who, to save time and earn money, have got more or less into habits of manufacture, producing many works which are in reality only modifications of one. This gives great apparent manual facility, because such works are, in consequence of their frequent repetition, produced with great certainty, whereas in art of a higher order every new work is an untried and somewhat hazardous experiment.

Of course the industrial principle is right in industrial business, where indeed it is the only safe or possible principle. Nothing can be more remote from my intention than to express anything but the most respectful admiration for the wise maxims which commerce and industry must ever apply if they would prosper. The magnificent results achieved by faithful obedience to these principles prove that they are sound and in harmony with natural law. All I say is, that commercial and industrial wisdom is not applicable to the Fine Arts, nor can the Fine Arts be either effectively advanced or heartily enjoyed by a people which has *only* that wisdom.

In the ways of labor in an artist's life, violations of industrial principles are frequent. Good artists are always laborious, but they are seldom steadily and regularly laborious. "When you begin to tire of your work," said Leslie, "leave off; otherwise you will probably injure it. You will certainly injure yourself." Leslie was quite right in speaking so to young artists; but only fancy a cotton manufacturer saying to his hands, "When you begin to tire of your work, leave off!" The hard industrial law requires the steadiness of a steam-engine from its servants; but then it only requires the *same sort of work* that steam-engines may do — incessant repetition of identically similar acts. The exigencies of Fine Art are far heavier, not merely because it requires to some extent the use of the mind, but still more because it demands the un-

flagging expenditure of *feeling*; and the feelings, more than any other of our faculties, are subject to sudden and unaccountable exhaustion. Fine Art work is useless unless you are in the vein, and neither picture nor poem can go on with the unrelaxing steadiness displayed in the weaving of a piece of cotton cloth. But a prudent artist, knowing this, will contrive to have easier artistic work at hand for his more torpid hours. If he cannot paint passionately to-day, he may yet be able to study accurately, and the picture may be laid aside for some careful drawing done from nature for information alone. The wise rule is never to force yourself to work you are momentarily unfit for, only do *something*, if it be but to make a note in your memorandum book.

As to the Intellectual Spirit. — It is a tendency of the present age to exalt the intellectual at the expense of the perceptive and imaginative faculties. For example, if, in speaking of artists, I happen to say that A. was intellectual and B. not, nine readers out of ten would conclude that I was praising A. and putting B. down; whereas I might say that with perfect truth and all the time reverence B. as a man of the rarest order of soul, whilst I considered A. no better than a good many of us. An attorney is generally more intellectual than a saint, an average artillery officer is likely to be more intellectual than Garibaldi, any tolerably good critic may be more intellectual than the immortal colorists. The art of painting does not proceed so much by intelligence as by sight, and feeling, and invention. Painters are often curiously feeble in their reasonings about art, and the best painters are commonly the worst reasoners. Not that their theories of art are without value; on the contrary, no art-theories are so valuable as theirs if only we translate them into more philosophical language, which may be easily done by taking into account their special points of view. The unfeigned contempt which almost all artists feel for critics — even for the best of them — is partly explicable by the fact that the artistic spirit can neither appreciate nor follow intellectual methods.

The elevation of *scholarship*, or quantity of traditional acquisition, above *faculty* or mental flexibility and force, which has always hitherto been prevalent in society, is one of those inevitable pieces of injustice which it is useless to combat directly, but which, we may reasonably hope, will yield in due time to the gradual influences of culture. The more serious

attention given in these days to the Fine Arts, and the fact that pedantry is now considered bad taste, are hopeful indications. True art, which requires free and healthy faculties, is opposed to pedantry, which crushes the soul under a burden.

The Principle of Art for Art. — A pernicious principle in one way, that it tends to deprive painting of much of its influence over the public by directing its efforts to aims in which the public cannot possibly take any interest, and yet a principle which has always had great weight with artists, which regulates the admission of pictures to exhibitions, and has more influence than any other consideration in determining the rank which an artist's name must ultimately hold in the catalogue of masters. Here is a recent example. Many readers will remember a picture by Mr. Whistler, called "The Woman in White." The work was unpleasant, and, to those who did not see the technical problem which it attempted to solve, most uninteresting; nevertheless it did Mr. Whistler's name good amongst persons conversant with art, because it proved, on his part, at least an intelligent interest in his profession. The difficulty he proposed to wrestle with was that of relieving white upon white; there was some presumption in the essay, but it is quite in the artistic spirit to make such attempts. The difficulty of painting white objects may be to some extent understood by the unprofessional reader in this way. Nature always lets us see that a white object is white, even when, from its situation, it is darker than some colored objects. Nature can paint *dark whites*; but when painters try to paint dark whites, they generally end by producing light grays, or dirty, pale, yellowish browns. The difficulty is to paint a dark color which shall obviously stand for white *and look perfectly pure*; and this difficulty is quite infinite, because to find one tint is not enough. Nature has not only one dark white, she has millions of various hues, produced by reflected color, which all in their own place, and under their own peculiar conditions, stand for white.

It will often be found that pictures by good painters which seem to have no subject worth representing, are serious endeavors to master some peculiar artistic difficulty; and, when successful, these solutions of technical problems are often highly valuable and interesting in a certain sense. The Lorrain's great problem evidently was to produce something which, by careful management, might be made to look rather like

the sun; and it is generally understood that he resolved that problem so far as its immense difficulty admits of a solution. The great interest of painting as a practical pursuit is, that its difficulties are so infinite, that every new artist may find some untried one to grapple with, and reasonably indulge the hope that, if he succeeds, that conquest will give him a place in the history of art development. No age has been more fertile in triumphs of this kind than our own, and there is no surer sign of the vigor of a school than the healthy disposition to seek for new conquests. So long as painters are content to do what has only been done before, they *always* do less than their predecessors.

And this principle, of art for art, makes all things which deserve to be painted interesting; the question is less whether the thing is of the rarest and noblest order of beauty than what we can make of it. For instance, in landscape the grand and rare effects are, considered as natural effects, by far the most interesting; but looking at nature with strict reference to art, it must be admitted that the problem of the right management of a few delicate grays in some simple every-day effect, is quite as deep and curious. I know a very intelligent amateur who has devoted years to the study of common sunshine. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that any artist or critic who has mastered the facts of appearance in any common object under common effects, knows much.

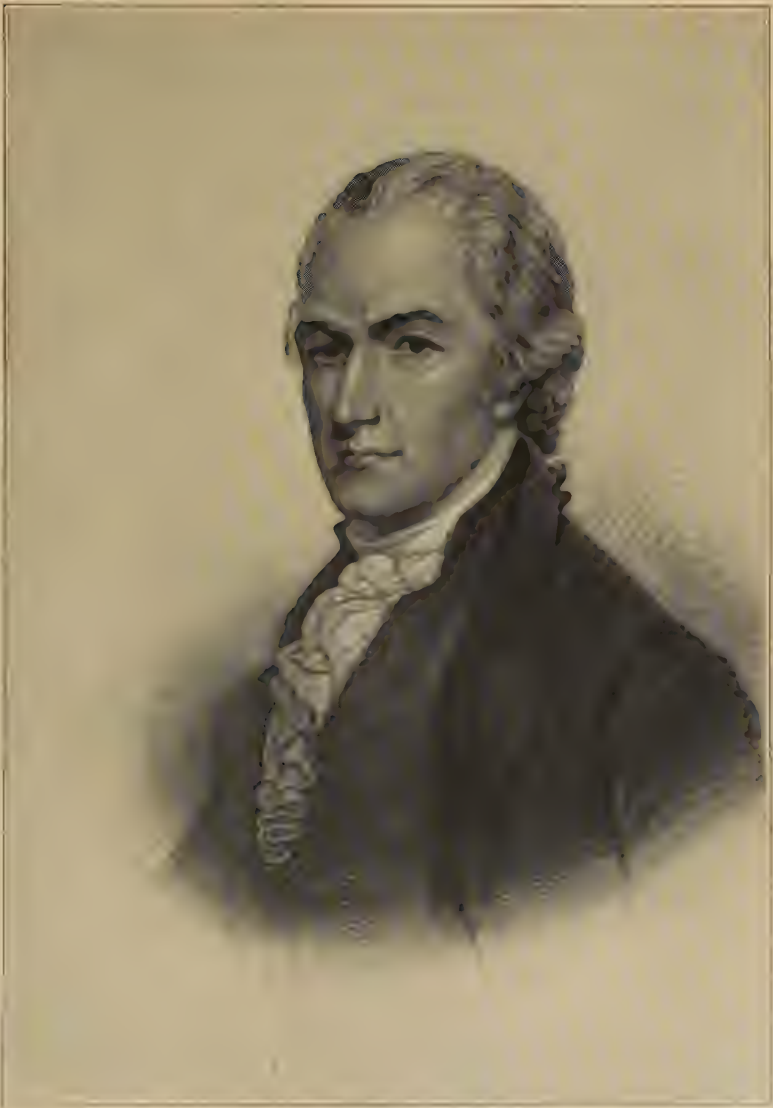
Many painters, from an insufficient apprehension of the importance of merely artistic qualities, have deceived themselves in the hope that by painting more learned and thoughtful pictures, or pictures of rarer and more wonderful subjects, or pictures of more accurate veracity than their contemporaries, they might thereby achieve high artistic rank. For example, we find many historical painters, especially in Germany, who are thoughtful and philosophical to such a degree, that they lose the healthy sensuous relish for beautiful color and fair form which is absolutely indispensable to a good painter; and we have landscape-painters, of whom the well-known traveller, Mr. Atkinson, is an instance, who endeavor to acquire artistic renown by seeking some remote ground hitherto unoccupied; and we have young artists who spare no pains to secure veracity. Now, all these things are good things, and there lies the danger, for if they were evidently valueless, no sensible man would aim at them. Thought is good, novelty is good, veracity is

good; but, alas! they cannot of themselves produce *art*. I could easily name fine pictures, priceless treasures, in which there is no thought, in which there never was any novelty, and whose veracity, both as to facts of history and facts of science, is so unreliable, that any well-informed critic could point out falsities and impossibilities by the dozen. Why, then, are such works treasures? Because, with all their faults, they have *quality*. The men who painted them may not have been either thinkers, or travellers, or historians, or men of science, but they were *artists*. You or I may know more, think more, observe more, but somehow, with all our efforts, we cannot paint so.

The world, notwithstanding its ignorance of art, sees this better than some critics and connoisseurs do, but, seeing it, draws conclusions of its own. The world sees that painting is a pursuit in which thought, scholarship, information, go for little; whereas a strange, unaccountable talent, working in obscure ways (a special talent as it seems to outsiders, though in reality it results from a high harmony of physical and mental endowments), achieves the only results worth having. And the world wisely hesitates before entering the arena of art. Here is a field in which neither birth nor condition is of any use, and wealth itself of exceedingly little; here faculty alone avails, and a kind of faculty so subtle and peculiar, so difficult to estimate before years have been spent in developing it, or wasted in the vain attempt to develop it where it does not exist, that men having already any solid advantages in life may well pause before they stake them on such a hazard.

It remains only to consider whether, in a national sense, it is wise to assist in the spread of the artistic spirit. The general opinion has concluded that it *is*. Our schools of design, our art-exhibitions, the great quantity of our printed art-criticism, all urge the country towards an art epoch, which promises ultimately to be brilliant, for we have both the wealth and the talent necessary for such a time. But it may be doubted whether the national mind has turned to art from the pure love for it. We discovered that, for want of artistic counsel and help, we were spending our money badly every time we tried either to build a public building, or weave a carpet, or color a ribbon. We found out that the French managed these things better, and with less outlay got handsomer results, and it appeared that this superiority was due to their artistic

education. So we said, Let us study Raphael that we may sell ribbons. This was not a very promising temper to start with; we were laughed at for our awkwardness, and we did not like to be laughed at, so we resolved to silence derision by the acquisition of art skill. Nevertheless, in spite of the commercial spirit of this beginning, we are generally tending art-wards, and the problem before us is whether this artistic infusion will not injuriously affect the traditional character of Englishmen. It will modify it very considerably, rely upon that. There is a difference between minds which are artistic and minds which are not, so strong and decided, that nobody can question the influence of art upon character. Not that art always influences in the same way; various itself, it produces varied effects. But it always alters our habitual estimates of things and men; it alters our ways of valuing things. A child in a library values those books most which have gilt edges; a book collector prizes the rarest editions; but a lover of reading for its own sake neither cares for gilt edges nor rare editions, only for the excellence of the matter and the accuracy of the text. So is our value for men and nature affected by the artistic spirit. To it, vulgar show is the gilt-edged book; the extraordinary is the rare edition; what it values is often very humble and poor to eyes that cannot read it. It can see majesty and dignity in many a poor laborer; it can detect meanness under the mantle of an emperor; it can recognize grandeur in a narrow house, and pettiness in the palace of a thousand chambers.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER, an American statesman; born on the island of St. Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died at New York, July 12, 1804. He was sent to New York to be educated. He entered King's (now Columbia) College just before the breaking out of the American Revolution. Hamilton joined the army and attracted the notice of Washington, by whom, in March, 1777, he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he took a prominent part in the military operations which ensued, commanding a battalion at the siege of Yorktown. Near the close of the war Hamilton studied law, and was licensed to practise in 1782; and a few days after he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. To bring about the adoption of the Constitution, Hamilton, in conjunction with Jay and Madison, undertook the writing of a series of essays, known as "The Federalist." When the new government went into operation in 1789, Hamilton was selected by Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, and he bore a leading part in establishing the financial system of the country. In 1795 he resigned the secretaryship, and resumed the practice of law at New York; but he remained an earnest supporter of the administration of Washington. He was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr, July 11, 1804, at Weehawken, N. J., just across the Hudson River from New York. The "Works of Alexander Hamilton" have been edited by his son, John C. Hamilton (7 vols., 1851), who also wrote a "Life" of his father (2 vols., 1834, 1840), and a voluminous "History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries" (1850).

FROM "THE FEDERALIST."

DEFENCE OF HIS VIEWS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THUS have I, fellow-citizens, executed the task I had assigned to myself; with what success, your conduct must determine. I trust at least you will admit that I have not failed, in the assurance I gave you respecting the spirit with which my en-

deavors should be conducted. I have addressed myself purely to your judgments, and have studiously avoided those asperities which are too apt to disgrace political disputants of all parties, and which have been not a little provoked by the language and conduct of the opponents of the Constitution. The charge of a conspiracy against the liberties of the people, which has been indiscriminately brought against the advocates of the plan, has something in it too wanton and too malignant not to excite the indignation of every man who feels in his own bosom a refutation of the calumny. The perpetual changes which have been rung upon the wealthy, the well-born, and the great, have been such as to inspire the disgust of all sensible men; and the unwarrantable concealments and misrepresentations which have been in various ways practised to keep the truth from the public eye have been of a nature to demand the reprobation of all honest men. It is not impossible that these circumstances may have occasionally betrayed me into intemperances of expression which I did not intend: it is certain that I have frequently felt a struggle between sensibility and moderation; and if the former has in some instances prevailed, it must be my excuse that it has been neither often nor much.

THE WISDOM OF BRIEF PRESIDENTIAL TERMS OF OFFICE.

It may perhaps be asked, how the shortness of the duration in office can affect the independence of the executive on the legislature, unless the one were possessed of the power of appointing or displacing the other. One answer to this inquiry may be drawn from the principle already remarked; that is, from the slender interest a man is apt to take in a short-lived advantage, and the little inducement it affords him to expose himself, on account of it, to any considerable inconvenience or hazard. Another answer, perhaps more obvious though not more conclusive, will result from the consideration of the influence of the legislative body over the people; which might be employed to prevent the re-election of a man who, by an upright resistance to any sinister project of that body, should have made himself obnoxious to its resentment.

It may be asked also whether a duration of four years would answer the end proposed; and if it would not, whether a less period, which would at least be recommended by greater security against ambitious designs, would not for that reason be prefera-

ble to a longer period, which was at the same time too short for the purpose of inspiring the desired firmness and independence of the magistrate.

It cannot be affirmed that a duration of four years, or any other limited duration, would completely answer the end proposed; but it would contribute toward it in a degree which would have a material influence upon the spirit and character of the government. Between the commencement and termination of such a period there would always be a considerable interval, in which the prospect of annihilation would be sufficiently remote not to have an improper effect upon the conduct of a man indued with a tolerable portion of fortitude; and in which he might reasonably promise himself that there would be time enough before it arrived, to make the community sensible of the propriety of the measures he might incline to pursue. Though it be probable that—as he approached the moment when the public were by a new election to signify their sense of his conduct—his confidence, and with it his firmness, would decline; yet both the one and the other would derive support from the opportunities which his previous continuance in the station had afforded him, of establishing himself in the esteem and good-will of his constituents. He might then hazard with safety, in proportion to the proofs he had given of his wisdom and integrity, and to the title he had acquired to the respect and attachment of his fellow-citizens. As, on the one hand, a duration of four years will contribute to the firmness of the executive in a sufficient degree to render it a very valuable ingredient in the composition; so, on the other, it is not enough to justify any alarm for the public liberty. If a British House of Commons, from the most feeble beginnings, *from the mere power of assenting or disagreeing to the imposition of a new tax*, have by rapid strides reduced the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the nobility within the limi' they conceived to be compatible with the principles of a free government, while they raised themselves to the rank and consequence of a coequal branch of the legislature; if they have been able in one instance to abolish both the royalty and the aristocracy, and to overturn all the ancient establishments, as well in the Church as State; if they have been able on a recent occasion to make the monarch tremble at the prospect of an innovation attempted by them,—what would be to be feared from an elective magistrate of four year's duration, with the confined authorities of a President of the

United States? What, but that he might be unequal to the task which the Constitution assigns him?

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A PRESIDENT AND A SOV-
EREIGN.

And it appears yet more unequivocally, that there is no pretence for the parallel which has been attempted between him and the King of Great Britain. But to render the contrast in this respect still more striking, it may be of use, to throw the principal circumstances of dissimilitude into a closer group.

The President of the United States would be an officer elected by the people for *four* years; the king of Great Britain is a perpetual and *hereditary* prince. The one would be amenable to personal punishment and disgrace; the person of the other is sacred and inviolable. The one would have a *qualified* negative upon the acts of the legislative body; the other has an *absolute* negative. The one would have a right to command the military and naval forces of the nation; the other, in addition to this right, possesses that of *declaring* war, and of *raising* and *regulating* fleets and armies by his own authority. The one would have a concurrent power with a branch of the legislature in the formation of treaties; the other is the *sole possessor* of the power of making treaties. The one would have a like concurrent authority in appointing to offices; the other is the sole author of all appointments. The one can confer no privileges whatever; the other can make denizens of aliens, noblemen of commoners, can erect corporations with all the rights incident to corporate bodies. The one can prescribe no rules concerning the commerce or currency of the nation; the other is in several respects the arbiter of commerce, and in this capacity can establish markets and fairs, can regulate weights and measures, can lay embargoes for a limited time, can coin money, can authorize or prohibit the circulation of foreign coin. The one has no particle of spiritual jurisdiction; the other is the supreme head and governor of the national Church! What answer shall we give to those who would persuade us that things so unlike resemble each other? The same that ought to be given to those who tell us that a government, the whole power of which would be in the hands of the elective and periodical servants of the people, is an aristocracy, a monarchy, and a despotism.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM AS DISTINGUISHED FROM A STANDING
ARMY.

Were I to deliver my sentiments to a member of the federal legislature from this State on the subject of a militia establishment, I should hold to him in substance the following discourse : —

“The project of disciplining all the militia of the United States is as futile as it would be injurious, if it were capable of being carried into execution. A tolerable expertness in military movements is a business that requires time and practice. It is not a day, or even a week, that will suffice for the attainment of it. To oblige the great body of the yeomanry and of the other classes of the citizens to be under arms for the purpose of going through military exercises and evolutions, as often as might be necessary to acquire the degree of perfection which would entitle them to the character of a well-regulated militia, would be a real grievance to the people, and a serious public inconvenience and loss. It would form an annual deduction from the productive labor of the country, to an amount which, calculating upon the present numbers of the people, would not fall far short of the whole expense of the civil establishments of all the States. To attempt a thing which would abridge the mass of labor and industry to so considerable an extent, would be unwise : and the experiment, if made, could not succeed, because it would not long be endured. Little more can reasonably be aimed at, with respect to the people at large, than to have them properly armed and equipped ; and in order to see that this be not neglected, it will be necessary to assemble them once or twice in the course of a year.

“But though the scheme of disciplining the whole nation must be abandoned as mischievous or impracticable, yet it is a matter of the utmost importance that a well-digested plan should as soon as possible be adopted for the proper establishment of the militia. The attention of the government ought particularly to be directed to the formation of a select corps of moderate extent, upon such principles as will really fit them for service in case of need. By thus circumscribing the plan, it will be possible to have an excellent body of well-trained militia, ready to take the field whenever the defence of the State shall require it. This will not only lessen the call for military establishments, but if

circumstances should at any time oblige the government to form an army of any magnitude, that army can never be formidable to the liberties of the people, while there is a large body of citizens little if at all inferior to them in discipline and the use of arms, who stand ready to defend their own rights and those of their fellow-citizens. This appears to me the only substitute that can be devised for a standing army, and the best possible security against it if it should exist.

CONFEDERACY AS EXPRESSED IN THE FEDERAL SYSTEM.

Though the ancient feudal systems were not, strictly speaking, confederacies, yet they partook of the nature of that species of association. There was a common head, chieftain, or sovereign, whose authority extended over the whole nation; and a number of subordinate vassals or feudatories, who had large portions of land allotted to them, and numerous trains of inferior vassals or retainers, who occupied and cultivated that land upon the tenure of fealty or obedience to the persons of whom they held it. Each principal vassal was a kind of sovereign within his particular demesnes. The consequences of this situation were a continual opposition to the authority of the sovereign, and frequent wars between the great barons or chief feudatories themselves. The power of the head of the nation was commonly too weak either to preserve the public peace, or to protect the people against the oppressions of their immediate lords. This period of European affairs is emphatically styled by historians the times of feudal anarchy.

When the sovereign happened to be a man of vigorous and warlike temper and of superior abilities, he would acquire a personal weight and influence which answered for the time the purposes of a more regular authority. But in general the power of the barons triumphed over that of the prince, and in many instances his dominion was entirely thrown off, and the great fiefs were erected into independent principalities or States. In those instances in which the monarch finally prevailed over his vassals, his success was chiefly owing to the tyranny of those vassals over their dependents. The barons or nobles, equally the enemies of the sovereign and the oppressors of the common people, were dreaded and detested by both; till mutual danger and mutual interest effected a union between them fatal to the power of the aristocracy. Had the nobles by a conduct of clem-

ency and justice preserved the fidelity and devotion of their retainers and followers, the contests between them and the prince must almost always have ended in their favor, and in the abridgment or subversion of the royal authority.

This is not an assertion founded merely in speculation or conjecture. Among other illustrations of its truth which might be cited, Scotland will furnish a cogent example. The spirit of clanship which was at an early day introduced into that kingdom, uniting the nobles and their dependents by ties equivalent to those of kindred, rendered the aristocracy a constant overmatch for the power of the monarch, till the incorporation with England subdued its fierce and ungovernable spirit, and reduced it within those rules of subordination which a more rational and more energetic system of civil polity had previously established in the latter kingdom.

The separate governments in a confederacy may aptly be compared with the feudal baronies; with this advantage in their favor, that from the reasons already explained, they will generally possess the confidence and good-will of the people, and with so important a support, will be able effectually to oppose all encroachments of the national government.

OF THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES AS RELATED TO ITS COMMERCE.

The relative situation of these States; the number of rivers with which they are intersected, and of bays that wash their shores; the facility of communication in every direction; the affinity of language and manners; the familiar habits of intercourse,—all these are circumstances that would conspire to render an illicit trade between them a matter of little difficulty, and would insure frequent evasions of the commercial regulations of each other. The separate States or confederacies would be necessitated by mutual jealousy to avoid the temptations to that kind of trade by the lowness of their duties. The temper of our governments, for a long time to come, would not permit those rigorous precautions by which the European nations guard the avenues into their respective countries, as well by land as by water; and which even there are found insufficient obstacles to the adventurous stratagems of avarice.

In France there is an army of patrols (as they are called) constantly employed to secure their fiscal regulations against the

inroads of the dealers in contraband trade. Mr. Necker computes the number of these patrols at upwards of twenty thousand. This shows the immense difficulty in preventing that species of traffic where there is an inland communication, and places in a strong light the disadvantages with which the collection of duties in this country would be incumbered, if by disunion the States should be placed in a situation with respect to each other resembling that of France with respect to her neighbors. The arbitrary and vexatious powers with which the patrols are necessarily armed would be intolerable in a free country.

If on the contrary there be but one government pervading all the States, there will be as to the principal part of our commerce but *one side* to guard, — the *Atlantic coast*. Vessels arriving directly from foreign countries, laden with valuable cargoes, would rarely choose to hazard themselves to the complicated and critical perils which would attend attempts to unlade prior to their coming into port. They would have to dread both the dangers of the coast and of detection, as well after as before their arrival at the places of their final destination. An ordinary degree of vigilance would be competent to the prevention of any material infractions upon the rights of the revenue. A few armed vessels, judiciously stationed at the entrances of our ports, might at a small expense be made useful sentinels of the laws. And the government having the same interest to provide against violations everywhere, the co-operation of its measures in each State would have a powerful tendency to render them effectual. Here also we should preserve, by union, an advantage which nature holds out to us and which would be relinquished by separation. The United States lie at a great distance from Europe, and at a considerable distance from all other places with which they would have extensive connections of foreign trade. The passage from them to us in a few hours, or in a single night, as between the coasts of France and Britain, and of other neighboring nations, would be impracticable. This is a prodigious security against a direct contraband with foreign countries; but a circuitous contraband to one State through the medium of another would be both easy and safe. The difference between a direct importation from abroad and an indirect importation through the channel of a neighboring State, in small parcels, according to time and opportunity, with the additional facilities of inland communication, must be palpable to every man of discernment.

It is therefore evident that one national government would

be able, at much less expense, to extend the duties on imports beyond comparison further than would be practicable to the States separately, or to any partial confederacies.

THE STANDING ARMY AS A PERIL TO A REPUBLIC.

The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the Continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have notwithstanding been productive of the signal advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three frontier garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighboring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received ; but now a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede and finally to frustrate the enterprises of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued and empires overturned, but of towns taken and retaken ; of battles that decide nothing ; of retreats more beneficial than victories ; of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontiers of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous States would with little difficulty overrun their less populous neighbors. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War therefore would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would make the principal figure in the events which would characterize our military exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought, though I confess it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will after a time give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to

war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort, for repose and security, to institutions which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they at length become willing to run the risk of being less free.

The institutions chiefly alluded to are *standing armies* and the correspondent appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new Constitution; and it is therefore inferred that they may exist under it. Their existence, however, from the very terms of the proposition, is at most problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the Confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker States or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbors. They would endeavor to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would at the same time be necessitated to strengthen the executive arm of government, in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned would soon give the States or confederacies that made use of them a superiority over their neighbors. Small States, or States of less natural strength, under vigorous governments and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large States, or States of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the more important States or confederacies would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost preëminence. Thus we should, in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same engines of despotism which have been the scourge of the Old World. This at least would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be the more likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard.

THE CHARACTER OF NATHANAEL GREENE.

As a man, the virtues of Nathanael Greene are admitted; as a patriot he holds a place in the foremost ranks; as a statesman he is praised; as a soldier he is admired. But in the two last characters—especially in the last but one—his reputation falls far below his desert. It required a longer life, and still greater opportunities, to have enabled him to exhibit in full day the vast—I had almost said the enormous powers of his mind. The termination of the American war—not too soon for his wishes, nor for the welfare of his country, but too soon for his glory—put an end to his military career. The sudden termination of his life cut him off from those scenes which the progress of a new, immense, and unsettled empire could not fail to open to the complete exertion of that universal and pervading genius which qualified him not less for the senate than for the field. . . .

General Greene, descended from respectable parents, but not placed by birth in that elevated rank which, under a monarchy, is the only sure road to those employments that give activity and scope to abilities, must in all probability have contented himself with the humble lot of a private citizen—or at most with the contracted sphere of an elective office in a colonial and dependent government, scarcely conscious of the resources of his own mind—had not the violated rights of his country called him to act a part on a more splendid and more complete theatre. Happily for America he hesitated not to obey the call. The vigor of his genius, corresponding with the importance of the prize to be contended for, overcame the natural moderation of his temper; and though not hurried on by enthusiasm, but animated by the enlightened sense of the value of free government, he cheerfully resolved to stake his fortune, his hopes, his life, and his honor, upon an enterprise of the danger of which he knew the whole magnitude—in a cause which was worthy of the toils and the blood of heroes.

The sword having been appealed to at Lexington, as the arbiter of the controversy between Great Britain and America, Greene shortly after marched, at the head of a regiment, to join the American forces at Cambridge, determined to abide the awful decision. He was not long there before the discerning eye of the American Fabius marked him out as the object

of his confidence. His abilities entitled him to a pre-eminent share in the counsels of his chief. He gained it, and he preserved it, amidst all the chequered varieties of military vicissitude, and in defiance of all the intrigues of jealous and aspiring rivals.

As long as the measures which conducted us safely through the most critical stages of the war shall be remembered with approbation; as long as the enterprises of Trenton and Princeton shall be regarded as the dawns of that bright day which afterward broke with such resplendent lustre; as long as the almost magic operations of the remainder of that memorable winter, distinguished not more by these events than by the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful army straitened within narrow limits by the phantom of a military force, and never permitted to transgress those limits with impunity; in which skill supplied the place of means, and disposition was the substitute for an army; as long, I say, as these operations shall continue to be the objects of curiosity and wonder, so long ought the name of Greene to be revered by a grateful country.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE IN NATIONAL POLITICS.

THE causes of hostility among nations are innumerable. There are some which have a general and almost constant operation upon the collective bodies of society. Of this description are the love of power or the desire of pre-eminence and dominion, — the jealousy of power, or the desire of equality and safety. There are others which have a more circumscribed though an equally operative influence within their spheres. Such are the rivalships and competitions of commerce between commercial nations. And there are others, not less numerous than either of the former, which take their origin entirely in private passions; in the attachments, enmities, interests, hopes, and fears of leading individuals in the communities of which they are members. Men of this class, whether the favorites of a king or of a people, have in too many instances abused the confidence they possessed; and assuming the pretext of some public motive, have not scrupled to sacrifice the national tranquillity to personal advantage or personal gratification.

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, ANTHONY, Count, French classical writer; born at Roscrea, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1646, died at St. Germain-en-Laye, France, August 6, 1720. From the age of four till he was fourteen he was brought up in France. He became one of a band of brilliant courtiers whom he has entertainingly described in his "*Mémoires du Comte de Gramont*." On the accession of James I. he was given a regiment and appointed Governor of Limerick. After the battle of the Boyne he became an exile to France. His sister had married the Comte de Gramont, and the first edition of the "*Mémoires*" was published anonymously at Cologne in 1713. Many editions have since appeared. In imitation of the satiric style of parody of the romantic tales, Hamilton wrote "*Le Béliar*," "*Fleur d'Épine*," "*Zénétyde*," and "*Les Quatre Facardins*," which are marked by an ease and grace of style excelled by few native Frenchmen. Hamilton's "*Contes de Féerie*," published at Paris in 1805, furnish perhaps the best specimens of the genius of this witty and talented writer.

FAUSTUS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From "*L'Enchanteur Faustus*," in "*Contes de Féerie*.")

FAUSTUS had heard that the queen fancied herself to resemble the fair Rosamond; and no sooner was the name mentioned, than she was all impatience to see her.

"There is a secret instinct in this impatience," observed the doctor craftily; "for, according to tradition, the fair Rosamond had much resemblance to your majesty, though, of course, in an inferior style."

"Let us judge — let us judge," replied the queen, hastily; "but from the moment she appears, Sir Sidney, I request of you to observe her minutely, that we may have her description, if she is worth it." This order being given, and some little conjuration made, as Rosamond was only a short distance from London, she made her appearance in a second. Even at the

door her beauty charmed every one, but as she advanced she enchanted them; and when she stopped to be gazed at, the admiration of the company, with difficulty restrained to signs and looks, exhibited their high approbation of the taste of Henry II. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of her dress; and yet in that simplicity she effaced the splendors of the day, at least to the spectators. She waited before them a long time, much longer than the others had done; and, as if aware of the command the queen had given, she turned especially toward Sidney, looking at him with an expressive smile. But she must go at last. And when she was gone, "My Lord," said the queen, "What a pretty creature! I never saw anything so charming in my life. What a figure! what dignity without affectation! what brilliancy without artifice! and it is said that I resemble her. My lord of Essex, what think you?" My Lord thought, Would to Heaven you did; I would give the best steed in my stable that you had even an ugly likeness to her. But he said, "Your majesty has but to make the tour of the gallery in her green robe and primrose petticoat, and if our magician himself would not mistake you for her, count me the greatest — of your three kindgoms."

During all this flattery with which the favorite charmed the ears of the good queen, the poet Sidney, pencil in hand, was sketching the vision of the fair Rosamond.

Her majesty then commanded it should be read, and when she heard it, pronounced it very clever; but as it was a real impromptu, not one of those born long before, and was written for a particular audience, as a picture is painted for a particular light, we think it but justice to the celebrated author not to draw his lines from the venerable antiquity in which they rest even if we had the MS. copy; but we have not, which at once finishes the business.

After the reading, they deliberated on the next that should succeed Rosamond. The enchanter, still of opinion that they need not leave England when beauty was the object in question, proposed the famous Countess of Salisbury — who gave rise to the institution of the Garter. The idea was approved of by the queen, and particularly agreeable to the courtiers, as they wished to see if the cause were worthy of the effect — *i. e.*, the leg of the garter; but her majesty declared that she should particularly like a second sight of her lovely resemblance, the fair Rosamond. The doctor vowed that the affair was next to

impracticable in the order of conjuration — the recall of a phantom not depending on the powers submitted to the first enchantments. But the more he declared against it the more the queen insisted, until he was obliged, at last, to submit, with the information, that if Rosamond should return, it would not be by the way in which she had entered or retired already, and that they had best take care of themselves, as he could answer for no one.

The queen, as we have elsewhere observed, knew not what fear was; and the two courtiers were now a little reassured on the subject of apparitions. The doctor then set about accomplishing the queen's wishes. Never had conjuration cost him so much trouble, and after a thousand grimaces and contortions — neither pretty nor polite — he flung his books into the middle of the gallery, went three times around it on his hands and feet, then made the tree against the wall, head down and heels up; but nothing appearing, he had recourse to the last and most powerful of his spells — what that was must remain forever a mystery, for certain reasons; but he wound it up by three times summoning, with a sonorous voice, "Rosamond! Rosamond! Rosamond!" At the last of these magic cries the grand window burst open with the sudden crash of a tempest, and through it descended the lovely Rosamond into the middle of the room.

The doctor was in a cold sweat, and while he dried himself, the queen, who thought her visitant a thousand times the fairer for the additional difficulty in procuring this second sight, for once let her prudence sleep, and, in a transport of enthusiasm, stepping out of her circle with open arms, cried out, "My dear likeness!" No sooner was the word out than a violent clap of thunder shook the whole palace; a black vapor filled the gallery, and a train of little fantastic lightnings serpentine to the right and left in the dazzled eyes of the company.

When the obscurity was a little dissipated, they saw the magician, with his four limbs in air, foaming like a wild boar — his cap here, his wig there; in short, by no means an example of either the sublime or beautiful. But though he came off the worst, yet no one in the adventure escaped *quite clear*, except Rosamond. The lightning burned away my Lord of Essex's right brow; Sir Sidney lost the left moustachio; her Majesty's head-dress smelt villanously of the sulphur, and her

hoop-petticoat was so puckered up with the scorching that it was ordered to be preserved among the royal draperies, as a warning, to all maids of honor to come, against curiosity.

NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

(From "Gramont's Memoirs.")

[De Gramont and his friend M. Matta being much pressed for money, the Count relates an incident of his early youth, and suggests acting on its hint, to raise the sum they require.]

THEY had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day when the chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy-chair; and being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having for a short time observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons who had never before held their tongues for a moment when together, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him.

"A merry way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the chevalier: "what is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?"

"Faith, chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître-d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved for the remainder of the campaign to live upon others as others have lived upon us: this was my dream. Now tell me, chevalier, on what were you musing?"

"Poor fellow!" said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders; "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair, at some silly stories which the maître-d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money? Have you no sentiments of honor? Where is the dignity of France?"

"And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say the Devil may take them if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week



DE GRAMONT AND HIS FRIEND MATTA

since I have seen you pull out your purse or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity."

"I own all this," said the chevalier; "but yet I will force you to confess that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story. . . .

"When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier and a man of the world that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favorite; and finding me inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being perhaps the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behavior and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes and to love my neighbor as myself, she suffered me to depart under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred louis d'or for the expenses of the campaign; I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened that he grew melancholy: however, it was with the greatest reluctance and the most poignant anguish that he found himself obliged to yield; one would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he on the contrary appeared so overwhelmed with grief that it seemed as if I had lain four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away those four hundred louis. He went on so heavily that I was forced to whip his horse myself,

and turning to me now and then, 'Ah! sir,' said me, 'my lady did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half a crown.

"Having at last reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled as having the best accommodations and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead; his name Cerise, a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He showed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the *beau monde* which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair in order to go downstairs, 'What are you about now, sir?' said he. 'Are you going to tramp about the town? No, no; have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he; 'I beseech you, sir, do not think of it! Devil take me if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? Do you go to supper, if you please; but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.'

"The moment he mentioned cards and dice I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-

looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honor to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought that I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country boobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one at a moderate distance would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning while supper is getting ready: but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves: we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey. Never was such a bungler; he made blots upon blots: God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up, and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. M. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive

as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon: and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, sir. May the Devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I: 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no designs upon his money; and that if he pleased I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections, but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game: fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him; he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. I was vexed; he like a true gamester took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my

getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune without being able to find any remedy: in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak; however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip which he held in his hand, 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains; 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have ridden two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains? Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has perhaps a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'M. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the Devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you won?' said he. 'Five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is perhaps but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my

head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' and after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he: 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes; I was for proposing to the horse-dealer to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap: Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children: my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty — as well for some little repairs in the abbey as to pay for praying for me! Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them unless upon some urgent necessity. And this, you see, soon happened.

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favored me; for since my arrival I have had at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavorable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must therefore endeavor to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say: I will go to-morrow to

the headquarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper."

"Where?" said Matta.

"Here," said the chevalier.

"You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and to re-establish our circumstances you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the chevalier: "is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I: we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with: I will bespeak a splendid supper; he shall pay for it. Send your maître-d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions which it is necessary to take on such an occasion."

"What are they?" said Matta.

"I will tell you," said the chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noonday. You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground between this place and the headquarters."

"What the devil!" cried Matta; "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to do with it."

"Poor devil!" said the chevalier: "the matter is this: it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing: "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking

precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinzé by a detachment of foot; I must indeed confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day everything happened as the Chevalier Gramont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible; Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Gramont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran ate like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play; — that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinzé.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade and the Chevalier de Gramont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise and the high crowned hat were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy-chair in order to fall asleep, while the chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta. As his head was heavy with sleep and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor count," said he, "if I was in your place, I would play no more."

"Why so?" said the other.

"I don't know," said he; "but my heart tells me that your ill luck will continue."

"I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards.

"Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinzé, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed.

"Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep:

"All your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the Devil take me if it is possible for you to win."

"Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient.

"Do you wish to know?" said Matta: "why, faith, it is because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Gramont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth: "M. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man who plays with such ill-luck as the count to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester than such a threat; and the count in a softened tone told the chevalier that M. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Gramont gave the count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons, for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated without informing him of it. "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune favored them the remainder of the campaign; and the Chevalier de Gramont, to prove that he had only seized upon the count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them: officers who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence, but his manner of conferring a favor exceeded even the favor itself.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, ELIZABETH, an Irish miscellaneous writer; born at Belfast, 1758; died at Harrogate, England, 1816. Her first serious work, "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah" (2 vols.), appeared in 1796. "The Modern Philosophers" (1800) was followed by "Memoirs of Agrippina" and "Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman." The best of her works, "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," was published in 1808.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I HAE seen great anes, and sat in great ha's
 Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
 At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
 When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een,
 But a sight sae delightfu', I trow I ne'er spied
 As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
 O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 Ther's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside;
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet, born at Baugour, Linlithgowshire, in 1704; died at Lyons, France, March 25, 1754. He was a gentleman of an ancient family and of good fortune. In 1745 he embraced the cause of the "Young Pretender." After the discomfiture of the Jacobites at Culloden he made his escape to France, but he soon received a full pardon from the British Government and the restoration of his paternal estates. His health being delicate, he took up his residence in Southern France, where the later years of his life were passed. He wrote a serious poem, entitled "Contemplation," and one in blank verse upon "The Thistle," the national flower of Scotland. Most of Hamilton's poems are of a lyrical character. A surreptitious collection of many of them was put forth in 1748. In 1760, after his death, his friends published a fuller collection, from his own manuscripts. A complete edition of the poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?" —
 "I got her where I darena weil be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride;
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
 Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow." —

“Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dool and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

“For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e’er pu’d birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonny Birks of Yarrow ?

“What’s yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude ?
What’s yonder floats ? O dool and sorrow !
’T is he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the doolful Braes of Yarrow.

“Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds, in tears,
His wounds in tears with dool and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow.
And weep around in waeful wise,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
That fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Did I not warn thee not to lo’e,
And warn from fight ? but, to my sorrow,
O’er rashly bauld, a stronger arm
Thou met’st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow’s bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowin’.

"Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

"Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love ;
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter ;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
Than me he never lo'ed thee better.

"Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow." —

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

"O Yarrow fields ! may never, never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover.

"The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 't was my ain sewing.
Ah! wretched me ! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dool and sorrow,
But ere the fall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

"My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin';
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me.
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover.

"But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth shall ever lie there after." —

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow :
The lover heeds nought of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."



THE BOSTON MASSACRE

JOHN HANCOCK.

HANCOCK, JOHN, an American patriot; born at Quincy, Mass., January 12, 1737; died there, October 8, 1793. He graduated at Harvard in 1754, then entered the counting-house of an uncle, upon whose death in 1764 he received a large fortune, and soon became a prominent merchant in Boston. In 1766 he was chosen a member of the Legislature. In 1770 occurred the affray known as the Boston massacre. At the funeral of the victims Hancock delivered an oration in which the conduct of the British authorities was so severely censured that the Governor endeavored to arrest him and Samuel Adams, who had also become obnoxious. In 1775, after the action at Concord, Governor Gage offered a free pardon to all rebels except Adams and Hancock, "whose offences were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration but that of condign punishment." In 1775 Hancock was chosen President of the Continental Congress, and his name stands first on the list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Leaving Congress in 1777, on account of infirm health, he returned to Massachusetts, where he was a member of the Convention for framing a Constitution for the State. He was elected the first Governor of the State of Massachusetts; and was annually re-elected (with one interval of two years) until his death.

ORATION ON THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THE attentive gravity, the venerable appearance of this crowded audience, the dignity which I behold in the countenances of so many in this great assembly — the solemnity of the occasion upon which we have met together — joined to a consideration of the part I am to take in the important business of the day, fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk. But allured by the call of some of my respected fellow-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest pleasure to comply, I almost forget my want of ability to perform what they required.

I have ever considered it the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the pros-

perity of every individual, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also, as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having detected, strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its enemies may devise for its destruction. Security to the persons and property of the governed is so obviously the design and end of civil government, that to attempt a logical proof or it would be like burning tapers at noonday to assist the sun in enlightening the world; and it cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government which manifestly tends to render insecure the persons and properties of the governed.

Some boast of being friends of government; I am a friend to righteous government, founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the colonies a righteous government? or is it tyranny? What tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shown, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have declared that they have — ever had — and of right ought to have — full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever. They have exercised this pretended right by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to enforce her mad pretensions. The town of Boston — ever faithful to the British Crown — has been invested by a British fleet. The troops of George the Third have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and which as a king he is bound to defend, even at the risk of his own life. . . .

Surely you will never tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those of whom you boast as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that ye act — that, if

necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminacy into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest, upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved; they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is in their esteem to be preferred to virtue.

But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country; who are at once its ornament and its safeguard. From them let us take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm, and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaints and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal which all the suffering an enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away; which the ingratitude of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous assertor of the rights of mankind merits a reward which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country—the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot—cannot entirely prevent him from receiving.

I have the most animating confidence that the present noble struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God, and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the Universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us leave our concerns in the hands of him who raiseth up and casteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as He pleases; and, with cheerful submission to His sovereign will, devoutly say: “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.”

THOMAS HARDY.

HARDY, THOMAS, a leading English novelist; born in Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840. In his seventeenth year he was articled to an architect, and about the same time formed an acquaintance with a classical scholar with whom he read for the ensuing four years. In 1871 he published his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," which was followed by "Under the Greenwood Tree" (1872), "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873), and numerous minor tales. "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) was a great success. Among his later works are: "The Hand of Ethelberta, a Comedy in Chapters" (1876); "The Return of the Native" (1878); "The Trumpet Major" (1880); "A Laodicean" (1881); "Two on a Tower" (1882); "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886); "The Woodlanders" (1886); "A Group of Noble Dames" (1891); "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1892); "The Three Wayfarers" (1893); "Life's Little Ironies" (1894); "Jude the Obscure" (1895). Mr. Hardy is a novelist of high rank. His character-drawing is sharp and incisive, his studies of peasant life truthful and sympathetic, and his descriptive passages masterly.

RAIN, DARKNESS, AND ANXIOUS WANDERERS.

(From "The Return of the Native.")

WHILE the effigy of Eustacia was melting to nothing, and the fair woman herself was standing on Rainbarrow, her soul in an abyss of desolation seldom plumbed by one so young, Yeobright sat lonely at Blooms-End. He had fulfilled his word to Thomasin by sending off Fairway with the letter to his wife, and now waited with increased impatience for some sound or signal of her return. Were Eustacia still at Mistover the very least to be expected was that she would send him back a reply to-night by the same hand; though, to leave all to her inclination, he had cautioned Fairway not to ask for an answer. If one were told or handed to him he was to bring it immediately; if not, he was to go straight home without troubling to come round to Blooms-End again that night.

But secretly Clym had a more pleasing hope. Eustacia



THOMAS HARDY

might possibly decline to use her pen — it was rather her way to work silently — and surprise him by appearing at his door.

To Clym's regret it began to rain and blow hard as the evening advanced. The wind rasped and scraped at the corners of the house, and filliped the eaves-droppings like peas against the panes. He walked restlessly about the untenanted rooms, stopping strange noises in windows and doors by jamming splinters of wood into the casements and crevices, and pressing together the lead-work of the quarries where it had become loosened from the glass. It was one of those nights when cracks in the walls of old churches widen, when ancient stains on the ceilings of decayed manor-houses are renewed and enlarged from the size of a man's hand to an area of many feet. The little gate in the palings before his dwelling continually opened and clicked together again, but when he looked out eagerly nobody was there; it was as if invisible shapes of the dead were passing in on their way to visit him.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, finding that neither Fairway nor anybody else came to him, he retired to rest, and despite his anxieties soon fell asleep. His sleep, however, was not very sound, by reason of the expectancy he had given way to, and he was easily awakened by a knocking which began at the door about an hour after. Clym arose and looked out of the window. Rain was still falling heavily, the whole expanse of heath before him emitting a subdued hiss under the downpour. It was too dark to see anything at all.

"Who's there?" he cried.

Light footsteps shifted their position in the porch, and he could just distinguish in a plaintive female voice the words, "O Clym, come down and let me in!"

He flushed hot with agitation. "Surely it is Eustacia!" he murmured. If so, she had indeed come to him unawares.

He hastily got a light, dressed himself, and went down. On his flinging open the door the rays of the candle fell upon a woman closely wrapped up, who at once came forward.

"Thomasin!" he exclaimed in an indescribable tone of disappointment. "It is Thomasin, and on such a night as this! O, where is Eustacia?"

Thomasin it was, wet, frightened, and panting.

"Eustacia? I don't know, Clym; but I can think," she said with much perturbation. "Let me come in and rest — I will explain this. There is a great trouble brewing — my husband and Eustacia!"

“What, what?”

“I think my husband is going to leave me or do something dreadful—I don’t know what—Clym, will you go and see? I have nobody to help me but you! Eustacia has not come home?”

“No.”

She went on breathlessly: “Then they are going to run off together! He came indoors to-night about eight o’clock and said in an off-hand way, ‘Tamsie, I have just found that I must go a journey.’ ‘When?’ I said. ‘To-night,’ he said. ‘Where?’ I asked him. ‘I cannot tell you at present,’ he said; ‘I shall be back again to-morrow.’ He then went and busied himself in looking up his things, and took no notice of me at all. I expected to see him start, but he did not, and then it came to be ten o’clock, when he said, ‘You had better go to bed.’ I didn’t know what to do, and I went to bed. I believe he thought I fell asleep, for half an hour after that he came up and unlocked the oak chest we keep money in when we have much in the house and took out a roll of something which I believe was bank-notes, though I was not aware that he had ’em there. These he must have got from the bank when he went there the other day. What does he want bank-notes for, if he is only going off for a day? When he had gone down I thought of Eustacia, and how he had met her the night before—I know he did meet her, Clym, for I followed him part of the way; but I did not like to tell you when you called, and so make you think ill of him, as I did not think it was so serious. Then I could not stay in bed: I got up and dressed myself, and when I heard him out in the stable I thought I would come and tell you. So I came downstairs without any noise and slipped out.”

“Then he was not absolutely gone when you left?”

“No. Will you, dear Cousin Clym, go and try to persuade him not to go? He takes no notice of what I say, and puts me off with the story of his going on a journey, and will be home to-morrow, and all that; but I don’t believe it. I think you could influence him.”

“I’ll go,” said Clym. “O, Eustacia!”

Thomasin carried in her arms a large bundle; and having by this time seated herself she began to unroll it, when a baby appeared as the kernel to the husks—dry, warm, and unconscious of travel or rough weather. Thomasin briefly kissed the baby, and then found time to begin crying as she said, “I

brought baby, for I was afraid what might happen to her. I suppose it will be her death, but I couldn't leave her with Rachel!"

Clym hastily put together the logs on the hearth, raked abroad the embers, which were scarcely yet extinct, and blew up a flame with the bellows.

"Dry yourself," he said. "I'll go and get some more wood."

"No, no — don't stay for that. I'll make up the fire. Will you go at once — please will you?"

Yeobright ran upstairs to finish dressing himself. While he was gone another rapping came to the door. This time there was no delusion that it might be Eustacia's: the footsteps just preceding it had been heavy and slow. Yeobright, thinking it might possibly be Fairway with a note in answer, descended again and opened the door.

"Captain Vye?" he said to a dripping figure.

"Is my granddaughter here?" said the captain.

"No."

"Then where is she?"

"I don't know."

"But you ought to know — you are her husband."

"Only in name apparently," said Clym with rising excitement. "I believe she means to elope to-night with Wildeve. I am just going to look to it."

"Well, she has left my house; she left about half an hour ago. Who's sitting there?"

"My cousin Thomasin."

The captain bowed in a preoccupied way to her. "I only hope it is no worse than an elopement," he said.

"Worse? What's worse than the worst a wife can do?"

"Well, I have been told a strange tale. Before starting in search of her I called up Charley, my stable-lad. I missed my pistols the other day."

"Pistols?"

"He said at the time that he took them down to clean. He has now owned that he took them because he saw Eustacia looking curiously at them; and she afterwards owned to him that she was thinking of taking her life, but bound him to secrecy, and promised never to think of such a thing again. I hardly suppose she will ever have bravado enough to use one of them; but it shows what has been lurking in her mind;

and people who think of that sort of thing once think of it again."

"Where are the pistols?"

"Safely locked up. O no, she won't touch them again. But there are more ways of letting out life than through a bullet-hole. What did you quarrel about so bitterly with her to drive her to all this? You must have treated her badly indeed. Well, I was always against the marriage, and I was right."

"Are you going with me?" said Yeobright, paying no attention to the captain's latter remark. "If so I can tell you what we quarrelled about as we walk along."

"Where to?"

"To Wildeve's — that was her destination, depend upon it."

Thomasin here broke in, still weeping: "He said he was only going on a sudden short journey; but if so why did he want so much money? O, Clym, what do you think will happen? I am afraid that you, my poor baby, will soon have no father left to you!"

"I am off now," said Yeobright, stepping into the porch.

"I would fain go with ye," said the old man doubtfully. "But I begin to be afraid that my legs will hardly carry me there such a night as this. I am not so young as I was. If they are interrupted in their flight she will be sure to come back to me, and I ought to be at the house to receive her. But be it as 'twill I can't walk to the Quiet Woman, and that's an end on 't. I'll go straight home."

"It will perhaps be best," said Clym. "Thomasin, dry yourself, and be as comfortable as you can."

With this he closed the door upon her, and left the house in company with Captain Vye, who parted from him outside the gate, taking the middle path, which led to Mistover. Clym crossed by the right-hand track towards the inn.

Thomasin, being left alone, took off some of her wet garments, carried the baby upstairs to Clym's bed, and then came down to the sitting-room again, where she made a larger fire, and began drying herself. The fire soon flared up the chimney, giving the room an appearance of comfort that was doubled by contrast with the drumming of the storm without, which snapped at the window-panes and breathed into the chimney strange low utterances that seemed to be the prologue to some tragedy.

But the least part of Thomasin was in the house, for her heart being at ease about the little girl upstairs she was mentally following Clym on his journey. Having indulged in this imaginary peregrination for some considerable interval, she became impressed with a sense of the intolerable slowness of time. But she sat on. The moment then came when she could scarcely sit longer; and it was like a satire on her patience to remember that Clym could hardly have reached the inn as yet. At last she went to the baby's bedside. The child was sleeping soundly; but her imagination of possibly disastrous events at her home, the predominance within her of the unseen over the seen, agitated her beyond endurance. She could not refrain from going down and opening the door. The rain still continued, the candlelight falling upon the nearest drops and making glistening darts of them as they descended across the throng of invisible ones behind. To plunge into that medium was to plunge into water slightly diluted with air. But the difficulty of returning to her house at this moment made her all the more desirous of doing so: anything was better than suspense. "I have come here well enough," she said, "and why should n't I go back again? It is a mistake for me to be away."

She hastily fetched the infant, wrapped it up, cloaked herself as before, and shovelling the ashes over the fire, to prevent accidents, went into the open air. Pausing first to put the door-key in its old place behind the shutter, she resolutely turned her face to the confronting pile of firmamental darkness beyond the palings, and stepped into its midst. But Thomasin's imagination being so actively engaged elsewhere, the night and the weather had for her no terror beyond that of their actual discomfort and difficulty.

She was soon ascending Blooms-End valley and traversing the undulations on the side of the hill. The noise of the wind over the heath was shrill, and as if it whistled for joy at finding a night so congenial as this. Sometimes the path led her to hollows between thickets of tall and dripping bracken, dead, though not yet prostrate, which enclosed her like a pool. When they were more than usually tall she lifted the baby to the top of her head, that it might be out of the reach of their drenching fronds. On higher ground, where the wind was brisk and sustained, the rain flew in a level flight without sensible descent, so that it was beyond all power to imagine the

remoteness of the point at which it left the bosoms of the clouds. Here self-defence was impossible, and individual drops stuck into her like the arrows into Saint Sebastian. She was enabled to avoid puddles by the nebulous paleness which signified their presence, though beside anything less dark than the heath they themselves would have appeared as blackness.

Yet in spite of all this Thomasin was not sorry that she had started. To her there were not, as to Eustacia, demons in the air, and malice in every bush and bough. The drops which lashed her face were not scorpions, but prosy rain; Egdon in the mass was no monster whatever, but impersonal open ground. Her fears of the place were rational, her dislikes of its worst moods reasonable. At this time it was in her view a windy, wet place, in which a person might experience much discomfort, lose the path without care, and possibly catch cold.

If the path is well known the difficulty at such times of keeping therein is not altogether great, from its familiar feel to the feet; but once lost it is irrecoverable. Owing to her baby, who somewhat impeded Thomasin's view forward and distracted her mind, she did at last lose the track. This mishap occurred when she was descending an open slope about two-thirds home. Instead of attempting, by wandering hither and thither, the hopeless task of finding such a mere thread, she went straight on, trusting for guidance to her general knowledge of the district, which was scarcely surpassed by Clym's or by that of the heath-croppers themselves.

At length Thomasin reached a hollow and began to discern through the rain a faint blotted radiance, which presently assumed the oblong form of an open door. She knew that no house stood hereabouts, and was soon aware of the nature of the door by its height above the ground.

"Why, it is Diggory Venn's van, surely!" she said.

A certain secluded spot near Rainbarrow was, she knew, often Venn's chosen centre when staying in this neighborhood; and she guessed at once that she had stumbled upon this mysterious retreat. The question arose in her mind whether or not she should ask him to guide her into the path. In her anxiety to reach home she decided that she would appeal to him, notwithstanding the strangeness of appearing before his eyes at this place and season. But when, in pursuance of this resolve, Thomasin reached the van and looked in she found it

to be untenanted; though there was no doubt that it was the reddleman's. The fire was burning in the stove, the lantern hung from the nail. Round the doorway the floor was merely sprinkled with rain, and not saturated, which told her that the door had not long been opened.

While she stood uncertainly looking in Thomasin heard a footstep advancing from the darkness behind her; and turning, beheld the well-known form in corduroy, lurid from head to foot, the lantern beams falling upon him through an intervening gauze of raindrops.

"I thought you went down the slope," he said, without noticing her face. "How do you come back here again?"

"Diggory?" said Thomasin faintly.

"Who are you?" said Venn, still unperceiving. "And why were you crying so just now?"

"O, Diggory! don't you know me?" said she. "But of course you don't, wrapped up like this. What do you mean? I have not been crying here, and I have not been here before."

Venn then came nearer till he could see the illuminated side of her form.

"Mrs. Wildevé!" he exclaimed, starting. "What a time for us to meet! And the baby too! What dreadful thing can have brought you out on such a night as this?"

She could not immediately answer; and without asking her permission he hopped into his van, took her by the arm, and drew her up after him.

"What is it?" he continued when they stood within.

"I have lost my way coming from Blooms-End, and I am in a great hurry to get home. Please show me as quickly as you can! It is so silly of me not to know Egdon better, and I cannot think how I came to lose the path. Show me quickly, Diggory, please."

"Yes, of course. I will go with ye. But you came to me before this, Mrs. Wildevé?"

"I only came this minute."

"That's strange. I was lying down here asleep about five minutes ago, with the door shut to keep out the weather, when the brushing of a woman's clothes over the heath-bushes just outside woke me up (for I don't sleep heavy), and at the same time I heard a sobbing or crying from the same woman. I opened my door and held out my lantern, and just as far as the light would reach I saw a woman: she turned her head when

the light sheened on her, and then hurried on downhill. I hung up the lantern, and was curious enough to pull on my things and dog her a few steps, but I could see nothing of her any more. That was where I had been when you came up; and when I saw you I thought you were the same one."

"Perhaps it was one of the heath-folk going home?"

"No, it could n't. 'Tis too late. The noise of her gown over the he'th was of a whistling sort that nothing but silk will make."

"It was n't I, then. My dress is not silk, you see. . . . Are we anywhere in a line between Mistover and the inn?"

"Well, yes; not far out."

"Ah, I wonder if it was she! Diggory, I must go at once!"

She jumped down from the van before he was aware, when Venn unhooked the lantern and leaped down after her. "I'll take the baby, ma'am," he said. "You must be tired out by the weight."

Thomasin hesitated a moment, and then delivered the baby into Venn's hands. "Don't squeeze her, Diggory," she said, "or hurt her little arm; and keep the cloak close over her like this, so that the rain may not drop in her face."

"I will," said Venn earnestly. "As if I could hurt anything belonging to you!"

"I only meant accidentally," said Thomasin.

"The baby is dry enough, but you are pretty wet," said the reddleman when, in closing the door of his cart to padlock it, he noticed on the floor a ring of water-drops where her cloak had hung from her.

Thomasin followed him as he wound right and left to avoid the larger bushes, stopping occasionally and covering the lantern, while he looked over his shoulder to gain some idea of the position of Rainbarrow above them, which it was necessary to keep directly behind their backs to preserve a proper course.

"You are sure the rain does not fall upon baby?"

"Quite sure. May I ask how old he is, ma'am?"

"He!" said Thomasin reproachfully. "Anybody can see better than that in a moment. She is nearly two months old. How far is it now to the inn?"

"A little over a quarter of a mile."

"Will you walk a little faster?"

"I was afraid you could not keep up."

"I am very anxious to get there. Ah, there is a light from the window!"

"'Tis not from the window. That's a gig-lamp, to the best of my belief."

"O!" said Thomasin in despair. "I wish I had been there sooner — give me the baby, Diggory — you can go back now."

"I must go all the way," said Venn. "There is a quag between us and that light, and you will walk into it up to your neck unless I take you round."

"But the light is at the inn, and there is no quag in front of that."

"No, the light is below the inn some two or three hundred yards."

"Never mind," said Thomasin hurriedly. "Go towards the light, and not towards the inn."

"Yes," answered Venn, swerving round in obedience; and, after a pause, "I wish you would tell me what this great trouble is. I think you have proved that I can be trusted."

"There are some things that cannot be — cannot be told to —" And then her heart rose into her throat, and she could say no more.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS DRAW THE WANDERERS TOGETHER.

(From "The Return of the Native.")

HAVING seen Eustacia's signal from the hill at eight o'clock, Wildeve immediately prepared to assist her in her flight, and, as he hoped, accompany her. He was somewhat perturbed, and his manner of informing Thomasin that he was going on a journey was in itself sufficient to rouse her suspicions. When she had gone to bed he collected the few articles he would require, and went upstairs to the money-chest, whence he took a tolerably bountiful sum in notes, which had been advanced to him on the property he was so soon to have in possession, to defray expenses incidental to the removal.

He then went to the stable and coach-house to assure himself that the horse, gig, and harness were in a fit condition for a long drive. Nearly half an hour was spent thus, and on returning to the house Wildeve had no thought of Thomasin being anywhere but in bed. He had told the stable-lad not to stay up, leading the boy to understand that his departure would be at three or four in the morning; for this, though an excep-

tional hour, was less strange than midnight, the time actually agreed on, the packet from Budmouth sailing between one and two.

At last all was quiet, and he had nothing to do but to wait. By no effort could he shake off the oppression of spirits which he had experienced ever since his last meeting with Eustacia, but he hoped there was that in his situation which money could cure. He had persuaded himself that to act not ungenerously towards his gentle wife by settling on her the half of his property, and with chivalrous devotion towards another and greater woman by sharing her fate, was possible. And though he meant to adhere to Eustacia's instructions to the letter, to deposit her where she wished and to leave her, should that be her will, the spell that she had cast over him intensified, and his heart was beating fast in the anticipated futility of such commands in the face of a mutual wish that they should depart together.

He would not allow himself to dwell long upon these conjectures, maxims, and hopes, and at twenty minutes to twelve he again went softly to the stable, harnessed the horse, and lit the lamps; whence, taking the horse by the head, he led him with the covered car out of the yard to a spot by the roadside some quarter of a mile below the inn.

Here Wildeve waited, slightly sheltered from the driving rain by a high bank that had been cast up at this place along the surface of the road where lit by the lamps the loosened gravel and small stones scudded and clicked together before the wind, which, leaving them in heaps, plunged into the heath and boomed across the bushes into darkness. Only one sound rose above this din of weather, and that was the roaring of a ten-hatch weir a few yards further on, where the road approached the river which formed the boundary of the heath in this direction.

He lingered on in perfect stillness till he began to fancy that the midnight hour must have struck. A very strong doubt had arisen in his mind if Eustacia would venture down the hill in such weather; yet knowing her nature he felt that she might. "Poor thing! 't is like her ill-luck," he murmured.

At length he turned to the lamp and looked at his watch. To his surprise it was nearly a quarter past midnight. He now wished that he had driven up the circuitous road to Mistover, a plan not adopted because of the enormous length of the

route in proportion to that of the pedestrian's path down the open hillside, and the consequent increase of labor for the horse.

At this moment a footstep approached; but the light of the lamps being in a different direction the comer was not visible. The step paused, then came on again.

"Eustacia?" said Wildeve.

The person came forward, and the light fell upon the form of Clym, glistening with wet, whom Wildeve immediately recognized; but Wildeve, who stood behind the lamp, was not at once recognized by Yeobright.

He stopped as if in doubt whether this waiting vehicle could have anything to do with the flight of his wife or not. The sight of Yeobright at once banished Wildeve's sober feelings, who saw him again as the deadly rival from whom Eustacia was to be kept at all hazards. Hence Wildeve did not speak, in the hope that Clym would pass by without particular inquiry.

While they both hung thus in hesitation a dull sound became audible above the storm and wind. Its origin was unmistakable—it was the fall of a body into the stream adjoining, apparently at a point near the weir.

Both started. "Good God! can it be she?" said Clym.

"Why should it be she?" said Wildeve, in his alarm forgetting that he had hitherto screened himself.

"Ah!—that's you, you traitor, is it?" cried Yeobright. "Why should it be she? Because last week she would have put an end to her life if she had been able. She ought to have been watched! Take one of the lamps and come with me."

Yeobright seized the one on his side and hastened on; Wildeve did not wait to unfasten the other, but followed at once along the meadow-track to the weir, a little in the rear of Clym.

Shadwater Weir had at its foot a large circular pool, fifty feet in diameter, into which the water flowed through ten huge hatches, raised and lowered by a winch and cogs in the ordinary manner. The sides of the pool were of masonry, to prevent the water from washing away the bank; but the force of the stream in winter was sometimes such as to undermine the retaining wall and precipitate it into the hole. Clym reached the hatches, the framework of which was shaken to its foundations by the velocity of the current. Nothing but the froth of the waves could be discerned in the pool below. He got upon

the plank bridge over the race, and holding to the rail, that the wind might not blow him off, crossed to the other side of the river. There he leant over the wall and lowered the lamp, only to behold the vortex formed at the curl of the returning current.

Wildeve meanwhile had arrived on the former side, and the light from Yeobright's lamp shed a flecked and agitated radiance across the weir-pool, revealing to the ex-engineer the tumbling courses of the currents from the hatches above. Across this gashed and puckered mirror a dark body was slowly borne by one of the backward currents.

"O, my darling!" exclaimed Wildeve in an agonized voice; and, without showing sufficient presence of mind even to throw off his great-coat, he leaped into the boiling hole.

Yeobright could now also discern the floating body, though but indistinctly; and imagining from Wildeve's plunge that there was life to be saved he was about to leap after. Bethinking himself of a wiser plan he placed the lamp against a post to make it stand upright, and running round to the lower part of the pool, where there was no wall, he sprang in and boldly waded upwards towards the deeper portion. Here he was taken off his legs, and in swimming was carried round into the centre of the basin, where he perceived Wildeve struggling.

While these hasty actions were in progress here, Venn and Thomasin had been toiling through the lower corner of the heath in the direction of the light. They had not been near enough to the river to hear the plunge, but they saw the removal of the carriage-lamp, and watched its motion into the mead. As soon as they reached the car and horse Venn guessed that something new was amiss, and hastened to follow in the course of the moving light. Venn walked faster than Thomasin, and came to the weir alone.

The lamp placed against the post by Clym still shone across the water, and the reddleman observed something floating motionless. Being encumbered with the infant he ran back to meet Thomasin.

"Take the baby, please, Mrs. Wildeve," he said hastily. "Run home with her, call the stable-lad, and make him send down to me any men who may be living near. Somebody has fallen into the weir."

Thomasin took the child and ran. When she came to the covered car the horse, though fresh from the stable, was standing perfectly still, as if conscious of misfortune. She saw for

the first time whose it was. She nearly fainted, and would have been unable to proceed another step but that the necessity of preserving the little girl from harm nerved her to an amazing self-control. In this agony of suspense she entered the house, put the baby in a place of safety, woke the lad and the female domestic, and ran out to give the alarm at the nearest cottage.

Diggory, having returned to the brink of the pool, observed that the small upper hatches or floats were withdrawn. He found one of these lying upon the grass, and taking it under one arm, and with his lantern in his hand, entered at the bottom of the pool as Clym had done. As soon as he began to be in deep water he flung himself across the hatch; thus supported he was able to keep afloat as long as he chose, holding the lantern aloft with his disengaged hand. Propelled by his feet he steered round and round the pool, ascending each time by one of the back streams and descending in the middle of the current.

At first he could see nothing. Then amidst the glistening of the whirlpools and the white clots of foam he distinguished a woman's bonnet floating alone. His search was now under the left wall, when something came to the surface almost close beside him. It was not, as he had expected, a woman, but a man. The reddleman put the ring of the lantern between his teeth, seized the floating man by the collar, and, holding on to the hatch with his remaining arm, struck out into the strongest race, by which the unconscious man, the hatch, and himself were carried down the stream. As soon as Venn found his feet dragging over the pebbles of the shallower part below he secured his footing and waded towards the brink. There, where the water stood at about the height of his waist, he flung away the hatch, and attempted to drag forth the man. This was a matter of great difficulty, and he found as the reason that the legs of the unfortunate stranger were tightly embraced by the arms of another man, who had hitherto been entirely beneath the surface.

At this moment his heart bounded to hear footsteps running towards him, and two men, roused by Thomasin, appeared at the brink above. They ran to where Venn was, and helped him in lifting out the apparently drowned persons, separating them, and laying them out upon the grass. Venn turned the light upon their faces. The one who had been uppermost was

Yeobright; he who had been completely submerged was Wildeve.

"Now we must search the hole again," said Venn. "A woman is in there somewhere. Get a pole."

One of the men went to the foot-bridge and tore off the handrail. The reddleman and the two others then entered the water together from below as before, and with their united force probed the pool forwards to where it sloped down to its central depth. Venn was not mistaken in supposing that any person who had sunk for the last time would be washed down to this point, for when they had examined to about halfway across something impeded their thrust.

"Pull it forward," said Venn, and they raked it in with the pole till it was close to their feet.

Venn vanished under the stream, and came up with an armful of wet drapery enclosing a woman's cold form, which was all that remained of the desperate Eustacia.

When they reached the bank there stood Thomasin, in a stress of grief, bending over the two unconscious ones who already lay there. The horse and car were brought to the nearest point in the road, and it was the work of a few minutes only to place the three in the vehicle. Venn led on the horse, supporting Thomasin upon his arm, and the two men followed, till they reached the inn.

The woman who had been shaken out of her sleep by Thomasin had hastily dressed herself and lighted a fire, the other servant being left to snore on in peace at the back of the house. The insensible forms of Eustacia, Clym, and Wildeve were then brought in and laid on the carpet, with their feet to the fire, when such restorative processes as could be thought of were adopted at once, the stableman being in the meantime sent for a doctor. But there seemed to be not a whiff of life left in either of the bodies. Then Thomasin, whose stupor of grief had been thrust off a while by frantic action, applied a bottle of hartshorn to Clym's nostrils, having tried it in vain upon the other two. He sighed.

"Clym's alive!" she exclaimed.

He soon breathed distinctly, and again and again did she attempt to revive her husband by the same means; but Wildeve gave no sign. There was too much reason to think that he and Eustacia both were for ever beyond the reach of stimulating perfumes. Their exertions did not relax till the doctor arrived,

when, one by one, the senseless three were taken upstairs and put into warm beds.

Venn soon felt himself relieved from further attendance, and went to the door, scarcely able yet to realize the strange catastrophe that had befallen the family in which he took so great an interest. Thomasin surely would be broken down by the sudden and overwhelming nature of this event. No firm and sensible Mrs. Yeobright lived now to support the gentle girl through the ordeal; and, whatever an unimpassioned spectator might think of her loss of such a husband as Wildeve, there could be no doubt that for the moment she was distracted and horrified by the blow. As for himself, not being privileged to go to her and comfort her, he saw no reason for waiting longer in a house where he remained only as a stranger.

He returned across the heath to his van. The fire was not yet out, and everything remained as he had left it. Venn now bethought himself of his clothes, which were saturated with water to the weight of lead. He changed them, spread them before the fire, and lay down to sleep. But it was more than he could do to rest here while excited by a vivid imagination of the turmoil they were in at the house he had quitted, and, blaming himself for coming away, he dressed in another suit, locked up the door, and again hastened across to the inn. Rain was still falling heavily when he entered the kitchen. A bright fire was shining from the hearth, and two women were bustling about, one of whom was Olly Dowden.

"Well, how is it going on now?" said Venn in a whisper.

"Mr. Yeobright is better; but Mrs. Yeobright and Mr. Wildeve are dead and cold. The doctor says they were quite gone before they were out of the water."

"Ah! I thought as much when I hauled 'em up. And Mrs. Wildeve?"

"She is as well as can be expected. The doctor had her put between blankets, for she was almost as wet as they that had been in the river, poor young thing. You don't seem very dry, reddleman."

"O, 'tis not much. I have changed my things. This is only a little dampness I've got coming through the rain again."

"Stand by the fire. Mis'ess says you be to have whatever you want, and she was sorry when she was told that you'd gone away."

Venn drew near to the fireplace, and looked into the flames

in an absent mood. The steam came from his leggings and ascended the chimney with the smoke, while he thought of those who were upstairs. Two were corpses, one had barely escaped the jaws of death, another was sick and a widow. The last occasion on which he had lingered by that fireplace was when the raffle was in progress; when Wildeve was alive and well; Thomasin active and smiling in the next room; Yeobright and Eustacia just made husband and wife, and Mrs. Yeobright living at Blooms-End. It had seemed at that time that the then position of affairs was good for at least twenty years to come. Yet, of all the circle, he himself was the only one whose situation had not materially changed.

While he ruminated a footstep descended the stairs. It was the nurse, who brought in her hand a rolled mass of wet paper. The woman was so engrossed with her occupation that she hardly saw Venn. She took from a cupboard some pieces of twine, which she strained across the fireplace, tying the end of each piece to the firedog, previously pulled forward for the purpose, and, unrolling the wet papers, she began pinning them one by one to the strings in a manner of clothes on a line.

"What be they?" said Venn.

"Poor master's bank-notes," she answered. "They were found in his pocket when they undressed him."

"Then he was not coming back again for some time?" said Venn.

"That we shall never know," said she.

Venn was loath to depart, for all on earth that interested him lay under this roof. As nobody in the house had any more sleep that night, except the two who slept forever, there was no reason why he should not remain. So he retired into the niche of the fireplace where he had used to sit, and there he continued, watching the steam from the double row of bank-notes as they waved backwards and forwards in the draft of the chimney till their flaccidity was changed to dry crispness throughout. Then the woman came and unpinned them, and, folding them together, carried the handful upstairs. Presently the doctor appeared from above with the look of a man who could do no more, and, pulling on his gloves, went out of the house, the trotting of his horse soon dying away upon the road.

At four o'clock there was a gentle knock at the door. It was from Charley, who had been sent by Captain Vye to inquire if anything had been heard of Eustacia. The girl who admitted

him looked in his face as if she did not know what answer to return, and showed him in to where Venn was seated, saying to the redleman, "Will you tell him, please?"

Venn told. Charley's only utterance was a feeble, indistinct sound. He stood quite still; then he burst out spasmodically, "I shall see her once more?"

"I dare say you may see her," said Diggory gravely. "But had n't you better run and tell Captain Vye?"

"Yes, yes. Only I do hope I shall see her just once again."

"You shall," said a low voice behind; and starting round, they beheld by the dim light a thin, pallid, almost spectral form, wrapped in a blanket, and looking like Lazarus coming from the tomb.

It was Yeobright. Neither Venn nor Charley spoke, and Clym continued: "You shall see her. There will be time enough to tell the captain when it gets daylight. You would like to see her too — would you not, Diggory? She looks very beautiful now."

Venn assented by rising to his feet, and with Charley he followed Clym to the foot of the staircase, where he took off his boots; Charley did the same. They followed Yeobright upstairs to the landing, where there was a candle burning, which Yeobright took in his hand, and with it led the way into an adjoining room. Here he went to the bedside and folded back the sheet.

They stood silently looking upon Eustacia, who, as she lay there still in death, eclipsed all her living phases. Pallor did not include all the quality of her complexion, which seemed more than whiteness; it was almost light. The expression of her finely carved mouth was pleasant, as if a sense of dignity had just compelled her to leave off speaking. Eternal rigidity had seized upon it in a momentary transition between fervor and resignation. Her black hair was looser now than either of them had ever seen it before, and surrounded her brow like a forest. The stateliness of look which had been almost too marked for a dweller in a country domicile had at last found an artistically happy background.

Nobody spoke, till at length Clym covered her and turned aside. "Now come here," he said.

They went to a recess in the same room, and there, on a smaller bed, lay another figure — Wildeve. Less repose was visible in his face than in Eustacia's, but the same luminous youthfulness overspread it, and the least sympathetic observer would have felt at sight of him now that he was born for a

higher destiny than this. The only sign upon him of his recent struggle for life was in his finger-tips, which were worn and scarified in his dying endeavors to obtain a hold on the face of the weir-wall.

Yeobright's manner had been so quiet, he had uttered so few syllables since his reappearance, that Venn imagined him resigned. It was only when they had left the room and stood upon the landing that the true state of his mind was apparent. Here he said, with a wild smile, inclining his head towards the chamber in which Eustacia lay, "She is the second woman I have killed this year. I was a great cause of my mother's death; and I am the chief cause of hers."

"How?" said Venn.

"I spoke cruel words to her, and she left my house. I did not invite her back till it was too late. It is I who ought to have drowned myself. It would have been a charity to the living had the river overwhelmed me and borne her up. But I cannot die. Those who ought to have lived lie dead; and here am I alive!"

"But you can't charge yourself with crimes in that way," said Venn. "You may as well say that the parents be the cause of a murder by the child, for without the parents the child would never have been begot."

"Yes, Venn, that is very true; but you don't know all the circumstances. If it had pleased God to put an end to me it would have been a good thing for all. But I am getting used to the horror of my existence. They say that a time comes when men laugh at misery through long acquaintance with it. Surely that time will soon come to me!"

"Your aim has always been good," said Venn. "Why should you say such desperate things?"

"No, they are not desperate. They are only hopeless; and my great regret is that for what I have done no man or law can punish me!"

TESS AND THE DAIRYMAIDS.

(From "Tess of the D'Urbervilles.")

ON a thyme-scented, bird-singing morning in May, between two and three years after the return from Trantridge—two silent reconstructive years for Tess Durbeyfield—she left her home for the second time.

Having packed up her luggage so that it could be sent to her

later, she started in a hired trap for the little town of Stourcastle, through which it was necessary to pass on her journey, now in a direction almost opposite to that of her first adventuring. On the curve of the nearest hill she looked back regretfully at Marlott and her father's house, although she had been so anxious to get away.

Her kindred dwelling there would probably continue their daily lives as heretofore, with no great diminution of pleasure in their consciousness, although she would be far off, and they deprived of her smile. In a few days the children would engage in their games as merrily as ever, without the sense of any gap left by her departure. This leaving of the younger children she had decided was for the best; were she to remain they would probably gain less good by her precepts than harm by her example.

She went through Stourcastle without pausing, and onward to a junction of highways, where she could await a carrier's van that ran to the southwest; for the railways which engirdled this interior tract of country had never yet struck across it. While waiting, however, there came along a farmer in his spring cart, driving approximately in the direction that she wished to pursue; though he was a stranger to her she accepted his offer of a seat beside him, ignoring that its motive was a mere tribute to her countenance. He was going to Weatherbury, and by accompanying him thither she could walk the remainder of the distance instead of travelling in the van by way of Casterbridge.

Tess did not stop at Weatherbury, after this long drive, further than to make a slight nondescript meal at noon at a cottage to which the farmer recommended her. Thence she started on foot, basket in hand, to reach the wide upland of heath dividing this district from the low-lying meads of a farther valley in which the dairy stood that was the aim and end of her day's pilgrimage.

Tess had never before visited this part of the country, and yet she felt akin to the landscape. Not so very far to the left of her she could discern a dark patch in the scenery, which inquiry confirmed her in supposing to be trees, marking the environs of Kingsbere — in the church of which parish the bones of her ancestors — her useless ancestors — lay entombed.

She had no admiration for them now; she almost hated them for the dance they had led her; not a thing of all that had been theirs did she retain but the old seal and spoon.

"Pooh — I have as much of mother as father in me!" she said. "All my prettiness comes from her, and she was only a dairymaid."

The journey over the intervening uplands and lowlands of Egdon, when she reached them, was a more troublesome walk than she had anticipated, the distance being actually but a few miles. In two hours, after sundry wrong turnings, she found herself on a summit commanding the long-sought-for vale, the valley of the Great Dairies, the valley in which milk and butter grew to rankness, and were produced more profusely, if less delicately, than at her home — the verdant plain so well watered by the river Var or Froom.

It was intrinsically different from the Vale of Little Dairies, Blackmoor Vale, which, save during her disastrous sojourn at Trantridge, she had exclusively known till now. The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes hereabout; there only families. These myriads of cows stretching under her eyes from the far east to the far west outnumbered any she had ever seen at one glance before. The green lea was speckled as thickly with them as a canvas by Van Alsloot or Sallaert with burghers. The ripe hue of the red and dun kine absorbed the evening sunlight, which the white-coated animals returned to the eye in rays almost dazzling, even at the distant elevation on which she stood.

The bird's-eye perspective before her was not so luxuriantly beautiful, perhaps, as that other one which she knew so well; yet it was more cheering. It lacked the intensely blue atmosphere of the rival vale, and its heavy soils and scents; the new air was clearer, more ethereal, buoyant, bracing. The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. Those were slow, silent, tinged, flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The Froom waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long. There the water-flower was the lily; the crowfoot here.

Either the change in the quality of the air from heavy to light, or the sense of being amid new scenes where there were no invidious eyes upon her, sent up her spirits wonderfully. Her

hopes mingled with the sunshine in an ideal photosphere which surrounded her as she bounded along against the soft south wind. She heard a pleasant voice in every breeze, and in every bird's note seemed to lurk a joy.

Her face had latterly changed with changing states of mind. It might have been said to be continually fluctuating between beauty and ordinariness, according as the thoughts were gay or grave. One day she was pink and flawless; another she was pale and tragical. When she was pink she was feeling less than when she was pale; her more perfect beauty accorded with her less elevated mood; her more intense mood with her less perfect beauty. It was her best face, physically, that was now set against the south wind.

The irresistible, universal, automatic tendency to find enjoyment, which pervades all life, from the meanest to the highest, had at length mastered her, no longer counteracted by external pressures. Being even now only a young and immature woman, one who mentally and sentimentally had not finished growing, it was impossible that any event should have left upon Tess an impression that was not at least capable of transmutation.

And thus her spirits and her thankfulness and her hopes rose higher and higher. She tried several ballads, but found them inadequate; till, recollecting the book that her eyes had so often wandered over of a Sunday morning before she had eaten of the tree of knowledge, she hummed, "O ye Sun and Moon; O ye Stars; ye Green Things upon the Earth; ye Fowls of the Air; Beasts and Cattle; O all ye Children of Men; bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

She suddenly stopped and murmured, "But perhaps I don't quite know the Lord as yet."

And probably the half-unconscious rhapsody was a Pantheistic utterance in a Monotheistic falsetto; women, whose chief companions are the forms and forces of outdoor Nature, retain in their souls far more of the Pagan instincts of their remoter forefathers than of the systematized religions taught their race at later date. However, Tess found at least approximate expression for her feelings in the old *Benedicite* that she had lisped from infancy; and it was enough. Such high contentment with such a slight and initial performance as that of having started towards a means of independent living was a part of the Durbeyfield temperament. Tess really wished to

walk uprightly; to seek out whatsoever things were true and honest, and of good report, while her father did nothing of the kind; but she resembled him with being content with immediate and small achievements, and in having no mind for laborious effort towards such petty monetary and social advancement as could alone be effected by a family so heavily handicapped as the once knightly D'Urbervilles were now.

There was, of course, the energy of her mother's unexpended family, as well as the natural energy of Tess's years and frame, rekindled after the experience which had so overwhelmed her for the time. Let the truth be told — women do as a rule live through such humiliations, and regain their spirits, and again look about them with an interested eye. While there's life there's hope, is a conviction not so entirely unknown to the "deceived" as some amiable theorists would have us believe.

Tess Durbeyfield, in good heart, and full of zest for life, descended the Egdon slopes lower and lower towards the dairy of her pilgrimage.

The marked difference, in the final particular, between the rival vales now showed itself. The secret of Blackmoor was best discovered from the heights around; to read aright the valley before her it was absolutely necessary to descend into its midst. When Tess had accomplished this feat she found herself to be standing on a carpeted level, which stretched to the east and west as far as the eye could reach.

The river had stolen from the higher tracts and brought in particles to the vale all this horizontal land; and now, exhausted, aged, and attenuated, lay serpentine along through the midst of its former spoils.

Not quite sure of her direction, Tess stood still upon the hemmed expanse of verdant flatness, like a fly on a billiard-table of indefinite length, and of no more consequence to the situation than that fly. The sole effect of her presence upon the placid valley so far had been to excite the mind of a solitary heron, which, after descending to the ground not far from her path, stood, with neck erect, looking at her.

But suddenly there arose from all parts of the lowland a prolonged and repeated call —

"Waow! waow! waow!"

From the farthest east to the farthest west the cries spread as if by contagion, accompanied in some cases by the barking of a dog. It was not the expression of the valley's conscious-

ness that beautiful Tess had arrived, but the ordinary announcement of milking-time — half-past four o'clock, when the dairymen set about getting in the cows.

The red and white herd nearest at hand, which had been phlegmatically waiting for the call, now trooped towards the steading in the background, their great bags of milk swinging under them as they walked. Tess followed slowly in their rear, and entered the barton by the open gate through which they had entered before her. Long, thatched sheds stretched round the enclosure, their slopes encrusted with vivid green moss, and their eaves supported by wooden posts rubbed to a glassy smoothness by the flanks of infinite cows and calves of bygone years, now passed to an oblivion almost inconceivable in its profundity. Between the posts were ranged the milkers, each exhibiting herself at the present moment to an eye in the rear as a circle on two stalks, down the centre of which a switch moved pendulum-wise; while the sun, lowering itself behind this patient row, threw their shadows accurately inwards upon the wall. There and thus it threw shadows of these obscure and unstudied figures every evening with as much care over each contour as if it had been the profile of a Court beauty on a palace wall; copied them as diligently as it had copied Olympian shapes on marble façades long ago, or the outlines of Alexander, Cæsar, and the Pharaohs.

They were the less restful cows that were stalled. Those that would stand still of their own free will were milked in the middle of the yard, where many of such better-behaved ones stood waiting now — all prime milchers, such as were seldom seen out of this valley, and not always within it; nourished by the succulent feed which the water-meads supplied at this prime season of the year. Those of them that were spotted with white reflected the sunshine in dazzling brilliancy, and the polished brass knobs on their horns glittered with something of military display. Their large-veined udders hung ponderous as sand-bags, the teats sticking out like the legs of a gypsy's crock; and, as each animal lingered for her turn to arrive, the milk fell in drops to the ground.

The dairymaids and men had flocked down from their cottages and out of the dairy-house with the arrival of the cows from the meads; the maids walking in pattens, not on account of the weather, but to keep their shoes above the mulch of the barton. Each girl sat down on her three-legged stool, her face

sideways, her right cheek resting against the cow, and looked musingly along the animal's flank at Tess as she approached. The male milkers, with hat-brims turned down, resting on their foreheads and gazing on the ground, did not observe her.

One of these was a sturdy middle-aged man — whose long white "pinner" was somewhat finer and cleaner than the wraps of the others, and whose jacket underneath had a presentable marketing aspect — the master-dairyman, of whom she was in quest, his double character as a working milker and butter-maker here during six days, and on the seventh as a man in shining broadcloth in his family pew at church, being so marked as to have inspired a rhyme:

Dairyman Dick
All the week —
On Sundays Mr. Richard Crick.

Seeing Tess standing at gaze, he went across to her.

The majority of dairymen have a cross manner at milking-time, but it happened that Mr. Crick was glad to get a new hand — for the days were busy ones now — and he received her warmly; inquiring for her mother and the rest of the family (though this as a matter of form mainly, for he really had quite forgotten Mrs. Durbeyfield's existence till reminded of the fact by her daughter's letter).

"O — ay, as a lad I knowed your mother very well," he said, terminatively. "And I heard of her marriage, though I've never heard of her since. And a aged woman of ninety that used to live nigh here, but is dead and gone long ago, once told me that the family yer mother married into in Blackmoor Vale came originally from these parts, and that 't were a old ancient race that had all but perished off the earth — though the new generations didn't know it. But, Lord, I took no notice of the old woman's ramblings, not I."

"Oh no — it is nothing," said Tess.

Then the talk was of business only.

"You can milk 'em clean, my maiddy? I don't want my cows going azew at this time o' year."

She reassured him on that point, and he surveyed her up and down. She had been staying indoors since the autumn, and her complexion had grown delicate.

"Quite sure you can stand it? 'Tis comfortable enough here for rough folk; but we don't live in a cucumber frame."

She declared that she could stand it, and her zest and willingness seemed to win him over.

"Well, I suppose you'll want a dish o' tay, or victuals of some sort, hey? Not yet? Well, do as you like about it. But faith, if 't was I, I should be as dry as a kex wi' travelling so far."

"I'll begin milking now, to get my hand in," said Tess.

She drank a little milk as temporary refreshment, to the surprise — indeed, slight contempt — of Dairyman Crick, to whose mind it had apparently never occurred that milk was good as a beverage. "Oh, if ye can swaller that, be it so," he said, indifferently, while holding up the pail that she sipped from. "'Tis what I hain't touched for years — not I. Rot the stuff; it would lie in my innerds like lead. You can try your hand upon she," he pursued, nodding to the nearest cow. "Not but what she do milk rather hard. We've hard ones and we've easy ones, like other folks. However, you'll find out that soon enough."

When Tess had changed her bonnet for a hood, and was really on her stool under the cow, and the milk was squirting from her fists into the pail, she appeared to feel that she really had laid a new foundation for her future. The conviction bred serenity, her pulse slowed, and she was able to look about her.

The milkers formed quite a little battalion of men and maids, the men operating on the hard-teated animals, the maids on the kindlier natures. It was a large dairy. There were more than a hundred milchers under Crick's management, all told; and of the herd the master-dairyman milked six or eight with his own hands, unless away from home. These were the cows that milked hardest of all; for his journey-milkmen being more or less casually hired, he would not entrust this half-dozen to their treatment, lest, from indifference, they should not milk them clean; nor to the maids, lest they should fail in the same way for lack of finger-grip; with the result that in course of time the cows would "go azew" — that is, dry up. It was not the loss for the moment that made slack milking so serious, but that with the decline of demand there came decline, and ultimately cessation, of supply.

After Tess had settled down to her cow there was for a time no talk in the barton, and not a sound interfered with the purr

of the milk-jets into the numerous pails, except a momentary exclamation to one or other of the beasts requesting her to turn round or stand still. The only movements were those of the milkers' hands up and down and the swing of the cows' tails. Thus they all worked on, encompassed by the vast flat mead which extended to either slope of the valley — a level landscape compounded of old landscapes long forgotten, and, no doubt, differing in character very greatly from the landscape they composed now.

"To my thinking," said the dairyman, rising suddenly from a cow he had just finished off, and, snatching up his three-legged stool in one hand and the pail in the other, moving on to the next hard-yielder in his vicinity; "to my thinking, the cows don't gie down their milk to-day as usual. Upon my life, if Winker do begin keeping back like this, she'll not be worth going under by midsummer!"

"'Tis because there's a new hand come among us," said Jonathan Kail. "I've noticed such things afore."

"To be sure. It may be so. I didn't think o' 't."

"I've been told that it goes up into their horns at such times," said a dairymaid.

"Well, as to going up into their horns," replied Dairyman Crick, dubiously, as though even witchcraft might be limited by anatomical possibilities, "I could n't say; I certainly could not. But as nott cows will keep it back as well as the horned ones, I don't quite agree to it. Do ye know that riddle about the nott cows, Jonathan? Why do nott cows give less milk in a year than horned?"

"I don't!" interposed the milkmaid. "Why do they?"

"Because there bain't so many of 'em," said the dairyman. "Howsomever, these gam'sters do certainly keep back their milk to-day. Folks, we must lift up a stave or two — that's the only cure for 't."

Songs were often resorted to in dairies hereabout as an enticement to the cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield; and the band of milkers at this request burst into melody — in purely business-like tones, it is true, and with no great spontaneity; the result, according to their own belief, being a decided improvement during the song's continuance. When they had gone through fourteen or fifteen verses of a cheerful ballad about a murderer who was afraid to go to bed in the dark because he saw certain brimstone flames around

him, one of the male milkers said: "I wish singing on the stoop did n't use up so much of a man's wind! You should get your harp, sir; not but what a fiddle is best."

Tess, who had given ear to this, thought the words were addressed to the dairyman, but she was wrong. A reply, in the shape of "Why?" came, as it were, out of the belly of a dun cow in the stalls; it had been spoken by a milker behind the animal, whom she had not hitherto perceived.

"Oh yes; there's nothing like a fiddle," said the dairyman. "Though I do think that bulls are more moved by a tune than cows—at least, that's my experience. Once there was a old man over at Mellstock—William Dewy by name—one of the family that used to do a good deal of business as tranterers over there, Jonathan, do ye mind?—I knowed the man by sight as well as I know my own brother, in a manner of speaking. Well, this man was a-coming home along from a wedding where he had been playing his fiddle, one fine moonlight night, and for shortness' sake he took a cut across Forty-acres, a field lying that way, where a bull was out to grass. The bull seed William and took after him, horns aground, begad; and though William runned his best, and had n't much drink in him (considering 't was a wedding, and the folks well off), he found he'd never reach the fence and get over in time to save himself. Well, as a last thought, he pulled out his fiddle as he runned, and struck up a jig, turning to the bull as he played, and backing towards the corner. The bull softened down, and stood still, looking hard at William Dewy, who fiddled on and on; till a sort of a smile stole over the bull's face. But no sooner did William stop his playing and turn to get over hedge, than the bull would stop his smiling, and lower his horns and step forrard. Well, William had to turn about and play on, willy-nilly; and 't was only three o'clock in the world and 'a knowed that nobody would come that way for hours, and he so leery and tired that 'a did n't know what to do. When he'd scraped till about four o'clock he felt that he verily would have to give over soon, and he said to himself, 'There's only this last tune between me and eternal welfare. Heaven save me, or I'm a done man.' Well, then he called to mind how he'd seed the cattle kneel o' Christmas Eves in the dead o' the night. It was not Christmas Eve then, but it came into his head to play a trick upon the bull. So he broke into the 'Tivity Hymn, just as at Christmas carol-singing; when, lo and behold,

down went the bull on his bended knees, in his ignorance, just as if 'twere the true 'Tivity night and hour. As soon as his horned friend were down, William turned, clinked off like a long-dog, and jumped safe over hedge, before the praying bull had got on his feet again to take after him. William used to say that he 'd seen a man look a fool a good many times, but never such a fool as that bull looked when he found his pious feelings had been played upon, and 'twas not Christmas Eve — Yes, William Dewy, that was the man's name; and I can tell ye to a foot where he's a-lying in Mellstock Churchyard at this very moment — just between the second yew-tree and the north aisle."

"It's a curious story; it carries us back to mediæval times, when faith was a living thing." The remark, singular for a dairy-yard, was murmured by the voice behind the dun cow; but as nobody understood the reference no notice was taken, except that the narrator seemed to think it might imply scepticism as to his tale.

"Well, 't is quite true, sir, whether or no. I knowed the man well."

"Oh yes; I have no doubt of it," said the person behind the dun cow.

Tess's attention was thus attracted to the dairyman's interlocutor, of whom she could see but the mercest patch, owing to his burying his head so persistently in the flank of the milcher. She could not understand why he should be addressed as "Sir" even by the dairyman himself. But no explanation was discernible; he remained under the dun cow long enough to have milked three, uttering a private ejaculation now and then, as if he could not get on.

"Take it gentle, sir; take it gentle," said the dairyman. "'T is knack, not strength, that does it."

"So I find," said the other, standing up at last and stretching his arms. "I think I have finished her, however, though she made my fingers ache."

Tess could then see him at full length. He wore the ordinary white pinner and leather leggings of a dairy-farmer when milking, and his boots were clogged with the mulch of the yard; but this was all his local livery. Beneath it was something educated, reserved, subtle, sad, differing.

But the details of his corporeal aspect she could not readily observe, so much was her mind arrested by the discovery that

he was one whom she had seen before. Such vicissitudes had Tess passed through since that time that for a moment she could not remember where she had seen him; and then it flashed upon her that he was the pedestrian who had joined in the club-dance at Marlott — the passing stranger who had come she knew not whence, had danced with others but not with her, had slightly left her and gone on his way with his friends.

The flood of memories brought back by this revival of an incident dating from a time anterior to her troubles produced a momentary dismay lest, recognizing her also, he should by some means discover her story. But it passed away when she found no sign of remembrance in him. She saw by degrees that since their first and only encounter his mobile face had grown more thoughtful, and had acquired a young man's shapely mustache and beard — the latter of the palest straw-color where it began upon his cheeks, and deepening to a warm brown farther from its root. Under his milking-pinner and leggings he wore a dark velveteen jacket, woollen trousers, and a starched white shirt. Without the milking-gear, nobody could have guessed what he was. He might with equal probability have been an eccentric landowner or a gentlemanly ploughman. That he was but a novice at dairy-work she had realized in a moment, from the time he had spent upon the milking of one cow.

Meanwhile, many of the milkmaids had said to one another, "How pretty she is!" with something of real generosity and admiration, though with a half hope that the auditors would deny the assertion — which, strictly speaking, they might have done, prettiness being but an inexact definition of what struck the eye in Tess. When the milking was finished for the evening they straggled indoors, where Mrs. Crick, the dairyman's wife — who was too respectable to go out milking herself, and wore a hot stuff gown in warm weather because the dairymaids wore prints — was giving an eye to the leads and things. Only two or three of the maids, Tess learnt, slept in the dairy-house besides herself, most of the helpers going to their homes. She saw nothing at supper-time of the superior milker who had commented on the story, and asked no questions about him, the remainder of the evening being occupied in arranging her place in the bed-chamber. It was a large room over the milk-house, some thirty feet long; the sleeping cots of the other three indoor milkmaids being in the same apartment. They were blooming

young women, and, except one, rather older than herself. By bedtime Tess was thoroughly tired, and fell asleep immediately.

But one of the girls who occupied an adjoining bed was more wakeful than Tess, and would insist upon relating to the latter various particulars of the homestead into which she had just entered. The girl's whispered words mingled with the shades, and, to Tess's drowsy mind, they seemed to be generated by the darkness in which they floated.

"Mr. Angel Clare — he that is learning milking, and that plays the harp — never says much to us. He is a pa'son's son, and is too much taken up wi' his own thoughts to notice girls. He is the dairyman's pupil — learning farming in all its branches. He has learnt sheep-farming at another place, and he's now mastering dairy-work. . . . Yes, he is quite the gentleman-born. His father is the Reverent Mr. Clare at Emminster — a good many miles from here."

"O — I have heard of him," said her companion, now awake. "A very earnest clergyman, is he not?"

"Yes, that he is — the earnestest man in all Wessex, they say — the last of the old Low Church sort, they tell me — for all about here be what they call High. All his sons, except our Mr. Clare, be made pa'sons too."

Tess had not at this hour the curiosity to ask why the present Mr. Clare was not made a parson like his brethren, and gradually fell asleep again, the words of her informant coming to her along with the smell of the cheeses in the adjoining cheese-loft, and the dripping of the whey from the wrings downstairs.

TESS AND ANGEL CLARE.

(From "Tess of the D'Urbervilles.")

THE season developed and matured. Another year's instalment of flowers, leaves, nightingales, thrushes, finches, and other creatures, took up their positions where only a year ago others had stood in their place, and they were nothing more than germs and inorganic particles. Rays straight from the sunrise drew forth the buds and stretched them into long stalks, lifted up sap in noiseless streams, opened petals, and brought out scents in invisible jets and breathings.

Dairyman Crick's household of maids and men lived on comfortably, placidly, even merrily. Their position was perhaps the happiest of all positions in the social scale, that is to say,

above the line at which neediness ends, and below the line at which the *convenances* begin to cramp natural feeling, and the stress of threadbare modishness makes too little of enough.

Thus passed the leafy time, when arborescence seems to be the one thing aimed at out-of-doors. Tess and Clare unconsciously studied each other, ever balanced on the edge of a passion, yet apparently keeping out of it. All the while they were none the less converging, under the force of irresistible law, as surely as two streams in one vale.

Tess had never in her recent life been so generally happy as she was now, probably never would be so happy again. She was, for one thing, physically and socially at ease among these new surroundings. The sapling which had rooted down to a poisonous stratum on the spot of its sowing had been transplanted to a deeper soil. Moreover she, and Clare also, stood as yet on the debatable land between predilection and love, where no profundities have been reached, no reflections have set in, awkwardly inquiring, "Whither does this new current tend to carry me? what does it mean to my future? how does it stand towards my past?"

Tess was the merest ideal phenomenon to Angel Clare as yet — a rosy, warming apparition, which had hardly acquired the attribute of persistence in his consciousness. So he allowed his mind to be occupied with her, yet would not own his pre-occupation to be more than a philosopher's regard of an exceedingly novel, fresh, and interesting specimen of womankind.

They met continually; they could not help it. They met daily in that strange and solemn interval of time, the twilight of the morning, in the violet or pink dawn; for it was necessary to rise early, so very early, here. Milking was done betimes; and before the milking came the skimming, which began at a little past three. It usually fell to the lot of some one or other of them to wake the rest, the first one being aroused by an alarm-clock; and as Tess was the latest arrival, and they soon discovered that she could be depended upon not to sleep through the alarm as the others did, this task was thrust most frequently upon her. No sooner had the hour of three struck and whizzed than she left her room and ran to the dairyman's door; then up the ladder to Angel's, calling him in a loud whisper; then woke her fellow-milkmaids. By the time that Tess was dressed, Clare was downstairs and out in the humid air; the remaining maids and dairymen usually gave them-

selves another turn on the pillow, and did not appear till a quarter of an hour later.

The gray half-tones of daybreak are not the gray half-tones of the day's close, though the degree of their shade may be the same. In the twilight of the morning light seems active, darkness passive; in the twilight of evening it is the darkness which is active and crescent, and the light which is the drowsy reverse.

Being so often — possibly not always by chance — the first two persons to get up at the dairy-house, they seemed to themselves the first persons up of all the world. In these early days of her residence here Tess did not skim, but went out-of-doors at once after rising, where he was generally awaiting her. The spectral, half-compounded, aqueous light which pervaded the open mead impressed them with a feeling of isolation, as if they were Adam and Eve. At this dim, inceptive stage of the day, Tess seemed to Clare to exhibit a dignified largeness, both of disposition and physique, and almost regnant power — possibly because he knew that at that preternatural time hardly any woman so well endowed in person as she was likely to be walking in the open air within the boundaries of his horizon; very few in all England. Fair women are usually asleep at midsummer dawns. She was close at hand, and the rest were nowhere.

The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay often made him think of the Resurrection hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side. Whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade, his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the northeast; his own face, though he did not think of it, wore the same aspect to her.

It was then, as has been said, that she impressed him most deeply. She was no longer the milkmaid, but a visionary essence of woman — a whole sex, condensed into one typical form. He called her Artemis, Demeter, and other fanciful names, half-teasingly, which she did not like because she did not understand them.

“Call me Tess,” she would say, askance; and he did.

Then it would grow lighter, and her features would become simply feminine; they had changed from those of a divinity who could confer bliss to those of a being who craved it.

At these non-human hours they could get quite close to the water-fowl. Herons came, with a great bold noise as of opening doors and shutters, out of the boughs of a plantation which they frequented at the side of the mead; or, if already on the spot, maintained their standing in the water as the pair walked by, merely watching them by moving their heads round in a slow, horizontal, passionless wheel, like the turn of puppets by clock-work.

They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, woolly, level, and apparently no thicker than counterpanes, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent. On the gray moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night — dark islands of dry herbage the size of their carcasses in the general sea of dew. From each island proceeded a serpentine trail, by which the cow had rambled away to feed after getting up, at the end of which trail they found her; the snoring breath from her nostrils, when she recognized them, making an intenser little fog of her own amid the prevailing one. Then they drove the animals back to the barton, or sat down to milk them on the spot, as the case might require.

Or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay like a white sea, out of which the scattered trees rose like dangerous rocks. Birds would rise through it into the upper radiance, and hang on the wing sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing the meads, which now shone like glass rods. Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung, too, upon Tess's eyelashes, and drops upon her hair like seed pearls. When the day grew quite strong and commonplace these dried off her; moreover, Tess then lost her isolated and ethereal beauty, and was again the dazzlingly fairy dairymaid only, who had to hold her own against the other women of the world.

About this time they would hear Dairyman Crick's voice, lecturing the non-resident milkers for arriving late, and speaking sharply to old Deborah Fyander for not washing her hands.

"For Heaven's sake, pop thy hands under the pump, Deb! Upon my soul, if the London folk only knowed of thee and thy slovenly ways, they'd swaller their milk and butter more mincing than they do a'ready; and that's saying a good deal."

The milking progressed till, towards the end, Tess and Clare, in common with the rest, could hear the heavy breakfast-table dragged out from the wall in the kitchen by Mrs. Crick, this being the invariable preliminary to each meal; the same horrible scrape accompanying its return journey when the table had been cleared.

Amid the oozing fatness and warm ferments of the Var Vale, at a season when the rush of juices could almost be heard below the hiss of fertilization, it was impossible that the most fanciful love should not grow passionate. The ready hearts existing there were impregnated by their surroundings.

July passed over their heads, and the Thermidorcan weather which came in its wake seemed an effort on the part of Nature to match the state of hearts at Talbothays Dairy. The air of the place, so fresh in the spring and early summer, was stagnant and enervating now. Its heavy scents weighed upon them, and at midday the landscape seemed lying in a swoon. Ethiopic scorchings browned the upper slopes of the pastures, but there was still bright green herbage here where the water-courses purled. And as Clare was oppressed by the outward heats, so was he burdened inwardly by a waxing fervor of passion for the soft and silent Tess.

The rains having passed, the uplands were dry. The wheels of the dairyman's spring cart, as he sped home from market, licked up the pulverized surface of the highway, and were followed by white ribands of dust, as if they had set a thin powder-train on fire. The cows jumped wildly over the five-barred barton-gate, maddened by the gadfly; Dairyman Crick kept his shirt-sleeves permanently rolled up past his elbows from Monday till Saturday; open windows produced no effect in ventilation without open doors, and in the dairy-garden the blackbirds and thrushes crept about under the currant-bushes, rather in the manner of quadrupeds than of winged creatures. The flies in the kitchen were lazy, teasing, and familiar, crawling about in unwonted places, on the floor, into drawers, and over the backs of the milkmaids' hands. Conversations were concerning sunstroke, while butter-making, and still more, butter-keeping, was a despair.

They milked entirely in the meads for coolness and convenience, without driving in the cows. During the day the animals obsequiously followed the shadow of the smallest tree at hand, as it moved round the stem with the diurnal roll; and

when the milkers came they could hardly stand still for the flies.

On one of these afternoons four or five un milked cows chanced to stand apart from the general herd, behind the corner of a hedge, among them being Dumpling and Old Pretty, who loved Tess's hands above those of any other maid. When she rose from her stool under a finished cow, Angel Clare, who had been musingly observing her for some time as she milked, asked her if she would take the aforesaid creatures next. She silently assented, and with her stool at arm's length, and the pail against her knee, she went round to where they stood. Soon the sound of Old Pretty's milk fizzing into the pail came through the hedge, and then Angel felt inclined to go round the corner also, to finish off a hard-yielding milcher who had strayed there, he being now as capable of this as the dairyman himself.

All the men, and some of the women, when milking, dug their foreheads into the cows and gazed into the pail. But a few — mainly the younger ones — rested their heads sideways. This was Tess Durbeyfield's habit, her temple pressing the milcher's flank, her eyes fixed on the far end of the meadow with the gaze of one lost in meditation. She was milking Old Pretty thus, and the sun chancing to be on the milking side, it shone flat upon her pink-gowned form, and her white curtain-bonnet, and upon her profile, rendering it dazzlingly keen, as a cameo cut from the dun background of the cow.

She did not know that Clare had followed her round, and that he sat under his cow watching her. The absolute stillness of her head and features was remarkable; she might have been in a trance, her eyes open, yet unseeing. Nothing in the picture moved but Old Pretty's tail and Tess's pink hands, the latter so gently as to be a rhythmic pulsation only, conveying the fancy that they were obeying a merely reflex stimulus, like a beating heart.

How very lovable her face was to him! There was nothing ethereal about it; all was real vitality, real warmth, real incarnation. Yet when all was thought and felt that could be thought and felt about her features in general, it was her mouth which turned out to be the magnetic pole thereof. Eyes almost as deep and speaking he had seen before, and cheeks perhaps as fair; brows as arched, a chin and throat almost as shapely; her mouth he had seen nothing at all to equal on the face of

the earth. To a young man with the least fire in him, that little upward lift in the middle of her top lip was distracting, infatuating, maddening. He had never before seen a woman's lips and teeth which forced upon his mind, with such persistent iteration, the old Elizabethan simile of roses filled with snow. Perfect, he, as a lover, might have called them offhand. But no; they were not perfect. And it was the touch of the imperfect upon the intended perfect that gave the sweetness, because it was that which gave the humanity.

Clare had studied the curves of those lips so many hours that he could reproduce them mentally with comparative ease; and now, as they again confronted him, clothed with color and life, they sent an *aura* over his flesh, a cold breeze through his nerves, which wellnigh produced a qualm; and actually produced, by some mysterious physiological process, a prosaic sneeze.

She then became conscious that he was observing her; but she would not show it by any change of position, though the curious dream-like fixity disappeared, and a close eye might easily have discerned that the rosiness of her face slowly deepened, and then faded till only a tinge of it was left.

The stimulus that had passed into Clare like an annunciation from the sky did not lie down. Resolutions, reticences, prudences, fears, fell back like a defeated battalion. He jumped up from his seat, and, leaving his pail to be kicked over if the milcher had such a mind, went quickly towards the desire of his eyes, and, kneeling down beside her, clasped her in his arms.

Tess was taken completely by surprise, and she yielded to his embrace with unreflecting inevitableness. Having seen that it was really her lover who had advanced, and no one else, her lips parted, and she sank upon him in her momentary joy, with something very like an ecstatic cry.

He had been on the point of kissing that too tempting mouth of hers, but he checked himself, even for tender conscience' sake. "Forgive me, Tess dear," he whispered. "I ought to have asked. I—did not know what I was doing. I do not mean it as a liberty at all—I—am devoted to you, Tessie, dearest, with all my soul."

Old Pretty by this time had looked round, puzzled; and seeing two people crouching under her where, according to immemorial custom, there should have been only one, lifted her hind leg crossly.

"She is angry — she doesn't know what we mean — she'll kick over the milk!" exclaimed Tess, gently striving to free herself, her eyes concerned with the quadruped's actions, her heart more deeply concerned with herself and Clare.

"Let me lift you up — lean upon me."

He raised her from her seat, and they stood together, his arm still encircling her. Tess's eyes, fixed on distance, began to fill.

"Why do you cry, my darling?" he said.

"O — I don't know!" she murmured regretfully. As she saw and felt more clearly the position she was in, she became agitated, and tried to withdraw.

"Well, I have betrayed my feeling, Tess, at last," said he, with a curious sigh of desperation, signifying, unconsciously, that his heart had outrun his judgment. "That I love you dearly and truly I need not say. But I — it shall go no further now — it distresses you — I am as surprised as you are. You will not think I have presumed upon your defencelessness — been too quick and unreflecting, will you?"

"I don't know!"

He had reluctantly allowed her to free herself; and in a minute or two the milking of each was resumed. Nobody had beheld the unpremeditated gravitation of the two into one; and when the dairyman came round by that screened nook a few minutes later there was not a sign to reveal that the markedly sundered pair were more to each other than mere acquaintance. Yet, in the interval since Crick's last view of them, something had occurred which changed the pivot of the universe for their two natures — whilst it should last; something which, had he known its quality, the dairyman would have despised, as a practical man, yet which was based upon a more stubborn and resistless tendency than a whole heap of so-called practicalities. A veil had been whisked aside; the tract of each one's outlook was to have a new horizon thenceforward — for a short time or for a long.

AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT HARE.

HARE, AUGUSTUS JOHN CUTHBERT, an English traveller, the nephew of Julius C. and A. W. Hare; born in Rome, March 13, 1834. His father died early, and he was adopted by his uncle, Augustus William. He was educated at Harrow School, and at University College, Oxford. His first publication was "Epitaphs for Country Churchyards" (1856). Among his other publications are "A Winter in Mentone" (1861); "Walks in Rome" (1870); "Wanderings in Spain" and "Memorials of a Quiet Life" (1872); "Days Near Rome" (1874); "Cities of Northern and Central Italy" (1875); "The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen" (1879); "Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily" (1882); "Sketches of Holland and Scandinavia" and "Studies in Russia" (1885); "Paris" and "Days Near Paris" (1887); "Northeastern France," "Southeastern France," "Southwestern France" (1890); "Two Noble Lives" (1893); "Sussex" (1894); "The Gurneys of Earls- ham" and "Northwestern France" (1895).

THE RUINS OF POBLET.

(From "Wanderings in Spain.")

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoiler's hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have

been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguet IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit, who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it, not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place ; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Aragon were brought to be buried. As the long line of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time a conventual life. . . .

The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons, who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquesses and counts, less honored, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse ; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-chapel ; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept ; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumors began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighboring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle ; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the

latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering vengeance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety; they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection. Nothing was taken away. Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. . . .

The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs.

The monuments remain, but, so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses, which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain. . . .

Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful, in the agony of its unexpected destruction.

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

HARNEY, WILLIAM WALLACE, an American journalist and poet, was born at Bloomington, Ind., June 20, 1831. He studied for a time at Louisville College, of which his father was for some years president. He afterwards studied law, and was graduated in 1855 at the law department of Louisville University. He taught school for some years in Louisville, and was the first principal of the high school in that city; after which he was for about two years Professor of Languages in the State University at Lexington. He afterwards assisted his father for some years as co-editor of the Louisville "Democrat," of which he became editor-in-chief after his father's death. In 1869 he went to Florida to engage in orange-culture, and here he wrote a number of valuable papers on this branch of horticulture. In 1883 he became editor of "Bitter-Sweet" at Kissimee. His writings, especially his home sketches and fugitive verses, are very popular, not only in the South but throughout the United States.

JIMMY'S WOING.

THE wind came blowing out of the west,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 The wind came blowing out of the west;
 It stirred the green leaves out of the rest,
 And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 Milly came with her bucket by,
 With wee light foot so trim and sly,
 With sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay;
 A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
 But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
 And more he thought than e'er he told,
 As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
 And Jimmy mowed the hay ;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under the thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly — a cunning twain —
 Sat sheltered by the hay.

The merry rain-drops hurried in
 Under the thatch of hay ;
The merry rain-drops hurried in,
And laughed and pattered in a din,
Over that which they saw within,
 Under the thatch of hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
 Under the thatch of hay ;
For Milly nortled to Jimmy's breast,
Like a wild bird fluttering to its nest ;
And then I'll swear she looked her best,
 Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out
 Over the ruined hay ;
And when the sun came laughing out
Milly had ceased to pet and pout ;
And twittering birds began to shout,
 As if for a wedding-day.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER, an American journalist and novelist; born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848. In 1862 he began as an apprentice on a weekly paper. He soon began to contribute to the paper, and the proprietor encouraged him by lending him books. While in this place he heard the negro folk-lore which he has since given to the world. In 1877 he became connected with the Atlanta "Constitution;" editor-in-chief, 1890. He has published "Uncle Remus" (1880); "Nights with Uncle Remus" (1883); "Mingo and Other Sketches" (1884). A novel, "Azalia," appeared in the "Century" in 1887. His first works embody the negro stories and songs learned on the plantation. His more recent works include "Free Joe" (1887); "Daddy Jake the Runaway" (1889); "Life of Henry W. Grady," former editor of the "Constitution" (1890); "Balaam and His Master," short stories (1891); "On the Plantation" (1892); "Uncle Remus and His Friends" (1892); "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," folk-lore (1894); "Mr. Rabbit at Home" (1895); "Sister Jane" (1897).

HOW BROTHER RABBIT FRIGHTENED HIS NEIGHBORS.¹

(From "Nights with Uncle Remus.")

WHEN Uncle Remus was in good humor he turned the most trifling incidents into excuses for amusing the little boy with his stories. One night while he was hunting for a piece of candle on the shelf that took the place of a mantel over the fireplace, he knocked down a tin plate. It fell upon the hearth with a tremendous clatter.

"Dar now!" exclaimed Uncle Remus. "Hit's a blessin' dat dat ar platter is got mo' backbone dan de common run er crockery, 'kaze 't would er bin bust all ter flinderations long time ago. Dat ar platter is got dents on it w'at Miss Sally put dar w'en she 'uz a little bit er gal. Yet dar 'tis, en right dis minnit hit 'll hol' mo' vittles dan w'at I got ter put in it.

¹ By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

"I lay," the old man continued, leaning his hand against the chimney and gazing at the little boy reflectively, — "I lay ef de creeturs had a bin yer w'iles all dat clatterment gwine on dey'd a lef' bidout tellin' anybody good-bye. All 'ceppin' Brer Rabbit. Bless yo' soul, he'd er stayed fer ter see de fun, des lak he did dat t'er time w'en he skeer um all so. I 'speck I done tole you 'bout dat."

"When he got the honey on him and rolled in the leaves?"

Uncle Remus thought a moment.

"Ef I make no mistakes in my 'membunce, dat wuz de time w'en he call hisse'f de Wull-er-de-Wust."

The little boy corroborated Uncle Remus' memory.

"Well, den, dish yer wuz n'er time, en he lak ter skeer um plum out 'n de settlement. En it all come 'bout 'kaze dey wanter play smarty."

"Who wanted to play smarty, Uncle Remus?" asked the child.

"Oh, des dem t'er creeturs. Dey wuz allers a-layin' traps fer Brer Rabbit en gittin' cotch in um deyse'f, en dey wuz allers a-pursooin' atter 'im day in en day out. I ain't 'nyin' but w'at some er Brer Rabbit pranks wuz mighty ha'sh, but w'y 'n't dey let 'im 'lone deyse'f?"

Naturally, the little boy was not prepared to meet these arguments, even had their gravity been less impressive, so he said nothing.

"In dem days," Uncle Remus went on, "de creeturs wuz same lak folks. Dey had der ups en dey had der downs; dey had der hard times, and dey had der saf' times. Some seasons der craps 'ud be good, en some seasons dey'd be bad. Brer Rabbit, he far'd lak de res' un um. W'at he'd make, dat he'd spen'. One season he tuck 'n made a fine chance er goobers, en he 'low, he did, dat ef dey fetch 'im anywhars nigh de money w'at he speck dey would, he go ter town en buy de truck w'at need-cessity call fer.

"He ain't no sooner say dat dan ole Miss Rabbit, she vow, she did, dat it be a scannul en a shame ef he don't whirl in en git sevin tin cups fer de chilluns fer ter drink out 'n, en sevin tin plates fer 'm fer ter sop out 'n, en a coffee-pot fer de fambly. Brer Rabbit say dat des zackly w'at he gwine do, en he 'low, he did, dat he gwine ter town de comin' We'n'sday."

Uncle Remus paused, and indulged in a hearty laugh before he resumed : —

“Brer Rabbit wa’n’t mo’n out’n de gate ’fo’ Miss Rabbit, she slap on ’er bonnet, she did, en rush ’cross ter Miss Mink house, en she ain’t been dar a minnit ’fo’ she up’n tell Miss Mink dat Brer Rabbit done promise ter go ter town We’n’sday comin’ en git de chilluns sump’n. Co’s’e, w’en Mr. Mink come home, Miss Mink she up’n ’low she want ter know w’at de reason he can’t buy sump’n fer his chilluns same ez Brer Rabbit do fer his’n, en dey quo’ll en quo’ll des lak folks. Atter dat Miss Mink she kyar de news ter Miss Fox, en den Brer Fox he tuck ’n got a rakin’ over de coals. Miss Fox she tell Miss Wolf, en Miss Wolf she tell Miss B’ar, en ’t wa’n’t long ’fo’ ev’ybody in dem diggins know dat Brer Rabbit gwine ter town de comin’ We’n’sday fer ter get his chilluns sump’n; en all de yuther creeturs’ chilluns ax der ma w’at de reason der pa can’t git *dem* sump’n. So dar it went.

“Brer Fox, en Brer Wolf, en Brer B’ar, dey make up der mines, dey did, dat ef dey gwine ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit, dat wuz de time, en dey fix up a plan dat dey’d lay fer Brer Rabbit en nab ’im w’en he come back fum town. Dey tuck ’n make all der ’rangerments, en wait fer de day.

“Sho nuff, w’en We’n’sday come, Brer Rabbit e’t he brekkus ’fo’ sun-up, en put out fer town. He tuck ’n got hisse’f a dram, en a plug er terbarker, en a pocket-hankcher, en he got de ole ’oman a coffee-pot, en he got de chillun sevin tin cups en sevin tin plates, en den todes sundown he start back home. He walk ’long, he did, feelin’ mighty biggity, but bimeby w’en he git sorter tired, he sot down und’ a black-jack tree, en ’gun to fan hisse’f wid one er der platters.

“W’iles he doin’ dis a little bit er teenchy sap-sucker run up’n down de tree, en keep on makin’ mighty quare fuss. Atter w’ile Brer Rabbit tuck’n shoo at ’im wid de platter. Seem lak dis make de teenchy little sap-sucker mighty mad, en he rush out on a lim’ right over Brer Rabbit, en he sing out:—

““Pilly-pee, pilly-wee!
I see w’at he no see!
I see, pilly-pee,
I see w’at he no see!”

“He keep on singin’ dis, he did, twel Brer Rabbit ’gun ter look ’roun’, en he ain’t no sooner do dis dan he see marks in de san’ whar sum un done bin dar ’fo’ ’im, en he look little closer en den he see w’at de sap-sucker drivin’ at. He scratch his head, Brer Rabbit did. en he ’low ter hisse’f:—

"Ah-yi! Yer whar Brer Fox been settin', en dar de print er he nice bushy tail. Yer whar Brer Wolf bin settin', en dar de print er he fine long tail. Yer whar Brer B'ar bin squattin' on he hunkers, en dar de print w'ich he ain't got no tail. Dey er all bin yer, en I lay dey er hidin' out in de big gully down dar in de holler."

"Wid dat, ole man Rab tuck 'n put he truck in de bushes, en den he run 'way 'roun' fer ter see w'at he kin see. Sho nuff," continued Uncle Remus, with a curious air of elation, — "sho nuff, w'en Brer Rabbit git over agin de big gully down in de holler, dar dey wuz. Brer Fox, he 'uz on one side er de road, en Brer Wolf 'uz on de t'er side; en ole Brer B'ar he 'uz quiled up in de gully takin' a nap.

"Brer Rabbit, he tuck 'n peep at um, he did, en he lick he foot en roach back he h'ar, en den hol' his han's 'cross he mouf en laff lak some chilluns does w'en dey think dey er foolin' der ma."

"Not me, Uncle Remus — not me!" exclaimed the little boy, promptly.

"Heyo dar! don't kick 'fo' you er spurred, honey! Brer Rabbit, he seed um all dar, en he tuck 'n grin, he did, en den he lit out ter whar he done lef' he truck, en w'en he git dar he dance 'roun' en slap hisse'f on de leg, en make all sorts er kuse motions. Den he go ter wuk en tu'n de coffee-pot upside down en stick it on he head; den he run he gallus thoo de han'les er de cups, en sling um crosst he shoulder; den he 'vide de platters, some in one han' en some in de yuther. Atter he git good en ready, he crope ter de top er de hill, he did, en tuck a runnin' start, en flew down like a harrycane — *rickety, rickety, slambang!*"

The little boy clapped his hands enthusiastically.

"Bless yo' soul, dem creeturs ain't year no fuss lak dat, en dey ain't seed no man w'at look lak Brer Rabbit do, wid de coffee-pot on he head, en de cups a-rattlin' on he gallus, en de platters a-wavin' en a-shinin' in de a'r.

"Now, mine you, ole Brer B'ar wuz layin' off up de gully takin' a nap, en de fuss skeer 'im so bad dat he make a break en run over Brer Fox. He rush out in de road, he did, en w'en he see de sight, he whirl 'roun' en run over Brer Wolf. Wid der scramblin' en der scufflin', Brer Rabbit got right on um 'fo' dey kin git away. He holler out, he did: —

"Gimme room! Tu'n me loose! I'm ole man Spewter-

Splutter wid long claws, en scales on my back! I'm snaggle-toofed en double-j'inted! Gimme room!'

"Eve'y time he'd fetch a whoop, he'd rattle de cups en slap de platters tergedder—*rickety, racketsy, slambang!* En I let you know w'en dem creeturs got dey lim's tergedder dey split de win', dey did dat. Ole Brer B'ar, he struck a stump w'at stan' in de way, en I ain't gwine tell you how he to' it up kaze you won't b'leeve me, but de next mawnin' Brer Rabbit en his chilluns went back dar, dey did, an dey got nuff splinters fer ter make um kin'lin' wood all de winter. Yasser! Des ez sho ez I'm a-settin' by dish yer h'ath."

MR. MAN HAS SOME MEAT.

The little boy sat watching Uncle Remus sharpen his shoe-knife. The old man's head moved in sympathy with his hands, and he mumbled fragments of a song. Occasionally he would feel of the edge of the blade with his thumb, and then begin to sharpen it again. The comical appearance of the venerable darkey finally had its effect upon the child, for suddenly he broke into a hearty peal of laughter; whereupon Uncle Remus stopped shaking his head and singing his mumbly-song, and assumed a very dignified attitude. Then he drew a long, deep breath, and said:—

"W'en folks git ole en strucken wid de palsy, dey mus' speck ter be laff'd at. Goodness knows, I bin use ter dat sence de day my whiskers 'gun to bleach."

"Why, I was n't laughing at you, Uncle Remus; I declare I was n't," cried the little boy. "I thought maybe you might be doing your head like Brother Rabbit did when he was fixing to cut his meat."

Uncle Remus' seriousness was immediately driven away by a broad and appreciative grin.

"Now, dat de way ter talk, honey, en I boun' you wan't fur wrong, n'er, 'kaze fer all dey'll tell you dat Brer Rabbit make he livin' 'long er nibblin' at grass en greens, hit 't wa'n't dat away in dem days, 'kaze I got in my membunce right now de 'casion whar Brer Rabbit is tuck 'n e't meat."

The little boy had learned that it was not best to make any display of impatience, and so he waited quietly while Uncle Remus busied himself with arranging the tools on his shoe-bench. Presently the old man began:—

"Hit so happen dat one day Brer Rabbit meet up wid Brer Fox, en w'en dey 'quire atter der corporosity, dey fine out dat bofe un um mighty po'ly. Brer Fox, he 'low, he do, dat he monstus hongry, en Brer Rabbit he 'spon' dat he got a mighty hankerin' atter vittles hisse'f. Bimeby dey look up dey big road, en dey see Mr. Man comin' 'long wid a great big hunk er beef und' he arm. Brer Fox he up 'n 'low, he did, dat he lak mighty well fer ter git a tas'e er dat, en Brer Rabbit he 'low dat de sight er dat nice meat all lineded wid taller is nuff fer ter run a body 'stracted.

"Mr. Man he come en he come 'long. Brer Rabbit en Brer Fox dey look en dey look at 'im. Dey wink der eye en der mouf water. Brer Rabbit he 'low he bleedz ter git some er dat meat. Brer Fox he 'spon', he did, dat it look mighty fur off ter him. Den Brer Rabbit tell Brer Fox fer ter foller 'long atter 'im in hailin' distuns, an' wid dat he put out, he did, en 't wan't long 'fo' he kotch up wid Mr. Man.

"Dey pass de time er day, en den dey went joggin' 'long de road same lak dey 'uz gwine 'pun a journey. Brer Rabbit he keep on snuffin' de a'r. Mr. Man up 'n ax 'im is he got a bad cole, en Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat he smell sump'n' w'ich it don't smell like ripe peaches. Bimeby, Brer Rabbit 'gun to hol' he nose, he did, an' atter w'ile he sing out:—

"'Gracious en de goodness, Mr. Man! hit's dat meat er yone. *Phew!* Whar'bouts is you pick up dat meat at?'

"Dis make Mr. Man feel sorter 'shame hisse'f, en ter make marters wuss, yer come a great big green fly a-zoonin' 'roun'. Brer Rabbit he git way off on t'er side er de road, en he keep on hol'in' he nose. Mr. Man, he look sorter sheepish, he did, en dey ain't gone fur 'fo' he put de meat down on de side er de road, en he tuck 'n ax Brer Rabbit w'at dey gwine do 'bout it. Brer Rabbit he 'low, he did:—

"'I year tell in my time dat ef you take 'n drag a piece er meat thoo' de dus' hit'll fetch back hits freshness. I ain't no superspicious man myse'f,' sezee, 'en I ain't got no 'speunce wid no sech doin's, but dem w'at tell me say dey done try it. Yit I knows dis,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, — 'I knows dat 't ain't gwine do no harm, kase de grit w'at gits on de meat kin be wash off,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I ain't got no string,' sez Mr. Man, sezee.

"Brer Rabbit laff hearty, but still he hol' he nose.

“‘Time you bin in de bushes long ez I is, you won’t miss strings,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“Wid dat Brer Rabbit lipt out, en he ain’t gone long ’fo’ he come hoppin’ back wid a whole passel er bamboo vines all tied tergedder. Mr. Man, he ’low:—

“‘Dat line mighty long.’

“Brer Rabbit he ’low:—

“‘Tooby sho’, you want de win’ fer ter git ’twix’ you en dat meat.’

“Den Mr. Man tuck ’n tied de bamboo line ter de meat. Brer Rabbit he broke off a ’simmon bush, he did, en ’low dat he ’d stay behime en keep de flies off. Mr. Man he go on befo’ en drag de meat, en Brer Rabbit he stay behime, he did, en take keer un it.”

Here Uncle Remus was compelled to pause and laugh before he could proceed with the story.

“En he is take keer un it, mon — dat he is. He tuck ’n git ’im a rock, en w’iles Mr. Man gwine ’long bidout lookin’ back, he ondo de meat en tie de rock ter de bamboo line, en w’en Brer Fox foller on, sho’ ’nuff, dar lay de meat. Mr. Man, he drug de rock, he did, en Brer Rabbit he keep de flies off, twel atter dey gone on right smart piece, en den w’en Mr. Man look ’roun’, whar wuz ole man Rabbit?

“Bless yo’ soul, Brer Rabbit done gone back en jine Brer Fox, en he wuz des in time, at dat, ’kase little mo’ en Brer Fox would ’a’ done bin outer sight en yearin’. En so dat de way Brer Rabbit git Mr. Man meat.”

The little boy reflected a little, and then said:—

“Uncle Remus, was n’t that stealing?”

“Well, I tell you ’bout dat, honey,” responded the old man, with the air of one who is willing to compromise. “In dem days de creeturs bleedz ter look out fer deyse’f, mo’ speshually dem w’at ain’t got hawn an’ huff. Brer Rabbit ain’t got no hawn an’ huff, en he bleedz ter be he own lawyer.”

Just then the little boy heard his father’s buggy rattling down the avenue, and he ran out into the darkness to meet it. After he was gone, Uncle Remus sat a long time rubbing his hands and looking serious. Finally he leaned back in his chair, and exclaimed:—

“Dat little chap gittin’ too much fer ole Remus — dat he is!”

HOW BROTHER RABBIT GOT THE MEAT.

When the little boy next visited Uncle Remus the cabin was dark and empty and the door shut. The old man was gone. He was absent for several nights, but at last one night the little boy saw a welcome light in the cabin, and he made haste to pay Uncle Remus a visit. He was full of questions:

"Goodness, Uncle Remus! Where in the world have you been? I thought you were gone for good. Mamma said she reckoned the treatment here did n't suit you, and you had gone off to get some of your town friends to hire you."

"Is Miss Sally tell you dat, honey? Well, ef she ain't de beatenes' w'ite 'oman dis side er kingdom come, you kin des shoot me. Miss Sally tuck 'n writ me a pass wid her own han's fer to go see some er my kin down dar in de Ashbank settlement. Yo' mammy quare 'oman, honey, sho'!

"En yit, w'at de good er my stayin' yer? T'er night, I ain't mo' 'n git good en started 'fo' you er up en gone, en I ain't seed ha'r ner hide un you sence. W'en I see you do dat, I 'low ter myse'f dat hit's des 'bout time fer ole man Remus fer ter pack up he duds an go hunt comp'ny some'r's else."

"Well, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy, in a tone of expostulation, "did n't Brother Fox get the meat, and was n't that the end of the story?"

Uncle Remus started to laugh, but he changed his mind so suddenly that the little boy was convulsed. The old man groaned and looked at the rafters with a curious air of disinterestedness. After a while he went on with great seriousness:

"I dunner w'at kinder idee folks got 'bout Brer Rabbit nohow, dat I don't. S'pozen you lays de plans so some yuther chap kin git a big hunk er goody, is you gwine ter set off some'r's en see 'im make way wid it?"

"What kind of goody, Uncle Remus?"

"Dish yer kinder goody w'at town folks keeps. Mint draps and reezins, en sweet doin's lak Miss Sally keep und' lock en key. Well, den, if you gits some er dat, er may be some yuther kinder goody, w'ich I wish 'twuz yer right dis blessid minnit, is you gwine ter set quile up in dat cheer en let n'er chap run off wid it? Dat you ain't—dat you ain't!"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed the little boy. "Brother Rabbit went back and made Brother Fox give him his part of the meat."

"Des lak I tell you, honey; dey wan't no man mungs de creeturs w'at kin stan' right flat-footed en wuk he min' quick lak Brer Rabbit. He tuck 'n tie de rock on de string, stidder de meat, en he pursue long atter it, he did, twel Mr. Man tu'n a ben' in de road, en den Brer Rabbit, he des lit out fum dar — *terbuckity-buckity, buck-buck-buckity!* en 'twan't long 'fo' he tuck 'n kotch up wid Brer Fox. Dey tuck de meat, dey did, en kyar'd it way off in de woods, en laid it down on a clean place on de groun'.

"Dey laid it down, dey did," continued Uncle Remus, drawing his chair up closer to the little boy, "en den Brer Fox 'low dey better sample it, en Brer Rabbit he 'gree. Wid dat, Brer Fox he tuck 'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shut bofe eyes, he did, en he chaw en chaw, en tas'e en tas'e, en chaw en tas'e. Brer Rabbit, he watch 'im, but Brer Fox, he keep bofe eyes shot, en he chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw."

Uncle Remus not only furnished a pantomime accompaniment to this recital by shutting his eyes and pretending to taste, but he lowered his voice to a pitch of tragical significance in reporting the dialogue that ensued:

"Den Brer Fox smack he mouf en look at de meat mo' closeter, en up 'n 'low:

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit's lam!*'"

"'No, Brer Fox! *sho'ly not!*'"

"'Brer Rabbit, *hit's lam!*'"

"'Brer Fox, *tooby sho'ly not!*'"

"Den Brer Rabbit, he tuck 'n gnyaw off a hunk, en he shot bofe eyes, en chaw en tas'e, en tas'e en chaw. Den he smack he mouf, en up 'n 'low:

"'Brer Fox, *hit's shote!*'"

"'Brer Rabbit, you foolin' me!'"

"'Brer Fox, *I vow hit's shote!*'"

"'Brer Rabbit, hit des *can't be!*'"

"'Brer Fox, *hit sho'ly is!*'"

"Dey tas'e en dey 'spute, en dey 'spute en dey tas'e. Atter w'ile, Brer Rabbit make lak he want some water, en he rush off in de bushes, en d'reckly yer he come back wipin' he mouf en cl'erin' up he th'oat. Den Brer Fox he want some water sho' nuff:—

"'Brer Rabbit, whar you fin' de spring?'"

"'Cross de road, en down de hill en up de big gully.'"

"Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en atter he gone Brer Rab-

bit totch he year wid he behime foot lak he flippin' 'im good-bye. Brer Fox, he cross de road en rush down de hill, he did, yit he ain't fin' no big gully. He keep on gwine twel he fin' de big gully, yit he ain't fin' no spring.

"W'iles all dish yer gwine on, Brer Rabbit he tuck 'n grabble a hole in de groun', he did, en dat hole he hid de meat. Atter he git it good en hid, he tuck 'n cut 'im a long keen hick'ry, en atter so long a time, w'en he year Brer Fox comin' back he got in a clump er bushes, en tuck dat hick'ry en let in on a saplin', en ev'y time he hit de saplin', he 'ud squall out, Brer Rabbit would, des lak de patter-rollers had 'im:

"*Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!' — *Pow, pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man!' — *Chippy-row, pow!* 'Oh, Lordy, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!' — *Pow!* 'Oh, pray, Mr. Man! Brer Fox tuck yo' meat!'"

Every time Uncle Remus said "*Pow!*" he struck himself in the palm of his hand with a shoe-sole by way of illustration.

"'Co'se," he went on, "w'en Brer Fox year dis kinder doin's, he fotch up, he did, en lissen, en ev'y time he year de hick'ry come down *pow!* he tuck 'n grin en 'low ter hisse'f, 'Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water! Ah-yi! you fool me 'bout de water!'"

"Atter so long a time, de racket sorter die out, en seem lak Mr. Man wuz draggin' Brer Rabbit off. Dis make Brer Fox feel mighty skittish. Bimeby Brer Rabbit come a cally-hootin' back des a-hollerin':

"'Run, Brer Fox, run! Mr. Man say he gwine to kyar dat meat up de road ter whar he son is, en den he's a-comin' back atter you. Run, Brer Fox, run!'"

"En I let you know," said Uncle Remus, leaning back and laughing to see the little boy laugh, "I let you know Brer Fox got mighty skace in dat neighborhood!"

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

HARRISON, MRS. BURTON (CONSTANCE CARY), an American novelist and miscellaneous writer; born at Vacluse, Va., April 25, 1846; resides in New York. She has written "Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes" (1881); "Old-Fashioned Fairy-Book" (1884); "Bar Harbor Days" (1887); and the novels, "The Anglo-maniacs" (1890); "An Errant Wooing" (1895); "A Bachelor Maid" (1894); "A Son of the Old Dominion" (1897); "Good Americans" (1898); and others.

A TARDY PROPOSAL.¹

(From "A Virginia Cousin.")

YES, Vance decided, everything conspired to urge him toward his intended venture that afternoon. When, about four o'clock, he turned his steps in the direction of Miss Ainger's home, he had reached a pitch of very respectably loverlike anxiety. He even fancied the day had been unusually long. He caught himself speculating as to where she would be sitting in the drawing-room, how she would look when he laid his future in her hands.

At that moment, he allowed himself to remember a series of occasions during the years of their friendship, upon any one of which he believed he might have spoken as he now meant to speak, and that she would have answered as he now expected her to answer. Ah! what had he not lost? In her gentle, equable companionship, he would have been a better, a higher, a less discontented fellow. All the virtues, charms, desirable qualities, of this fine and high-bred young woman, who had been more patient, more forgiving, than he deserved, were concentrated into one small space of thought, like the Lord's Prayer engraved upon a tiny coin. But even as his foot touched the lowest step of her father's portal, he experienced a shock of doubt of himself and of his own stability. He tarried; he turned away, and strolled, whither he knew not.

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In the adjoining street lived Mrs. Myrtle, an aunt of his, to whom, it must be said, Vance rarely paid the deference considered by that excellent lady her just due.

Upon Mrs. Myrtle, Vance now resolved to pay a long-deferred duty-call. Admitted by an old negro butler, he was left alone in the large darkling drawing-room, in the shade of the crimson curtains, amid the ghostly ranks of the statues, to ruminate until Mrs. Myrtle should make her appearance. Little thought did he bestow upon the duration of this ordeal. He was well occupied, and, for once in his life, heartily ashamed,—first, of his indecision upon the Ainger door-steps, and, secondly, of the fact that he had put in here to gain courage to return there.

Mrs. Myrtle's heavy tread upon her own parquet floor aroused him from meditation. His aunt was a massive lady, who wore black velvet, with a neck-ruff of old point-lace; who, never pretty, and no longer pleasant to look upon, yet carried herself with a certain ease born of assurance in her own place in life, and cultivated by many years of receiving visitors. Her small white hand, twinkling with diamonds, was extended to him with something of the grand air he remembered his mother, who was the beauty of her family, to have possessed; and then Mrs. Myrtle, seating herself, fixed an unsmiling gaze upon her nephew.

"I—ah—thought I would look in and see how you are getting on," he said, with an attempt at jocularly.

"But it is not Thursday," she answered, cold as before. "I make it a point to see no one except on Thursday, or after five. And it is not yet after five."

Townsend, who could not dispute this fact, was at a loss how to go on. But Mrs. Myrtle, having put things upon the right footing, launched at once into an exposition of her grievances against him, his sister, and the ruling society of latter-day New York.

"I am sure if any one had told your mother and me, when we first came out, what people were to push *us* against the wall, and to have all New York racing and tearing after their invitations, we should never have believed it. It's enough to make your poor mother come back from the dead, to revise Anita Clifton's visiting-list. And I suppose the next thing to hear of will be your marriage into one of these bran-new families. I must say, Theodore, although it is seldom my opinion is listened to, I *was* pleased when I heard, the other day, that you were reported engaged to Katherine Ainger. The Aingers are of our

own sort; and her fortune, although it is not so important to you, will be handsome. She is one of the few girls who go much into the world who still remember to come to see me; and she has been lunching here to-day."

"Really?" said Vance, turning over his hat in what he felt to be a most perfunctory way.

"Yes; if you or Anita Clifton had been here in the last two months, you might have found out that I have had a young lady — a Southern cousin — stopping in the house."

"A cousin of mine?" queried the young man, indifferently.

"My first cousin's daughter, Evelyn Carlyle. You know there was a break between the families about the beginning of the war, and, for one reason or another, we have hardly met since. When I went to the Hot Springs for my rheumatism last year, — you and Anita Clifton doubtless are not aware that I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, — I stopped a night or two at Colonel Carlyle's house in Virginia, and took rather a fancy to this girl. I found out that she has a voice, and desired to cultivate it in New York, and so invited her to come on after Christmas and stay in my house."

Vance was conscious of a slight feeling of somnolence. Really, he could not be expected to care for the Virginian cousin's voice. And Aunt Myrtle had such a soporific way of drawling out her sentences! He wished she would return to the subject of her luncheon-guest, and then, perhaps, he might manage to keep awake.

"So you invited Miss Ainger to-day, to keep the young lady company?" he ventured to observe.

"If you will give me time to explain, I will tell you that Katherine Ainger and she have struck up the greatest friendship this winter, and have been together part of every day. I wish, Vance, that you could bring yourself to extend some attention to your mother's first cousin's child. From Anita Clifton I expect nothing — absolutely nothing. Not belonging to the "smart set," whatever that may be, I make no demands upon Anita Clifton. But you, Vance, have not yet shown that you are absolutely heartless. When Eve goes home, as she soon will, it would be gratifying to have her able to say you had recognized her existence."

"I will leave a card for the young lady in the hall," he said, awkwardly; "and perhaps she would allow me to order some flowers for her. Just now, Aunt Myrtle, I have an engagement, and I must really be going on."

He had risen to his feet, and Mrs. Myrtle was about shaping a last arrow to aim at him, when the door opened, and a girl came into the room.

"Oh! Cousin Augusta," she said, in the most outspoken manner, a slight Southern accent marking some of the syllables enunciated in a remarkably sweet voice, "I have been taking your Dandie Dinmont for a walk, and he has been such a good, obedient dear, you must give him two lumps of sugar when he comes to tea at five o'clock."

As Mrs. Myrtle performed the ceremony of introduction between them, Vance became conscious that he was in the presence of one of the most radiantly pretty young persons who had ever crossed the line of his languid vision. Equipped in a tailor-made frock of gray serge, a black hat with many rampant plumes upon her red-brown hair, a boa of black ostrich feathers curling around her pearly throat and caressing the rosiest of cheeks, his Cousin Eve surveyed him with as much indifference as if he had been the veriest casual met in a crowd in Fifth Avenue. Two fingers of a tiny gloved hand were bestowed on him in recognition of their relationship, after which she resumed her interrupted talk about the dog.

"You understand that Mr. Townsend is a relative, my dear?" asked Mrs. Myrtle, in her rocking-horse manner. "You have heard me speak of him?"

"Yes; oh, yes, certainly," Eve said, with preoccupation. "But to us Virginians a cousin means either very much — or very, very little."

"The presumption, then, is against me?" he asked, determined not to be subdued.

"Is it? I had not thought," she answered, hardly looking in his direction. Vance took the hint and his departure. When again out of doors, he straightened himself, and walked with a firmer, more determined tread, conscious of a little tingling in his veins on the whole not disagreeable. In this mood, he reached the corner of the street in which dwelt Miss Ainger, and was very near indeed to passing it, but, recovering himself with a start, turned westward from the Avenue, and again sought the house from which he had gone irresolute a little while before.

The door was opened for him by a servant, who did not know "for sure," but "rather thought" Miss Ainger was in the drawing-room. While following the man across a wide hall,

Vance espied, lying upon a chair, a man's hat — not the conventional high black hat of the afternoon caller, but a rusty brown "pot" hat, of an unobtrusive pattern.

"Humph! the piano-tuner, no doubt, he said to himself, and simultaneously recalled the fact that he had seen the object in question, or its twin brother, that same day. Before the footman could put his hand upon the knob of the drawing-room door, it opened, and the owner of the hat came out. It was indeed Crawford, dressed in morning tweeds, as Vance had seen him at luncheon in the Lawyer's Club, his plain, strong face illuminated with an expression Vance knew nothing akin to, and therefore did not interpret.

But Vance did know Miss Ainger for an independent in her set, a girl who struck out for herself to find clever and companionable people with whom to fraternize; and he was accordingly not surprised to meet Crawford here as a visitor. As once before that day, the two men exchanged silent nods, and parted. Vance found Miss Ainger caressing with dainty finger-tips a large bunch of fresh violets that lay in her lap and filled the room with fragrance.

Kitty Ainger, a daughter of New York, calm, reserved, temperamentally serious, fond of argument upon high themes, cultivated in minor points to a fastidious degree, handsome in a sculptural way, had always seemed to him lacking in the one grace of womanly tenderness he vaguely felt to be of vast moment in a young man's choice for a wife.

To-day, as she greeted him, her manner was gentle and gracious to perfection. Perhaps it so appeared in contrast to that of the fair Phyllida who had flouted him in his Aunt Myrtle's drawing-room; perhaps Kitty was really glad of this first occasion in many days when they were alone together, undisturbed.

The thought caused a wave of excitement to rise in the suitor's veins. He wondered how he could have held back, an hour before, when upon the threshold of such an opportunity. But then, had he made appearance, no doubt there would have been other visitors, — Crawford, for instance, whom Miss Ainger was plainly taking by the hand, to lead into society, as clever girls will do when they find an unknown clever man; Crawford, who did not know enough of conventionality to put on a black coat when he called on a girl in the afternoon; Crawford, poor and plain, a man's man, whom the Ainger family no doubt re-

garded as one of Kitty's freaks. Yes, Crawford would have been a decided interruption to this *tête-à-tête*.

Now, there was an open sea before Vance, and he had only to launch the boat, so long delayed, a craft he at last candidly believed to be freighted with the best hopes of his life. They talked for a while upon impersonal subjects — Kitty exerting herself, he could see, to be agreeable and sympathetic with her visitor. In the progress of this conversation, he took note with satisfaction of the artistic elegance of her dress (of the exact color of the Peach Blow Vase, he said to himself, searching for a simile in tint), with sleeves of sheenful velvet, and a silken train that lay upon the rug. Her long, white fingers, playing with the violets, wore no rings. Her slim figure, her braids of pale brown hair, her calm, gray eyes, attracted him as never before, with their girlish and yet womanly composure.

"Why have you never told me," he said, abruptly, "of your friendship with that little witch of a Virginia cousin of mine who has been staying with Mrs. Myrtle this winter?"

"If you wish me to tell you the truth, it was because she asked me never to do so," replied Kitty, coloring a little. "You have met her?" she added, eagerly.

"Yes, to-day; a little while ago, when I called upon my aunt. But how could she know of me? What reason was there for her to avoid me?"

"Evelyn is an impulsive creature," was the answer; and now the blood rushed into Kitty's cheek, and she was silent.

"Impulsive, yes; but how could she resent a man she had never seen; who had not had the smallest opportunity to prove whether or not he was obnoxious to her? That is quite too ridiculous, I think. You, who have so much sense, character, judgment, why could not you exercise your influence over this very provincial little person, and teach her that a prejudice is, of all things, petty?"

"She is not a provincial little person," said Kitty, with spirit. "And she does not merit that patronizing tone of yours."

"If *you* take her under your wing, she is perfection," he answered, lightly, as if the subject were no longer of value for discussion. "But before we begin to differ about her, only tell me if it is my Aunt Myrtle's objection to me as a type that my truculent Cousin Eve has inherited?"

"I hardly think so. Please ask me no questions," the girl said, uncomfortable with blushing.

"As you like. It is veiled in mystery," he said, rather piqued. "At least, you won't mind informing me if she got any of her ideas of me from you. No, that is hardly fair. I will alter it. Did you and she ever speak of me together?"

"What if I tell you yes, and that, every time we met?" exclaimed Miss Ainger, plucking up courage when thus driven into a corner.

To her surprise and dismay, Vance took this admission quite otherwise than she had meant it. In Eve's attitude toward him, he thought he read a girlish jealousy of the object preoccupying the affections of her friend.

"I see. I understand," he said, with a gleam in his eyes she had not seen there in all of their acquaintance. Until now, the hearth-rug had been between them. With an animation quite foreign to him, he crossed it, and leaned down to take her hands. At once, Kitty, withdrawing from his grasp, rose to her feet and faced him.

"I think there is some great mistake," she said, very quietly. As Vance gazed at her, he became aware that he had until now never seen the true Kitty Ainger, and that her face was beautiful.

"You repulse me? You have never cared for me?" he said, fiercely.

A wave of color came upon her cheeks, and her eyes dropped before his to the violets in her hand.

"I must tell you," she said, after a pause, during which both thought of many things stretching back through many years, "that I have just promised to marry Mr. Crawford."

VANCE AND HIS VIRGINIA COUSIN.

TOWNSEND'S acquaintance with his Virginia cousins had, as might have been expected, prolonged itself into a visit to Carlyle Hall; and he was on the eve of departure, after a stay of two weeks in that delightful refuge, before he realized how much his fancy had begun to twine around the place and its inmates.

Sentiment for the young creature who was its ruling spirit he did not admit, other than the natural tribute of his age and sex to hers. Nor did he give her credit for more than temporary feeling on any point disconnected with her strong local attachments. Her father, her home, and those she grandiosely

called her "people" — meaning, he supposed, the individuals indebted to Providence for having been born within the limits of her State — were the objects of Eve's warm affection.

Vance felt sure her courteous thought of him was the result of only transmitted consideration for a guest. So soon as he should quit the pleasant precincts of the Hall, he feared he must put aside his claim to even this consideration. This condition of affairs worried our young man more than he cared to admit to himself. To no one else would he have confessed that the fortnight had been spent by him in a daily effort to impress upon her a personality widely different from her conception of it. Now, at the end of his enterprise, he was conscious that he had not advanced in the endeavor; and this last evening in her company was correspondingly depressing to his *amour propre*.

They were sitting together in a window-seat of the drawing-room, looking into an old-world garden with box walks, a sundial, and a blaze of tulips piercing the brown mould. From the western sky, facing them, the red light was vanishing, and in the large, dim room a couple of lamps made islands of radiance in a sea of shadows. In the library, adjoining, sat the Colonel, reading, his strong, handsome head seen in profile from where they were.

Sounds of evening in the country, the sweet whistle of a negro in the distance, alone broke the spell of silence brooding over the old house. Vance hesitated to further disturb it, the more so that Evelyn had been in a mood of unusual graciousness. Nor did he, in truth, feel prepared to broach the discussion of certain things he had put off until now.

"To-morrow," he said at last, with a genuine sigh, "I shall be on my way northward, and this beautiful, restful life will be among my has-beens."

"Too restful, I'm afraid," she cried, in her brusque, school-girl fashion. "Your Aunt Myrtle always speaks of Virginia as nothing but a 'cure,' which she is clearly glad to have accomplished and lived down."

"It has been a cure for me in another sense. I wonder if you know what you have done for me?"

"I?"

"Yes. Don't fence with me now. For once, believe in your cousin, who is, after this, going to leave you for a long time in peace. Tell me; when I shall have gone, and that big,

comfortable 'spare room' is put in order again for the next guest, shall you sometimes think of the subject of your missionary labors in the past two weeks?"

"But I have never undertaken to reform you," she said, in a vexed tone. "It is absurd for you to think I imagined myself capable of that. The best I could hope for was that your visit should pass without our coming to open conflict. Papa could tell you I promised him to try that this should be so."

"Then I am indebted to your father for the modicum of personal consideration you have vouchsafed me?"

"And Cousin Josey — yes," she answered, with startling candor. "At the same time, I must say, I like you now better than I believed I ever could. It makes me wish with all my heart I could trust you."

Vance felt a sting that was not all resentment, or all pain. The expression of her eyes, so fearless, so intense, waked in him a feeling that, in the moment they had reached, he desired nothing so much in all the world as to win this "mere girl's" approval. The color deepened in his face, as he said: —

"And yet you have given the author of those verses, who happens to be myself, credit for something in which you could place faith?"

"You — *you*?" she exclaimed, starting violently. "Ah no! Don't destroy my ideals."

"This may be wholesome, but it is certainly not pleasant," he said, praying Heaven for patience.

There was nothing of her customary light spirit of bravado in the manner in which, after a pause, she next spoke to him.

"I hardly know how — for the sake of others, I mean, not on my own account — to ask if it is possible you have not, in connection with me, given a thought to one who was my daily, intimate companion all of last winter."

"That!" he interrupted, with a dry laugh. "Why not arraign her for the wreck of me?"

"You understand me, I see," she said, with meaning. "Let me say this, then: that I hold a trifle with women's hearts to be the most despicable of characters. A man who is too indolent or too infirm of purpose to deny himself the pleasure he gets from watching his progress in a girl's affections is an offender the law may n't reach, but he deserves it should. That he makes his victim old before her time, in his gradual, refined disappointment of her hopes, may not count for much,

in your estimation. But — but — oh! I could not have believed it of the person who wrote those verses!”

There were tears in her honest eyes, a tremor in her young voice. Save for these, Vance, who had walked away from her a dozen steps, would have continued to put distance between himself and this “angel at the gate.”

As it was, he controlled himself sufficiently to return and say, in a hard, strained voice: —

“I shall not attempt to change your estimate of me. But I am glad you have given me an opportunity to tell you that on the day I saw you first, I went directly from my aunt’s house to ask Katherine Ainger to be my wife. Some day, when you are older, and know more of the world, and take broader views of poor humanity, all these things may seem to you different. Then you may, perhaps, admit that, with all my faults, I could never be such a cad as you have pictured. In the little time that we are together now, please, let us say no more about it.

He walked away, joining the Colonel, to engage that unsuspecting gentleman in an exhaustive discussion of politics.

Eve sat for a while in her dusky corner, absorbed in thought. She had decided to say a few words to him, before he should go, that might contribute to her relief rather than his. But Vance gave her no opportunity to speak any words to him, except those of conventional farewell. Betimes, next morning, he took leave of his cousins; and the Virginia episode was over.

After he had left, Eve locked herself in her room, and gave way to a burst of tears.

AT LAST.

EVE and her father took advantage of a perfect Sunday for the excursion up Mount Vesuvius.

In a landau with two horses, — a third to be annexed on the ascent, — they traversed the long street formed by the villages of San Giovanni, La Barra, Portici, and Resina, stretching from the parent city — a street suggesting in the matter of population a series of scattered ant-hills. Such a merry, dirty, shameless horde of all ages, who, abandoning the dens they called homes, had issued forth under the sun blazing even at that early hour of morning in his vault of blue, to bivouac in

the open highway, was never seen! Marketing, chaffering, vending, gossiping, cooking, eating, drinking, performing the rites of religion and of the toilet, the hum of their voices was like the note of some giant insect. It was when a stranger's carriage came in sight that the air became suddenly vocal with shrill cries for alms; vehicles and horses were surrounded, escorted by noisy beggars, whose half-naked children offered flowers, or turned somersaults perilously near the wheels.

Resina passed, they could breathe more freely. The street turmoil was succeeded by the peace of a country road mounting between lava walls, over which glimpses of sea, of deep-red clover in fields, of vineyard or lemon grove, were finally succeeded by glorious, unobstructed views of the mountains, bay, and city. In the region of recent overflows, they saw the most curious spectacle, to the newcomer, of fertile garden-strips of green, where clung tiny houses, pink or whitewashed, daring the mute monster overhead, while close beside them the mountain-side was streaked with ominous stains marking the spots where other homes had defied him just one day too long.

Higher still, in the track of the overflow of 1872, they experienced the striking effect of entering into a valley of desolation between walls of living green. Here, the lava in settling had wreathed itself into the forms of dragons couchant, of huge serpents, and other monstrous shapes that lay entwined as if asleep. Up above, arose the main cone of the crater, smooth as a heap of gunpowder, vast, majestic, cloud-circled; taking upon itself in the intense light a blooming purple tint; the smoke issuing from its summit now soon melting into space, now showing dense and threatening.

Evelyn, in whom the novelty as well as beauty of the scene had aroused fresh spirit, looked more like her old self than her fond father had seen her for many a long day. But it is fortunately not given to parents, however solicitous, to see all the workings of young minds; and the good gentleman would have been indeed surprised had he divined the mainspring of her animation. While he was indulging in a few mild objections to the length and slowness of the drive, the rapacity of wayside beggars, the heat of the sun, etc., such as naturally occur to the traveller unsupported by sentimental hopes, to our young lady the condition of motion was a necessity, and the act of getting upward a relief.

For the plain truth was that, since the last talk with Ralph,

Evelyn had given rein to a thousand emotions repressed, during the months gone by, with stern self-chiding.

Until now, recalling the year before when Vance had left her to an unavailing sense of regret for her harsh judgment of him, she had hardly realized what their intercourse together had meant to her. But the period of his visit was, in fact, succeeded by one in which her salt of life had lost its savor; and Evelyn, to her dismay, found that her affections had gone from her keeping to this man's, acknowledged to have been the suitor of her friend.

That Katherine had refused Vance, and straightway married another lover, made very little difference to one of Eve's rigid creed in these matters. To her, love declared was love unchangeable; with all her heart she pitied Vance for his disappointment, and blamed herself for having repeatedly wounded him without reason. By means of this mode of argument, she had naturally succeeded in raising Townsend to the pedestal of a martyred hero, which, it may be conceived by those of colder judgment, did not lessen his importance in the girl's imagination.

As the months had gone on, and she had had nothing from him save packages of books and prints sent according to promise, as to a polite entertainer who is thus agreeably disposed of by the beneficiary of hospitality extended, her feelings had taken on the complexion of hopeless regret for an irrevocable past. What Eve had henceforth to do, according to her own strict ordinance, was to live down the impulse that made her give her heart unasked. The stress of these emotions had, in spite of her brave efforts, so worked upon her health that the Colonel, as fond of home as a limpet of his rock, determined to try for her the change of air and experience, resulting as we have seen.

And now, on this dazzling day, a "bridal of earth and sky" in one of the loveliest spots upon earth, she kept saying to herself, "By to-morrow — to-morrow, at latest — he will be with me! And then — and then — and *then* —!"

The carriage halted at a little wayside booth for the sale of wines and fruit. A dark-skinned woman, bearing a tray of glasses, with flasks of the delusive *Lachrymæ Christi* (made from the grapes ripened upon these slopes) came forward to greet them. On Evelyn's side, a hawker, with shells and strings of coral, and coins alleged to have been found imbedded

in the lava near at hand, importuned her. But, rejecting the others, she beckoned to a pretty, bare-legged boy carrying oranges garnished in their own glossy, dark-green leaves; and so busy was she in selecting the best of his refreshing fruit, she hardly observed that another claimant for her attention had appeared close beside the wheel.

"Please go away, my good man," she said at last, laughingly, without giving him a glance. "Indeed, I want nothing you can supply."

"That is a harsh assertion," Vance said, in a low tone meant for her ear, and then proceeded to greet both his cousins outspokenly.

He had reached Naples early that morning; had ascertained at their hotel that they were engaged to start for Vesuvius at a given hour; fearing collision with a party of strangers, had set out alone to walk up the mountain and take his chance of intercepting them; and had waited here for the purpose.

"After you had been journeying all night?" said the Colonel, with unfeigned surprise. "Why, my dear fellow, in your place I should have —"

Just then he intercepted, passing between Evelyn and Vance, a look that startled him. That his sentence remained unfinished nobody observed. The Colonel drew back into his corner, as if he had been shot.

If she had divined her father's feeling, Eve could not have pitied any one who was gaining Vance. And Vance, at that moment, believed all the world to be as happy as himself!

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET, a famous American poet and novelist; born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. In 1854 he went to California, and after working successively as miner, school-teacher, and express-messenger, he entered the office of "The Golden Era," as compositor. He contributed numerous articles to the paper, and was at length transferred to the editorial room. In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint at San Francisco. Upon the establishment of the "Overland Monthly," in 1868, he became its editor. From 1878 to 1885 he was consul successively at Crefeld and Glasgow. Several of his books are collections of tales and sketches originally contributed to periodicals.

He has published: "Outeroppings" (1866), a collection of verse by Californians, edited anonymously; "The Lost Galleon, and Other Tales" (1867); "Condensed Novels" (1867); "The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches" (1870); "Plain Language from Truthful James" (1870), illustrated edition; "The Heathen Chinese" (1871), special edition; "Poems" (1871); "East and West Poems" (1871); "Stories of the Sierras" (1872); "Poetical Works" (1872); "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands, and Other Sketches;" "M'liss" (1873); "Complete Works" (1873); "An Episode of Fiddletown, and Other Sketches" (1873); "Echoes of the Foot-Hills" (1875); "Tales of the Argonauts, and Other Sketches" (1875); "Gabriel Conroy" (1876); "Two Men of Sandy Bar" (1876), a drama; "Thankful Blossom" (1877); "The Story of a Mine" (1878); "The Hoodlum Band, and Other Stories" (1878); "Drift from Two Shores" (1878); "An Heiress of Red Dog, and Other Tales" (1879); "The Twins of Marble Mountain, and Other Stories" (1879); "Complete Works" (1882); "Flip, and Other Stories" (1882); "In the Carquinez Woods" (1884); "On the Frontier" (1884); "Maruja" (1885); "By Shore and Sedge" (1885); "Snow Bound at Eagle's" (1885); "The Queen of the Pirate Isle" (1886); "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" (1887); "Devil's Ford" (1887); "The Crusade of the Excelsior" (1887); "The Argonauts of North Liberty" (1888); "A Phyllis of the Sierras" (1888); "Cressy" (1889); "The Heritage of Dedlow

Marsh, and Other Tales" (1889); "A Waif of the Plains" (1890); "A Ward of the Golden Gate" (1890); "A Sappho of Green Springs, and Other Stories" (1891); "Colonel Starbottle's Client and Other People" (1892); "A First Family of Tasajera" (1892); "Susy" (1893); "Sally Dows, and Other Stories" (1893); "A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories" (1894); "The Bell-Ringer of Angel's, and Other Stories" (1894); "Clarence" (1895); "In the Hollow of the Hills" (1895); "Three Partners"; etc. Characteristic attributes continually in evidence are those thoughtful and artistic attentions to details, which are best described by the word "nicety" — nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This nicety pervades his life and writings. It is a singular quality to be found in combination with its emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one that finishes and polishes as a whole the splendid genius of this deeply sympathetic American poet.

FROM THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY.¹

(From "The Twins of Table Mountain, and Other Stories.")

MR. RIGHTBODY fell again to the examination of his old letters; he did not notice the footsteps of Mrs. Rightbody on the staircase as she passed to her chamber. Had she waited a moment later, she would have seen him rise, and walk to the sofa with a disturbed air and a slight confusion; she would have seen him rise again with an agonized effort, stagger to the table, fumblingly refold and replace the papers in the cabinet, and lock it. He staggered again, reached his hand toward the bell, but vainly, and then fell prone upon the sofa.

And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed, and more indignant at his violation of the doctor's rules, appeared upon the threshold, Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa, dead!

With bustle, with thronging feet, with the irruption of strangers, and a hurrying to and fro, but more than all, with an impulse and emotion unknown to the mansion when its owner was in life, Mrs. Rightbody strove to call back the vanished life, but in vain. The highest medical intelligence, called from its bed at this strange hour, saw only the demonstration of its theories made a year before. Mr. Rightboy was dead — without doubt, without mystery, even as a correct man should die — logically, and indorsed by the highest medical authority.

But, even in the confusion, Mrs. Rightbody managed to

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FRANCIS BRET HARTE

speed a messenger to the telegraph-office for a copy of the despatch received by Mr. Rightbody, but now missing.

In the solitude of her own room, and without a confidant, she read these words : —

“[Copy.]

“TO MR. ADAMS RIGHTBODY, BOSTON, MASS.

“Joshua Silsbie died suddenly this morning. His last request was that you should remember your sacred compact with him of thirty years ago.

(Signed)

“SEVENTY-FOUR.

“SEVENTY-FIVE.”

In the darkened home, and amid the formal condolences of their friends who had called to gaze upon the scarcely cold features of their late associate, Mrs. Rightbody managed to send another despatch. It was addressed to “Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five,” Cottonwood. In a few hours she received the following enigmatical response : —

“A horse-thief named Josh Silsbie was lynched yesterday morning by the Vigilantes at Deadwood.”

The spring of 1874 was retarded in the Californian sierras ; so much so, that certain Eastern tourists who had early ventured into the Yo Semite Valley found themselves, one May morning, snow-bound against the tempestuous shoulders of *El Capitan*. So furious was the onset of the wind at the Upper Merced Cañon, that even so respectable a lady as Mrs. Rightbody was fain to cling to the neck of her guide to keep her seat in the saddle ; while Miss Alice, scorning all masculine assistance, was hurled, a lovely chaos, against the snowy wall of the chasm. Mrs. Rightbody screamed ; Miss Alice raged under her breath, but scrambled to her feet again in silence.

“I told you so !” said Mrs. Rightbody, in an indignant whisper, as her daughter again ranged beside her. “I warned you especially, Alice — that — that —”

“What ?” interrupted Miss Alice, curtly.

“That you would need your chemiloon and high boots,” said Mrs. Rightbody, in a regretful undertone, slightly increasing her distance from the guides.

Miss Alice shrugged her pretty shoulders scornfully, but ignored her mother’s implication.

“You were particularly warned against going into the valley at this season,” she only replied, grimly.

Mrs. Rightbody raised her eyes impatiently.

"You know how anxious I was to discover your poor father's strange correspondent, Alice. You have no consideration."

"But when *you have* discovered him — what then?" queried Miss Alice.

"What then?"

"Yes. My belief is, that you will find the telegram only a mere business cipher, and all this quest mere nonsense."

"Alice! Why, *you* yourself thought your father's conduct that night very strange. Have you forgotten?"

The young lady had *not*, but, for some far-reaching feminine reason, chose to ignore it at that moment, when her late tumble in the snow was still fresh in her mind.

"And this woman, whoever she may be —" continued Mrs. Rightbody.

"How do you know there's a woman in the case?" interrupted Miss Alice, wickedly I fear.

"How do — I — know — there's a woman?" slowly ejaculated Mrs. Rightbody, floundering in the snow and the unexpected possibility of such a ridiculous question. But here her guide flew to her assistance, and estopped further speech. And, indeed, a grave problem was before them.

The road that led to their single place of refuge — a cabin, half hotel, half trading-post, scarce a mile away — skirted the base of the rocky dome, and passed perilously near the precipitous wall of the valley. There was a rapid descent of a hundred yards or more to this terrace-like passage; and the guides paused for a moment of consultation, coolly oblivious, alike to the terrified questioning of Mrs. Rightbody, or the half-insolent independence of the daughter. The elder guide was russet-bearded, stout, and humorous: the younger was dark-bearded, slight, and serious.

"Ef you kin git young Bunker Hill to let you tote her on your shoulders, I'll git the Madam to hang on to me," came to Mrs. Rightbody's horrified ears as the expression of her particular companion.

"Freeze to the old gal, and don't reckon on me if the daughter starts in to play it alone," was the enigmatical response of the younger guide.

Miss Alice overheard both propositions; and, before the two men returned to their side, that high-spirited young lady had urged her horse down the declivity.

Alas! at this moment a gust of whirling snow swept down upon her. There was a flounder, a misstep, a fatal strain on the wrong rein, a fall, a few plucky but unavailing struggles, and

both horse and rider slid ignominiously down toward the rocky shelf. Mrs. Rightbody screamed. Miss Alice, from a confused *débris* of snow and ice, uplifted a vexed and coloring face to the younger guide, a little the more angrily, perhaps, that she saw a shade of impatience on his face.

"Don't move, but tie one end of the 'lass' under your arms, and throw me the other," he said quietly.

"What do you mean by 'lass'—the lasso?" asked Miss Alice disgustedly.

"Yes, ma' am."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"O Alice!" reproachfully interpolated Mrs. Rightbody, encircled by the elder guide's stalwart arm.

Miss Alice deigned no reply, but drew the loop of the lasso over her shoulders, and let it drop to her round waist. Then she essayed to throw the other end to her guide. Dismal failure! The first fling nearly knocked her off the ledge; the second went all wild against the rocky wall; the third caught in a thorn-bush, twenty feet below her companion's feet. Miss Alice's arm sunk helplessly to her side, at which signal of unqualified surrender, the younger guide threw himself half way down the slope, worked his way to the thorn-bush, hung for a moment perilously over the parapet, secured the lasso, and then began to pull away at his lovely burden. Miss Alice was no dead weight, however, but steadily half-scrambled on her hands and knees to within a foot or two of her rescuer. At this too familiar proximity, she stood up, and leaned a little stiffly against the line, causing the guide to give an extra pull, which had the lamentable effect of landing her almost in his arms. As it was, her intelligent forehead struck his nose sharply, and I regret to add, treating of a romantic situation, caused that somewhat prominent sign and token of a hero to bleed freely. Miss Alice instantly clapped a handful of snow over his nostrils.

"Now elevate your arm," she said commandingly.

He did as he was bidden, but sulkily.

"That compresses the artery."

No man, with a pretty woman's hand and a handful of snow over his mouth and nose, could effectively utter a heroic sentence, nor, with his arm elevated stiffly over his head, assume a heroic attitude. But, when his mouth was free again, he said half-sulkily, half-apologetically,—

"I might have known a girl could n't throw worth a cent."

"Why?" demanded Miss Alice sharply.

"Because — why — because — you see — they haven't got the experience," he stammered feebly.

"Nonsense! they have 'nt the *clavicle* — that's all! It's because I'm a woman, and smaller in the collar-bone, that I have n't the play of the fore-arm which you have. See!" She squared her shoulders slightly, and turned the blaze of her dark eyes full on his. "Experience, indeed! A girl can learn anything a boy can."

Apprehension took the place of ill-humor in her hearer. He turned his eyes hastily away, and glanced above him. The elder guide had gone forward to catch Miss Alice's horse, which, relieved of his rider, was floundering toward the trail. Mrs. Rightbody was nowhere to be seen. And these two were still twenty feet below the trail!

There was an awkward pause.

"Shall I pull you up the same way?" he queried. Miss Alice looked at his nose, and hesitated. "Or will you take my hand?" he added in surly impatience. To his surprise, Miss Alice took his hand, and they began the ascent together.

But the way was difficult and dangerous. Once or twice her feet slipped on the smoothly-worn rock beneath; and she confessed to an inward thankfulness when her uncertain feminine hand-grip was exchanged for his strong arm around her waist. Not that he was ungentle; but Miss Alice angrily felt that he had once or twice exercised his superior masculine functions in a rough way; and yet the next moment she would have probably rejected the idea that she had even noticed it. There was no doubt, however, that he *was* a little surly.

A fierce scramble finally brought them back in safety to the trail; but in the action Miss Alice's shoulder, striking a projecting bowlder, wrung from her a feminine cry of pain, her first sign of womanly weakness. The guide stopped instantly.

"I am afraid I hurt you?"

She raised her brown lashes, a trifle moist from suffering, looked in his eyes, and dropped her own. Why, she could not tell. And yet he had certainly a kind face, despite its seriousness; and a fine face, albeit unshorn and weather-beaten. Her own eyes had never been so near to any man's before, save her lover's; and yet she had never seen so much in even his. She slipped her hand away, not with any reference to him, but rather to ponder over this singular experience, and somehow felt uncomfortable thereat.

Nor was he less so. It was but a few days ago that he had

accepted the charge of this young woman from the elder guide, who was the recognized escort of the Rightbody party, having been a former correspondent of her father's. He had been hired like any other guide, but had undertaken the task with that chivalrous enthusiasm which the average Californian always extends to the sex so rare to him. But the illusion had passed; and he had dropped into a sulky, practical sense of his situation, perhaps fraught with less danger to himself. Only when appealed to by his manhood or her weakness, he had forgotten his wounded vanity.

He strode moodily ahead, dutifully breaking the path for her in the direction of the distant cañon, where Mrs. Rightbody and her friend awaited them. Miss Alice was the first to speak. In this trackless, uncharted *terra incognita* of the passions, it is always the woman who steps out to lead the way.

"You know this place very well. I suppose you have lived here long?"

"Yes."

"You were not born here — no?"

A long pause.

"I observe they call you 'Stanislaus Joe.' Of course that is not your real name?" (Mem.—Miss Alice had never called him *any thing*, usually prefacing any request with a languid, "O-er-er, please, mister-er-a!" explicit enough for his station.)

"No."

Miss Alice (trotting after him, and bawling in his ear).—"What name did you say?"

The Man (doggedly).—"I don't know."

Nevertheless, when they reached the cabin, after a half-hour's buffeting with the storm, Miss Alice applied herself to her mother's escort, Mr. Ryder.

"What's the name of the man who takes care of my horse?"

"Stanislaus Joe," responded Mr. Ryder.

"Is that all?"

"No. Sometimes he's called Joe Stanislaus."

Miss Alice (satirically).—"I suppose it's the custom here to send young ladies out with gentlemen who hide their names under an *alias*?"

Mr. Ryder (greatly perplexed).—"Why, dear me, Miss Alice, you allers 'peared to me as a gal as was able to take keer —"

Miss Alice (interrupting with a wounded, dove-like timidity).—"Oh, never mind, please!"

The cabin offered but scanty accommodation to the tourists; which fact, when indignantly presented by Mrs. Rightbody, was explained by the good-humored Ryder from the circumstance that the usual hotel was only a slight affair of boards, cloth, and paper, put up during the season, and partly dismantled in the fall. "You could n't be kept warm enough there," he added. Nevertheless Miss Alice noticed that both Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe retired there with their pipes, after having prepared the ladies' supper, with the assistance of an Indian woman, who apparently emerged from the earth at the coming of the party, and disappeared as mysteriously.

The stars came out brightly before they slept; and the next morning a clear, unwinking sun beamed with almost summer power through the shutterless window of their cabin, and ironically disclosed the details of its rude interior. Two or three mangy, half-eaten buffalo-ropes, a bear-skin, some suspicious-looking blankets, rifles and saddles, deal-tables, and barrels, made up its scant inventory. A strip of faded calico hung before a recess near the chimney, but so blackened by smoke and age that even feminine curiosity respected its secret. Mrs. Rightbody was in high spirits, and informed her daughter that she was at last on the track of her husband's unknown correspondent. "Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five represent two members of the Vigilance Committee, my dear, and Mr. Ryder will assist me to find them."

"Mr. Ryder!" ejaculated Miss Alice, in scornful astonishment.

"Alice," said Mrs. Rightbody, with a suspicious assumption of sudden defence, "you injure yourself, you injure me, by this exclusive attitude. Mr. Ryder is a friend of your father's, an exceedingly well-informed gentleman. I have not, of course, imparted to him the extent of my suspicions. But he can help me to what I must and will know. You might treat him a little more civilly—or, at least, a little better than you do his servant, your guide. Mr. Ryder is a gentleman, and not a paid courier."

Miss Alice was suddenly attentive. When she spoke again, she asked, "Why do you not find something about this Silsbie—who died—or was hung—or something of that kind?"

"Child!" said Mrs. Rightbody, "don't you see there was no Silsbie, or, if there was, he was simply the confidant of that—woman?"

A knock at the door, announcing the presence of Mr. Ryder and Stanislaus Joe with the horses, checked Mrs. Rightbody's speech. As the animals were being packed, Mrs. Rightbody for a moment withdrew in confidential conversation with Mr. Ryder, and, to the young lady's still greater annoyance, left her alone with Stanislaus Joe. Miss Alice was not in good temper, but she felt it necessary to say something.

"I hope the hotel offers better quarters for travellers than this in summer," she began.

"It does."

"Then this does not belong to it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Who lives here, then?"

"I do."

"I beg your pardon," stammered Miss Alice, "I thought you lived where we hired — where we met you — in — in — You must excuse me."

"I'm not a regular guide; but as times were hard, and I was out of grub, I took the job."

"Out of grub!" "job!" And *she* was the "job." What would Henry Marvin say? It would nearly kill him. She began herself to feel a little frightened, and walked towards the door.

"One moment, miss!"

The young girl hesitated. The man's tone was surly, and yet indicated a certain kind of half-pathetic grievance. Her curiosity got the better of her prudence, and she turned back.

"This morning," he began hastily, "when we were coming down the valley, you picked me up twice."

"I picked *you* up?" repeated the astonished Alice.

"Yes, *contradicted* me: that's what I mean, — once when you said those rocks were volcanic, once when you said the flower you picked was a poppy. I did n't let on at the time, for it was n't my say; but all the while you were talking I might have laid for you —"

"I don't understand you," said Alice haughtily.

"I might have entrapped you before folks. But I only want you to know that *I'm* right, and here are the books to show it."

He drew aside the dingy calico curtain, revealed a small shelf of bulky books, took down two large volumes, — one of botany, one of geology, — nervously sought his text, and put them in Alice's outstretched hands.

"I had no intention —" she began, half-proudly, half embarrassedly.

"Am I right, miss?" he interrupted.

"I presume you are, if you say so."

"That's all, ma'am. Thank you!"

Before the girl had time to reply, he was gone. When he again returned, it was with her horse, and Mrs. Rightbody and Ryder were awaiting her. But Miss Alice noticed that his own horse was missing.

"Are you not going with us?" she asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed!"

Miss Alice felt her speech was a feeble conventionalism; but it was all she could say. She, however, *did* something. Hitherto it had been her habit to systematically reject his assistance in mounting to her seat. Now she awaited him. As he approached, she smiled, and put out her little foot. He instantly stooped; she placed it in his hand, rose with a spring, and for one supreme moment Stanislaus Joe held her unresistingly in his arms. The next moment she was in the saddle; but in that brief interval of sixty seconds she had uttered a volume in a single sentence, —

"I hope you will forgive me!"

He muttered a reply, and turned his face aside quickly as if to hide it.

Miss Alice cantered forward with a smile, but pulled her hat down over her eyes as she joined her mother. She was blushing.

Mr. Ryder was as good as his word. A day or two later he entered Mrs. Rightbody's parlor at the Chrysopolis Hotel in Stockton, with the information that he had seen the mysterious senders of the despatch, and that they were now in the office of the hotel awaiting her pleasure. Mr. Ryder further informed her that these gentlemen had only stipulated that they should not reveal their real names, and that they should be introduced to her simply as the respective "Seventy-Four" and "Seventy-Five" who had signed the despatch sent to the late Mr. Rightbody.

Mrs. Rightbody at first demurred to this; but, on the assurance from Mr. Ryder that this was the only condition on which an interview would be granted, finally consented.

"You will find them square men, even if they are a little rough, ma'am. But if you'd like me to be present, I'll stop; though I reckon, if ye'd kalkilated on that, you'd have had me take care o' your business by proxy, and not come yourself three thousand miles to do it."

Mrs. Rightbody believed it better to see them alone.

"All right, ma'am. I'll hang round out here; and ef ye should happen to hev a ticklin' in your throat, and a bad spell o' coughin', I'll drop in, careless like, to see if you don't want them drops. *Sabe?*"

And with an exceedingly arch wink, and a slight familiar tap on Mrs. Rightbody's shoulder, which might have caused the late Mr. Rightbody to burst his sepulchre, he withdrew.

A very timid, hesitating tap on the door was followed by the entrance of two men, both of whom, in general size, strength, and uncouthness, were ludicrously inconsistent with their diffident announcement. They proceeded in Indian file to the centre of the room, faced Mrs. Rightbody, acknowledged her deep courtesy by a strong shake of the hand, and, drawing two chairs opposite to her, sat down side by side.

"I presume I have the pleasure of addressing —" began Mrs. Rightbody.

The man directly opposite Mrs. Rightbody turned to the other inquiringly.

The other man nodded his head, and replied, —

"Seventy-Four."

"Seventy-Five," promptly followed the other.

Mrs. Rightbody paused, a little confused.

"I have sent for you," she began again, "to learn something more of the circumstances under which you gentlemen sent a despatch to my late husband."

"The circumstances," replied Seventy-Four quietly, with a side-glance at his companion, "panned out about in this yer style. We hung a man named Josh Silsbie, down at Dead-wood, for hoss-stealin'. When I say *we*, I speak for Seventy-Five yer as is present, as well as representin, so to speak, seventy-two other gents as is scattered. We hung Josh Silsbie on squar, pretty squar, evidence. Afore he was strung up, Seventy-Five yer axed him, accordin' to custom, ef ther was enny thing he had to say, or enny request that he allowed to make of us. He turns to Seventy-Five yer, and —"

Here he paused suddenly, looking at his companion.

"He sez, sez he," began Seventy-Five, taking up the narrative, — "he sez, 'Kin I write a letter?' sez he. Sez I, 'Not much, ole man: ye've got no time.' Sez he, 'Kin I send a despatch by telegraph?' I sez, 'Heave ahead.' He sez, — these is his dientikal words, — 'Send to Adam Rightbody, Boston. Tell him to remember his sacred compack with me thirty years ago.'"

"'His sacred compack with me thirty years ago,'" echoed Seventy-Four, — "his dientikal words."

"What was the compact?" asked Mrs. Rightbody anxiously.

Seventy-Four looked at Seventy-Five, and then both arose, and retired to the corner of the parlor, where they engaged in a slow but whispered deliberation. Presently they returned, and sat down again.

"We allow," said Seventy-Four, quietly but decidedly, "that *you* know what that sacred compact was."

Mrs. Rightbody lost her temper and her truthfulness together. "Of course," she said hurriedly, "I know. But do you mean to say that you gave this poor man no further chance to explain before you murdered him?"

Seventy-Four and Seventy-Five both rose again slowly, and retired. When they returned again, and sat down, Seventy-Five, who by this time, through some subtle magnetism, Mrs. Rightbody began to recognize as the superior power, said gravely: —

"We wish to say, regarding this yer murder, that Seventy-Four and me is equally responsible; that we reckon also to represent, so to speak, seventy-two other gentlemen as is scattered; that we are ready, Seventy-Four and me, to take and holt that responsibility, now and at any time, afore every man or men as kin be fetched agin us. We wish to say that this yer say of ours holds good yer in Californy, or in any part of these United States."

"Or in Canady," suggested Seventy-Four.

"Or in Canady. We wouldn't agree to cross the water, or go to furrin parts, unless absolutely necessary. We leaves the chise of weppings to your principal, ma'am, or being a lady, ma'am, and interested, to any one you may fetch to act for him. An advertisement in any of the Sacramento papers, or a playcard or a handbill stuck unto a tree near Deadwood, saying that Seventy-Four or Seventy-Five will communicate with this yer principal or agent of yours, will fetch us — allers."

Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed and desperate, saw her

blunder. "I mean nothing of the kind," she said hastily. "I only expected that you might have some further details of this interview with Silsbie; that perhaps you could tell me" — a bold, bright thought crossed Mrs. Rightbody's mind — "something more about *her*."

The two men looked at each other.

"I suppose your society have no objection to giving me information about *her*," said Mrs. Rightbody eagerly.

Another quiet conversation in the corner, and the return of both men.

"We want to say that we've no objection."

Mrs. Rightbody's heart beat high. Her boldness had made her penetration good. Yet she felt she must not alarm the men heedlessly.

"Will you inform me to what extent Mr. Rightbody, my late husband, was interested in her?"

This time it seemed an age to Mrs. Rightbody before the men returned from their consultation in the corner. She could both hear and feel that their discussion was more animated than their previous conferences. She was a little mortified, however, when they sat down, to hear Seventy-Four say slowly, —

"We wish to say that we don't allow to say *how* much."

"Do you not think that the 'sacred compact' between Mr. Rightbody and Mr. Silsbie referred to her?"

"We reckon it do."

Mrs. Rightbody, flushed and animated, would have given worlds had her daughter been present to hear this undoubted confirmation of her theory. Yet she felt a little nervous and uncomfortable even on this threshold of discovery.

"Is she here now?"

"She's in Tuolumne," said Seventy-Four.

"A little better looked arter than formerly," added Seventy-Five.

"I see. Then Mr. Silsbie *enticed* her away?"

"Well, ma'am, it *was* allowed as she runned away. But it was n't proved, and it generally was n't her style."

Mrs. Rightbody trifled with her next question. "She was pretty, of course?"

The eyes of both men brightened.

"She was *that*!" said Seventy-Four emphatically.

"It would have done you good to see her!" added Seventy-Five.

Mrs. Rightbody inwardly doubted it; but, before she could ask another question, the two men again retired to the corner for consultation. When they came back, there was a shade more of kindness and confidence in their manner; and Seventy-Four opened his mind more freely.

"We wish to say, ma'am, looking at the thing, by and large, in a far-minded way, that, ez *you* seem interested, and ez Mr. Rightbody was interested, and was, according to all accounts, deceived and led away by Silsbie, that we don't mind listening to any proposition *you* might make, as a lady — allowin' you was ekally interested."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rightbody quickly. "And you will furnish me with any papers?"

The two men again consulted.

"We wish to say, ma'am, that we think she's got papers, but —"

"I *must* have them, you understand," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, "at any price."

"We was about to say, ma'am," said Seventy-Five slowly, "that, considerin' all things, — and you being a lady — you kin have *her*, papers, pedigree, and guaranty, for twelve hundred dollars."

It has been alleged that Mrs. Rightbody asked only one question more, and then fainted. It is known, however, that by the next day it was understood in Deadwood that Mrs. Rightbody had confessed to the Vigilance Committee that her husband, a celebrated Boston millionaire, anxious to gain possession of Abner Springer's well-known sorrel mare, had incited the unfortunate Josh Silsbie to steal it; and that finally, failing in this, the widow of the deceased Boston millionaire was now in personal negotiation with the owners.

Howbeit, Miss Alice, returning home that afternoon, found her mother with a violent headache.

"We will leave here by the next steamer," said Mrs. Rightbody languidly. "Mr. Ryder has promised to accompany us."

"But, mother —"

"The climate, Alice, is over-rated. My nerves are already suffering from it. The associations are unfit for you, and Mr. Marvin is naturally impatient."

Miss Alice colored slightly.

"But your quest, mother?"

"I've abandoned it."

"But *I* have not," said Alice quietly. "Do you remember my guide at the Yo Semite, — Stanislaus Joe? Well, Stanislaus Joe is — who do you think?"

Mrs. Rightbody was languidly indifferent.

"Well, Stanislaus Joe is the son of Joshua Silsbie."

Mrs. Rightbody sat upright in astonishment.

"Yes. But, mother, he knows nothing of what we know. His father treated him shamefully, and set him cruelly adrift years ago; and, when he was hung, the poor fellow, in sheer disgrace, changed his name."

"But, if he knows nothing of his father's compact, of what interest is this?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought it might lead to something."

Mrs. Rightbody suspected that "something," and asked sharply, "And pray how did *you* find it out? You did not speak of it in the valley."

"Oh! I didn't find it out till to-day," said Miss Alice, walking to the window. "He happened to be here, and — told me."

GRIZZLY.

COWARD, — of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage, — whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber, — whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
 Friar Tuck shall live in thee ;
 Thou mayest levy tithe and dole ;
 Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
 From the pilgrim taking toll ;
 Match thy cunning with his fear ;
 Eat, and drink, and have thy fill ;
 Yet remain an outlaw still !

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark, —
 And my language is plain, —
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinees is peculiar.
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply,
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;
 And quite soft was the skies ;
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise ;
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand :
 It was Euchre. The same
 He did not understand ;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve,
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve :
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see, —
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," —
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs, —
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that 's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —
Which the same I am free to maintain.

IN THE MISSION GARDEN.

1865.

FATHER FELIPE.

I **SPEAK** not the English well, but Pachita
She speak for me ; is it not so, my Pancha ?
Eh, little rogue ? Come, salute me the stranger
Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, "Where the heart is,
There live the speech." Ah! you not understand? So!
Pardon an old man, — what you call "ol fogy," —
Padre Felipe!

Old, Señor, old! just so old as the Mission.
You see that pear-tree? How old you think, Señor?
Fifteen year? Twenty? Ah, Señor, just *Fifty*
Gone since I plant him!

You like the wine? It is some at the Mission,
Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred;
All the same time when the earthquake he come to
San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree;
And I am the olive, and this is the garden:
And Pancha we say; but her name is Francisca,
Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her*? No? Ah! it is a story;
But I speak not, like Pachita, the English:
So? If I try, you will sit here beside me,
And shall not laugh, eh?

When the American came to the Mission,
Many arrive at the house of Francisca:
One, — he was fine man, — he buy the cattle
Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him:
And it was Love, — and a very dry season;
And the pears bake on the tree, — and the rain come,
But not Francisca;

Not for one year; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca:
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca, —
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad; . . . but I speak not the English;
So! . . . she stay here, and she wait for her husband:
He come no more, and she sleep on the hillside;
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you not enter?
 Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
 Go, little rogue — stt — attend to the stranger.
 Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother!
 Bless you, he tells it to every stranger:
 Folks about yer say the old man's my father;
 What's your opinion?

“HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?”

Down the picket-guarded lane,
 Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
 Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
 Soldier-like and merry:
 Phrases such as camps may teach,
 Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech,
 Such as “Bully!” “Them's the peach!”
 “Wade in, Sanitary!”

Right and left the caissons drew,
 As the car went lumbering through,
 Quick succeeding in review
 Squadrons military;
 Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
 Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these, —
 “U. S. San. Com.” “That's the cheese!”
 “Pass in, Sanitary!”

In such cheer it struggled on
 Till the battle front was won,
 Then the car, its journey done,
 Lo! was stationary;
 And where bullets whistling fly,
 Came the sadder, fainter cry,
 “Help us, brothers, ere we die, —
 Save us, Sanitary!”

Such the work. The phantom flies,
 Wrapped in battle clouds that rise;
 But the brave — whose dying eyes,
 Veiled and visionary,
 See the jasper gates swung wide,
 See the parted throng outside —
 Hears the voice to those who ride,
 “Pass in, Sanitary!”

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY, an English poet and religious writer; born at Astley, Worcestershire, December 14, 1836; died at Swansea, Wales, June 3, 1879. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, an English clergyman and musician, the author of a Psalmody, from whom she inherited a talent for music. She was the author of many religious and devotional poems, published at various times under the titles of "Bells Across the Snow," "Compensation and other Devotional Poems," "Loyal Responses," "Songs for the Master," "Alpine Poems," etc. She also published several volumes of prose, principally for young people. Since her death her poems have all been collected and published in two volumes, and the story of her life has been told by her sister, Margaret V. Havergal, in "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal."

CHRIST'S RECALL.

RETURN,

O wanderer from my side!

Soon drops each blossom of the darkening wild,
 Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
 Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
 And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
 Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
 Thy footsteps yet may tread in the accepted day.

Return,

O erring, yet beloved!

I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
 And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been;
 I wait to give thee pardon, love and rest.
 Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest?
 Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice,
 To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,

O fallen, yet not lost!

Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
 The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?

When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
 And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
 How did thy weakening heart within thee burn,
 Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return ?

Return,
 O chosen of my love !

Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view ;
 Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
 That very treacherously thou wouldst deal ;
 Now have I seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
 Return ! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me ?
 My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed thee.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

WHAT know we of God's thoughts ? One word of gold
 A volume doth enfold.
 They are — " not ours ! "

Ours ? what are they ? their value and their powers ?
 So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
 Across thy busy brain,
 Only a few remain
 To set their seal on memory's strange consistence ;
 Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
 That we would fain forget ;
 And very few are rich and great and sweet ;
 And fewer still are lasting gain,
 And those most often born of pain,
 Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence. . . .

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
 From dissonance to pure and full accord !
 " My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the Lord,
 Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
 Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
 My thoughts, to yours ; — out of your sight,
 Above your praise."
 O oracle most grand !
 Thus teaching by sublimest negative
 What by a positive we could not understand,
 Or understanding, live !
 And now, search fearlessly
 The imperfections and obscurity,
 The weakness and impurity,
 Of all our thoughts. On each discovery

Write "*Not* as ours!" Then, in every line
 Behold God's glory shine
 In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and True. . . .

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
 A point of coolness and repose
 Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
 Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell;
 Which the bright walls of fire enclose
 In breachless splendor, barriers that no foes
 Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
 At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
 A silence at its secret source;—
 A little child might slumber undistressed,
 Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
 In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
 Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire—
 As we fall overawed
 Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
 By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
 Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
 Even in the hollow of His hand—
 Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
 And glorious safety. There we see
 His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
 That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
 With increase of our need; that never change;
 That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite!
 O royal mercy free!
 O gentle climax of the depth and height
 Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange!
 "For I am poor and needy, yet
 The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me.*"

CONSECRATION HYMN.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, *all* for Thee.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will ;

Just to know that He is true,
And be still.

Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth ;

Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.

Just to trust Him, this is all !

Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still ;

Take the training or the task
As He will.

Just to take the loss or gain,
 As He sends it ;
 Just to take the joy or pain,
 As He lends it.
 He who formed thee for His praise
 Will not miss the gracious aim ;
 So to-day and all thy days
 Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
 Little things,
 All we cannot understand,
 All that stings.
 Just to let Him take the care
 Sorely pressing,
 Finding all we let Him bear
 Changed to blessing.
 This is all ! and yet the way
 Marked by Him who loves thee best ;
 Secret of a happy day,
 Secret of His promised rest.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

HE who hath led will lead
 All through the wilderness ;
 He who hath fed will feed ;
 He who hath blessed will bless ;
 He who hath heard thy cry
 Will never close His ear ;
 He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
 Will not forget thy tear.
 He loveth always, faileth never ;
 So rest on Him to-day, forever.

He who hath made thee whole
 Will heal thee day by day ;
 He who hath spoken to thy soul
 Hath many things to say ;
 He who hath gently taught
 Yet more will make thee know ;
 He who so wondrously hath wrought
 Yet greater things will show.
 He loveth always, faileth never ;
 So rest on Him to-day, forever.

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS.

HAWEIS, HUGH REGINALD, an English clergyman and general writer; born at Egham, Surrey, April 3, 1838. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, receiving the degree of M.A. in 1864. After filling two curacies, he was appointed rector of St. James's Church, Marylebone, and afterward of St. James's, Westminster. In 1868 he became editor of "Cassell's Magazine." He is the author of "Music and Morals" (1871), in which he expounds the emotional theory of music; "Thoughts for the Times" (1872); "Speech in Season," "Current Coin," "Arrows in the Air," "American Humorists" (1873), "Poets in the Pulpit," "Picture of Paul the Disciple," "The Conquering Cross," and other works. His terse and vigorous language and a rare capacity for exposition have given his score of books a wide circulation.

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

(From "Music and Morals.")

I.

THE English are not a musical people, and the English are not an artistic people. But the English are more artistic than musical; that is to say, they have produced better artists than musicians. A country is not musical or artistic when you can get its people to look at pictures or listen to music, but when its people are themselves composers and artists. It cannot be affirmed that Englishmen are, or ever were, either one or the other. Let us explain.

Painting is older, and has had a longer time to develop, than music. There have been great English painters, who have painted in the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish styles; there has even been a really original school of English portrait and landscape painters; and these later years have witnessed some very remarkable and original developments of the art in England; but the spirit of it is not in the people, for all that. The art of our common workmen is stereotyped, not spontaneous. When

our architects cease to copy, they become dull. Our houses are all under an Act of Uniformity.

Music in England has always been an exotic, and whenever the exotic seed has escaped and grown wild on English soil, the result has not been a stable and continuous growth. The Reformation music was all French and Italian; the Restoration music (1650), half French and half German. No one will deny that Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, in Church music — Morley, Ward, Wilbye, in the madrigal, made a most original use of their materials; but the materials were foreign, for all that. At the Restoration, Pelham Humphreys, called by Pepys "an absolute monsieur," is as really French as Sir Sterndale Bennett is really German. Purcell, the Mozart of his time, was largely French, although he seemed to strike great tap-roots into the older Elizabethan period, just as Mendelssohn struck them deep into S. Bach. But all these men have one thing in common — they were composers in England, they were not English composers. They did not write for the people, the people did not care for their music. The music of the people was ballads — the music of the people is still ballads. Our national music vibrates between "When other lips" and "Champagne Charley."

These ballads of all kinds are not exotic: they represent the national music of the English people. The people understand music to be a pleasant noise and a jingling rhythm; hence their passion for loudness, and for the most vulgar and pronounced melody. That music should be, to language what language is to thought, a kind of subtle expression and counterpart of it; that it should range over the wordless region of the emotions, and become in turn the lord and minister of feeling, sometimes calling up images of beauty and power, at others giving an inexpressible relief to the heart by clothing its aspirations with a certain harmonious form — of all this the English people know nothing. And as English music is jingle and noise, so the musician is the noisemaker for the people, and nothing more. Even among the upper classes, except in some few cases, it has been too much the fashion to regard the musician as a kind of servile appendage to polite society; and no doubt this treatment has reacted disastrously upon musicians in England, so that many of them are or become what society assumes them to be — uncultivated men in any true sense of the word. And this will be so until music is felt here, as it is



THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC

From a Painting by E. Hamman

in Germany, to be a kind of necessity — to be a thing without which the heart pines and the emotions wither — a need, as of light, and air, and fire.

Things are improving, no doubt. When genius, both creative and executive, has been recognized over and over again as devoted to music, even a British public has had thoughts of patting the gods on the back. There is a growing tendency to give illustrious musicians the same position which has been granted in almost every age and country to illustrious poets and painters. Let us hope that refined musicians, even though not of the highest genius, may ere long meet with a like honorable reception. Why has this not been the case hitherto? I reply, because England is not a musical country. The first step is to awaken in her, or force upon her, the appreciation of music as an art. That is the stage we are now at. The second stage is to create a national school of composers — this is what we hope to arrive at.

The contrast between indigenous art and exotic art is always marked. When the people love spontaneously, there is enthusiasm and reverence for the artist and his work. Where or when in this country will ever be seen a multitude like the crowd which followed Cimabue's picture of the Madonna through the streets of Florence, or the mournful procession that accompanied Mendelssohn to his grave?

When art has to be grafted on to a nation, it is received fastidiously at first — the old tree likes not the taste of the new sap. When the graft succeeds, and the tree brings forth good fruit, the people pluck it and eat it admiringly, but ages sometimes elapse before it becomes a staff of life to them. But let art be indigenous, as in Greece of old, in modern Italy, in Germany, even in France, and every mechanic will carve and sculpt, every boor will sing and listen to real music, every shopman will have an intuitive taste and arrange his wares to the best possible advantage. In India the commonest workman will set colors for the loom in such a manner as to ravish the eye of the most cultivated European artist. In the German refreshment rooms of the great Paris Exhibition there were rough bands working steadily through the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, while the public were never found so intent on *sauer kraut* and sausages as not to applaud vociferously at the end, and sometimes even encore an adagio. Fancy the frequenters of Cremorne encoring a symphony by Mozart!

However, the people have their music, and it is of no use to deny it; and the marks of patronage bestowed upon ballad-mongers, one-eyed harpers, asthmatic flutes, grinders and bands from "Vaterland," are sufficient to inspire the sanguine observer with hopes for the future.

When a man cannot feed himself, the next best thing is to get a friend to do it for him. It cannot be denied that the English of all classes have shown great liberality in importing and paying for all kinds of foreign music as well as in cherishing such scanty germs as there happen to be around them. A musician of any kind is less likely to starve in England than in any other country, from the organ-grinder who lounges with his lazy imperturbable smile before the area railings, as who should say, "If I don't get a copper here I shall round the corner, and no matter," to the sublime maestro (Beethoven) who, abandoned in the hour of sickness and poverty by his own countrymen, received upon his death-bed an honorarium of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society.

English managers were the first who introduced the scale of exorbitant salaries now paid to opera singers and a few of the best instrumentalists. We believe the system began with Malibran; but Paganini was so well aware of our extravagant foible that he doubled the prices of admission whenever he played at the Opera-house. It is the old story — humming-birds at the North Pole and ice in the tropics will be found equally expensive.

We have now said the worst that can be said about music in England; all the rest shall be in mitigation of the above criticism. "May it please your highness," says Griffith, in "Henry VIII.," "to hear me speak his good now."

II.

It is certainly true that if we do not sow the seed we provide an admirable soil. Let the English people once receive an impression, and it will be held with a surprising tenacity. When the now young and fair Madame or Mademoiselle Prima Donna of the period, at the age of one hundred — beautiful forever, but perfectly inaudible — shall advance to the foot-lights to take her farewell benefit, those of us who are still alive will flock to see her, and strew her path with flowers as fadeless as herself.

Among the most hopeful signs of the times we may enumerate the success of Mr. Hullah's system, the recent introduction of the Tonic Sol-fa method, and the immense increase of musical societies throughout the country.

Fifty-five years ago the old Philharmonic was without a rival. Every year some new *chef d'œuvre* was produced, and the English public was taught to expect at each concert two long symphonies, besides classical concertos, relieved only by a song or two as a kind of musical salts to prevent downright collapse. This discipline was thought by some to be too severe; but a little knot of connoisseurs maintained that in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart were to be found the most precious treasures of music, and people hitherto only accustomed to instrumental music as an accompaniment to vocal, began to listen with a growing interest to purely orchestral performances. Haydn and Mozart soon became popular, but Beethoven was long a stumbling-block, and, although held in great veneration, and at all times most liberally treated by the Philharmonic Society, yet even that advanced body took some time to unravel the mysteries of the great C minor, and for years after Beethoven's death his greatest orchestral works were, to a large majority of English ears, as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the old Philharmonic upon musical taste in England; but it did not long stand alone. A gold mine may be opened by a solitary band of diggers, but the road leading to it soon becomes crowded; a thousand other breaches are speedily made. We have seen during the last few years the swarms of daily papers which have sprung up round the "Times;" the same remark applies to the crop of quarterlies around the "Edinburgh;" the cheap magazines round the "Cornhill;" exhibitions round that of 1851; and, we may add, orchestral societies round the old Philharmonic.

We may fairly date the present wave of musical progress in this country from the advent of Mendelssohn. It is now more than thirty years since he appeared at the Philharmonic, and, both as conductor and pianist, literally carried all before him. He brought with him that reverence for art, and that high sense of the artist's calling, without which art is likely to degenerate into a mere pastime, and the artist himself into a charlatan. The young composer read our native bands some

useful lessons. Himself the chevalier of music — *sans peur et sans reproche* — sensitive indeed to criticism, but still more alive to the honor of art, he could not brook the slightest insult or slur put upon music. Gifted with a rare breadth and sweetness of disposition, his ire began to be dreaded as much as he himself was admired and beloved.

At a time when Schubert was known here only by a few songs, Mendelssohn brought over the magnificent symphony in C (lately performed at the Crystal Palace), together with his own "Ruy Blas" overture in MS. The parts of Schubert's symphony were distributed to the band. Mendelssohn was ready at his desk — the bâton rose — the romantic opening was taken — but after the first few lines, signs of levity caught the master's eye. He closed the score; the gentlemen of the band evidently considered the music rubbish, and, amid some tittering, collected the parts, which were again deposited in the portfolio.

"Now for your overture, Mendelssohn!" was the cry.

"Pardon me!" replied the indignant composer; and, taking up his hat, he walked out of the room.

"Ruy Blas" went back to Germany, but the lesson was not soon forgotten.

After living among us just long enough to complete and produce his masterpiece, the "Elijah," at Birmingham, he died (1847), leaving behind him an illustrious school of disciples, of whom Sir Sterndale Bennett may be named chief, and to that new school, as well as to the old-established Philharmonic Society, may be traced the rapid increase of orchestral societies and orchestral concerts in England. In looking back through the last fifteen years, the difficulty is to choose one's examples.

The growing popularity of the orchestra is a sure sign of the popular progress in music. Ballad singing and solo playing, in dealing with distinct ideas and accentuated melodies, and by infusing into the subject a kind of personal interest in the performance, depend upon many quite unmusical adjuncts for their success; but orchestral playing, in dealing chiefly with harmony, brings us directly into the abstract region of musical ideas. The applause which follows "Coming through the Rye" is just as often given to a pretty face or a graceful figure as to the music itself; and when people encore Bottesini, Wieniawski, or Rubinstein, it is often only to have another

stare at the big fiddle, the romantic locks, or the dramatic sang-froid of these incomparable artists; but the man who applauds a symphony applauds no words or individuals—he is come into the region of abstract emotion, and if he does not understand its sovereign language, he will hear about as much as a color-blind man will see by looking into a prism. It is a hopeful sign when the people listen to good German bands in the streets. A taste for penny ices proves that the common people have a glimmering of the strawberry creams which Mr. Gunter prepares for sixpence; and the frequent consumption of ginger-pop and calves'-head broth indicates a confirmed, though it may be hopeless, passion for champagne and turtle-soup. No one will say that the old Philharmonic in any sense supplied music for the people, but the people heard of it, and clamored for it, and, in obedience to the spirit of the age the man arose who was able to give them as near an approach to the loftier departments of music as the masses could appreciate.

The immortal Mons. Jullien, who certainly wielded a most magical white bâton, and was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, attracted immense, enthusiastic, and truly popular crowds to his truly popular concerts. Knowing little about the science of music, and glad, says rumor, to avail himself of more learned scribes in arranging his own matchless polkas and quadrilles, he had the singular merit of finding himself on all occasions inspired with the most appropriate emotions. From the instant he appeared before a grateful public to the moment when, exhausted by more than human efforts, he sank into his golden fauteuil, Mons. Jullien was a sight! The very drops upon his Parian brow were so many tributary gems of enthusiasm to the cause of art. Not that Mons. Jullien ever lost his personality, or forgot himself in that great cause. The wave of his silken pocket-handkerchief, with the glittering diamond rings, seemed to say, "There, there, my public! the fire of genius consumes me—but I am yours!"

But, without further pleasantries, it must be acknowledged that the irresistible Jullien took the English public by storm, and having won, he made an admirable use of his victory. Besides his band in London, detachments travelled all over the country, and spread far and wide currents of the great central fire that blazed in the metropolis.

Those grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and sent its echoes reverberating through the mimic fortress of Gibraltar, or the magic caves presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps! Happy hours! many of us, since grown to years of discretion, may remember them in the days of our early youth! No summer evenings in the open air seem now so full of ecstasy; no fireworks explode with such regal and unprecedented splendor; must it be confessed? no music can come again with such a weird charm as that which filled the child's ear and ravished the child's heart with a new and ineffable tremor of delight. But it was the music, not the scenery, not the fireworks alone. It was hardly a display of fireworks, assisted by Mons. Jullien's band—it was Mons. Jullien's band accompanied by fireworks! It would be wrong, however, to imply that these concerts were supported merely by big drums and sky-rockets.

I do not think Mons. Jullien ever got due credit for the large mass of good classical music he was in the habit of introducing. Besides the finest German overtures were heard movements from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's symphonies admirably executed; of course without the repose and intellect of a classical conductor, but without offensive sensationalism, and with perfect accuracy.

Upon the shoulders of the late Mr. Mellon descended the mantle of Mons. Jullien. If Mellon's concerts lacked the romance and unapproachable fire that went out with the brilliant Frenchman, they retained all that could be retained of his system, and gave it additions which his perseverance had made possible, but which he had probably never contemplated. There was also the same care in providing the first soloists.

Bottesini, whose melodies floated in the open air over the Surrey Gardens, and filled the world with a new wonder and delight, was again heard under the dome of Covent Garden.

M. Sivori—the favorite pupil of Paganini, who seems to have inherited all the flowing sweetness of the great magician without a spark of his demoniac fury—appeared, and filled those who remembered the master with a strange feeling, as though at length,

“Above all pain, yet pitying all distress,”

the master's soul still flung to earth faint fragments from the choirs that chime

“After the chiming of the eternal spheres.”

Mons. Levy on the cornet, and Mons. Wieniawski on the violin, are the only other real instrumental sensations that have been produced at these concerts.

At any time instrumental genius is rare, and of the numbers who are first-rate, only a few feel equal to stilling the noisy, half-trained audiences usually found at promenade concerts. When we have mentioned Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, Rubinstein, and Hallé, on the piano; De Beriot, Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Joachim, on the violin; Linley and Piatti on the violoncello; Dragonetti and Bottesini on the contra-basso; König and Levy on the cornet, the roll of solo instrumentalists during the last fifty years may very nearly be closed. And of the above men, some, like Chopin, Hallé, and Joachim, never cared to face, strictly speaking, popular audiences; but those who did were usually secured by the popular orchestras of Jullien and Mellon, and by the givers of those intolerable bores called monster concerts, which begin early in the afternoon and never seem to end.

III.

The immense advance of the popular mind is remarkably illustrated by the change in the ordinary orchestral programme. We have now Mozart nights, and Beethoven nights, and Mendelssohn nights. Not bits of symphonies, but entire works are now listened to, and movements of them are encores by audiences at Covent Garden. We have heard the Scotch symphony and the “Power of Sound” received with discrimination and applause. A certain critical spirit is creeping into these audiences, owing to the large infusion of really musical people who are on the lookout for good programmes, and invariably support them.

The old and new Philharmonics, the London Musical Society, the performances under Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall, the Sacred Harmonic under Sir W. M. Costa, the Birmingham Festival and the Cathedral Festivals, Jullien, Mellon, Arditi, Rivière, Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, Mr. Henry

Leslie's wonderful choir, and last — and greatest of all — the Crystal Palace band, have no doubt supplied a want, but they have also created one. They have taught thousands to care about good music. They have taught those who did care to be more critical. The time is gone by when the Philharmonic had it all its own way, or when only the wealthy could hear fine music, or when the public generally was thankful for small mercies. The ears of the public have grown sharp. When musical amateurs now go to hear a symphony, they know what they go for, and they know, too, whether they get it. They hear the Italian Symphony by the Crystal Palace band on Saturday afternoon, and not long afterward at the Philharmonic, and there is no possibility of evading a comparison. The members of the Crystal Palace band, from playing every day all the year round together under the same admirable conductor, have achieved an excellence hitherto unknown in England.

The office of conductor is no sinecure. The position of the four or five conductors before the public in England is accurately gauged, and the merits of each aspirant to new fame are eagerly discussed.

Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace band, is the finest classical conductor in England. The refinements gone into by the band in playing Beethoven's symphonies are only to be compared to the rendering of Beethoven's sonatas by M. Charles Hallé. The wind is simply matchless, and blows as one man; the wind accompaniment in the Italian symphony to the slow movement commonly called "The March of the Pilgrims," has all the evenness and dead accuracy of the keyboard. But it is more than a keyboard — it is a keyboard with a soul — it sounds like an inspired organ. Where Mr. Manns appears to us to be absolutely impeccable is in his rendering of Schubert, and the great orchestral overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn. Not that any one in England could produce Schumann's works as he does, but the name of Robert Schumann opens up a field of absorbing inquiry which we must not allow ourselves at present to enter upon.

The late Mr. Mellon, without the fire of genius, brought great vigor of talent, perseverance, and ingenuity to bear upon his band. The French brilliancy of Jullien was replaced in Mellon by a careful calculation of effect. In comparing his band with that of the Crystal Palace, we must always remem-

ber that he was less favorably situated in three particulars. His band was larger and less choicely selected, it rehearsed less frequently, and was bound to cater for rough, mixed audiences. His work was thus less noble, but more popular. To adapt the words of the late Dr. Whewell, in speaking of the poets Longfellow and Tennyson, "He was appreciated by thousands whose tastes rendered them inaccessible to the harmonies of the greater masters."

The continuation of Mellon's concerts under Signor Arditi and M. Jullien (*fils*) were not equally successful. The theatre was never half full, and the performances indifferent.

The same concerts under Signor Bottesini must be spoken of in very different terms. The classical music was not so well done, but the *ensemble* was admirable; and the presence of a master, though a somewhat careless one, was felt throughout. Signor Bottesini's opera-conducting delighted even a Paris audience. His classical taste is also excellent; the simplest accompaniment played by him, and the simplest selection arranged by him, display the same tact and genius; nor is it wonderful to find him pass from the skilled soloist to the conductor's desk, and wield the bâton with a grace and power worthy of the first contra-basso in the world.

A strange new figure startled the public out of all composure and gravity during the season of 1868, and a paragraph to record so popular and exceptional a talent will not here be out of place. Every night, in the middle of the concert, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and mustache, would step jauntily on to the platform vacated by Signor Bottesini. His appearance was the signal for frantic applause, to which, fiddle and bow in hand, he bowed good-humoredly; then, turning sharp round, he would seem to catch the eye of every one in the band, and raising his violin bow, would plunge into one of those rapturous dance tunes which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments; then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle-strings, the clear twanging of the Strauss violin would be heard for some moments above all the rest. Presently the orchestra sways as one man into the measure, which flows capriciously — now tearing along, then suddenly languishing, at the will of the magical and electric violin. Johann Strauss danced, pit

and boxes danced, the very lights winked in time; everybody and everything seemed turned into a waltz or a galop by yonder inexorable "pied piper," until some abrupt clang brought all to a close, and the little man was left bowing and smiling, and capering backward, to an audience beside themselves with delight. Nothing of the kind has been seen in England before, and all that can be said is that of its kind it is simply inimitable.

It is a transition as sudden as any to be found in the Strauss dances to pass from Herr Strauss to Sir William Sterndale Bennett.

The Cambridge musical professor's conducting possesses great charm for all admirers of real classical music — it is full of refinement and quiet power. It is much to be regretted that he no longer holds any post as conductor, having resigned the Philharmonic bâton. This illustrious musician has been long popular in Germany, as the letters of Schumann and Mendelssohn alike testify, and the English people cannot any longer be accused of blindness to his distinguished merits.

Mr. W. G. Cusins at the Philharmonic has won great favor with that critical audience. The care which he bestows on rehearsals, the careful, though sometimes quaint selection of his programmes, the noble soloists and the new *chef d'œuvres* which he has produced, have made the last few seasons among the most brilliant of many brilliant predecessors.

We have reserved the name of Sir Michael Costa until now, that we might speak of him in connection with the opera and oratorio. About the progress or decadence of the opera we can here say but little. We regard it, musically, philosophically, and ethically, as an almost unmixed evil. Its very constitution seems to us false, and in Germany, either tacitly or avowedly, it has always been felt to be so.

Mozart no doubt wrote operas, but the influence of Italy was then dominant in music, and determined its form even in Germany. The "Climenza di Tito" in its feebleness is a better illustration of this than "Don Juan" in its great might. Schubert in "Alfonso and Estrella" broke down, hopelessly hampered by stage requirements. Spohr's "Jessonda" was never successful, and he abandoned opera writing. Weber singularly combined the lyric and dramatic elements, and succeeded in making his operas of "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" almost

philosophical without being dull. Mendelssohn has left us no opera because he was dissatisfied with every *libretto* offered him. We can hardly regret this, as he has selected instead the truer forms of oratorio, cantata, and occasional music, of which take as supreme examples the "Elijah" "Walpurgis Nacht," "Antigone," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." Wagner, in despair, has been driven, in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," into wild theories of opera, devoid, as it seems to us, both of Italian *naïveté* and sound German philosophy. We desire to speak with the greatest respect of Herr Wagner's genius, and also of his opinions, while not agreeing with much of his theory as far as we understand it. Schumann, avoiding all scenic effect, found in "Paradise and the Peri" a form as charming and appropriate as it is true to the first principles of art.

Beethoven wrote the best opera in the world simply to prove that he could do everything, but the form was even then a concession to what was least commendable in German taste; and the overture was written four times over, with the colossal irony of one who, although he would not stoop to win, yet knew how to compel the admiration of the world.

The truth is simple. The opera is a mixture of two things which ought always to be kept distinct — the sphere of musical emotion and the sphere of dramatic action. It is not true, under any circumstances, that people sing songs with a knife through them. The war between the stage and music is inter-necine. We have only to glance at a first-rate libretto, *e. g.*, that of Gounod's "Faust," to see that the play is miserably spoiled for the music. We have only to think of any stock opera to see that the music is hampered and impeded in its development by the play. Controversy upon this subject will, of course, rage fiercely. Meanwhile irreversible principles of art must be noted.

Music expresses the emotions which attend certain characters and situations, but not the characters and situations themselves, and the two schools of opera have arisen out of this distinction. The Italian school wrongly assumes that music can express situations, and thus gives prominence to the situations. The German school, when opera has been forced upon it, has striven with the fallacy involved in its constitution by maintaining that the situation must be reduced and made subordinate to the emotion which accompanies it, and which it

is the business of music to express. Thus the tendency of many German operas is to make the scene as ideal as possible. The more unreal the scene, the more philosophical, because the contradiction to common sense is less shocking in what is professedly unreal than in what professes to represent real things, but does so in an unnatural manner. Weber was impelled by a true instinct to select an unreal *mise en scène* in connection with which he was able to express real emotions. "Oberon" and "Der Freischütz" are examples of this.

In every drama there is a progressive history of emotion. This, and not the outward event, is what music is fitted to express, and this truth has been seized by Germany, although in a spirit of compromise. In the Italian school the music is too often nothing but a series of situations strung together by flimsy orchestration and conventional recitatives.

In the German and Franco-German schools of Weber, Meyerbeer, and Gounod, the orchestra is busy throughout developing the history of the emotions. The recitatives are as important as the arias, and the orchestral interludes as important as the recitatives. Wagnér, in his anxiety to reduce the importance of situations and exalt that of emotions, bereaves us of almost all rounded melody in the "Lohengrin." Weber, in "Oberon," works out his choruses like classical movements, almost independently of situations. Meyerbeer greatly reduces the importance of his arias in the "Prophète;" and Gounod, in "Faust," runs such a power of orchestration through the whole opera, that not even the passionate scene in the garden can reduce the instruments which enhance the intensity of its emotional elements to a secondary importance.

In spite of all drawbacks, it is not difficult to see why the opera does, and probably will for some time, retain its popularity. The public in all ages are children, and are led like children. Let one person clap, and others are sure to follow. Let a clown but laugh, and the whole house will giggle. A long drama is a little dull without music; much music is a little dull without scenery. Mix the two, in however unreasoning a manner, and the dull or intellectual element in each is kept out of sight, and will be swallowed unsuspectingly. It is the old story of the powder in the jam.

I say nothing against music being associated with situations, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or as in an oratorio. It is only when music is made part of the situation that

it is misapplied. Let the event be in all cases left to the imagination; but if it be expressed, then the more imaginative and suggestive the expression, the less the violence done to common sense. The cantata and the oratorio are the forms which, with some modification, will probably prevail over the opera. When Mr. Santley appears in Exeter Hall as Elijah, in a tail-coat and white kid gloves, no one is offended, and every one is impressed, because he does not pretend to reproduce the situation, but merely to paint in words and music its appropriate emotion, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of the audience. But let Mr. Santley put on a camel's-hair shirt, and appear in the otherwise wild and scanty raiment of the Hebrew prophet—let him sing inside a pasteboard cave, or declaim from the summit of a wooden Carmel, and our reverence is gone—our very emotions at the sublime music are checked by the farcical unreality of the whole thing.

Herr Rubinstein once entertained, perhaps still entertains, the idea of putting the whole of Genesis on the stage with sacred music, and thought that England's reverence for the Bible would pave the way for the production of sacred opera in this country; he was much disappointed on being told that it was precisely Englishmen's traditional sense of reverence for the Bible stories which would not suffer them to witness its scenes brought before the footlights. This is perfectly true. But why is it so? Because, the more strongly we feel the importance of a story, the less can we bear to see it presented in a perfectly irrational manner, such as opera presentation must always be.

Sir Michael Costa is the most popular conductor in England. Without putting forward, as far as we know, any definite theories on the subject of romantic and classical music, he has accepted facts, and done the best that could be done for the opera and the concert-room. To Signor Arditì's knowledge of stage effect, he unites a breadth of conception, a wide sympathy, and a powerful physique, which enable him to undertake, and to carry through, oratorios on a scale hitherto unknown.

The dramatic gifts and sensational effects which are almost out of place in Exeter Hall, are all needed in coping with the extended space, and the multitudinous band and chorus of the Handel orchestra or the Albert Hall performances. Sir Michael Costa is felt to be the only man equal to such a task. On these occasions the fewer solos the better. The "Israel in Egypt" is the only kind of thing which is of the slightest use under the central

transept. Even Mendelssohn's choruses are thrown away. No one heeds the intricate arabesque work of the violins and subtle counterpoint of the wind. The crowded scores of modern composers were never intended for, and should never be produced before, giant audiences. But still less should great singers tear themselves to pieces simply in contending with space. Mr. Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is no better than a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey. The acoustic properties of the Albert Hall are very much superior to those of the Crystal Palace transept, although some rearrangement of the orchestra and redistribution of the chorus is manifestly needed before either can be heard to real advantage.

We might be expected here to notice the various societies of sacred music, but the subject is too wide, embracing ecclesiastical music generally, and we cannot now enter upon it. We may, however, observe, in passing, the popular progress made in this department. The people of London in 1868 listened to shilling oratorios for the first time at the Agricultural Hall in the East, and St. George's Hall in the West End of London. And who cannot bear joyful witness to the change that has passed over the choirs of churches and chapels during the last twenty years?

Music is thus approaching in England to what it has ever been in Germany — a running commentary upon all life, the solace of a nation's cares, the companion of its revelry, the minister of its pleasure, and the inspired aid to its devotion.

IV.

If we now enter for a moment the music-halls of the metropolis, we shall notice that the happy change is extending downward. The members of our cathedral choirs do not disdain to produce before these once despised, and, it must be confessed, sometimes equivocal audiences, the part-songs of Mendelssohn and the ballads of Schubert.

In the better-class establishments whole evenings pass without anything occurring on the stage to offend the delicacy of a lady; while, if we go lower, we shall find the penny gaffs and public-house concerts coarse it may be, but, on the whole, moral, and contrasting most favorably with anything of the kind in France. It must be understood that I am alluding merely to the musical portion of these entertainments. Of late years the general increase of ballets and vulgar clap-trap comic songs has not tended to elevate the tone of our music-halls.



CRYSTAL PALACE, MAIN HALL

(London)

There is one other branch of strictly popular music which seems to be considered beneath the attention of serious critics; but nothing popular should be held beneath the attention of thoughtful people — we allude to the Negro Melodists now best represented by the Christy Minstrels. About twenty years ago, a band of enthusiasts, some black by nature, others by art, invaded our shores, bringing with them what certainly were nigger bones and banjos, and what professed to be negro melodies. The sensation which they produced was legitimate, and their success was well deserved. The first melodies were no doubt curious and original; they were the offspring of the naturally musical organization of the negro as it came in contact with the forms of European melody. The negro mind, at work upon civilized music, produces the same kind of thing as the negro mind at work upon Christian theology. The product is not to be despised. The negro's religion is singularly childlike, plaintive, and emotional. It is also singularly distinct and characteristic. Both his religion and his music arise partly from his impulsive nature and partly from his servile condition. The negro is more really musical than the Englishman. If he has a nation emerging into civilization, his music is national. Until very lately, as his people are one in color, so were they one in calamity, and singing often merrily with the tears wet upon his ebony cheek, no record of his joy or sorrow passed unaccompanied by a cry of melody or a wail of plaintive and harmonious melancholy. If we could divest ourselves of prejudice, the songs that float down the Ohio River are one in feeling and character with the songs of the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon. We find in them the same tale of bereavement and separation, the same irreparable sorrow, the same simple faith and childlike adoration, the same wild tenderness and passionate sweetness, like music in the night. As might have been supposed, the parody of all this, gone through at St. James's Hall, does not convey much of the spirit of genuine negro melody, and the manufacture of national music carried on briskly by sham niggers in England is as much like the original article as a penny woodcut is like a line engraving. Still, such as it is, the entertainment is popular, and yet bears some impress of its peculiar and romantic origin. The scent of the roses may be said to hang round it still. We cherish no malignant feeling toward those amiable gentlemen at St. James's Hall, whose ingenious fancy has painted them so much blacker than they

really are, and who not unfrequently betray their lily-white nationality through a thin though sudorific disguise; we admit both their popularity and their skill; but we are bound to say that we miss, even in such pretty tunes as "Beautiful Star," the distinctive charm and original pathos which characterized "Mary Blane" and "Lucy Neal."

I cannot close without alluding to a very different class of music.

As opera is the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, so that class of cabinet music called string quartets is the most intellectual. The true musician enters, as it were, the domestic sanctuary of music when he sits down to listen to, or to take part in a string quartet. The time has gone by when men like Lord Chesterfield could speak of a fiddler with contempt. Few men would now inquire with the languid fop what fun there could be in four fellows sitting opposite each other for hours and scraping catgut; most people understand that in the same process the cultivated musician finds the most precious opportunities for quiet mental analysis and subtle emotional meditation.

The greatest masters wrote their choicest thoughts in this form — it is one so easily commanded and so satisfying. The three varieties of the same instrument — violin, viola, and violoncello — all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar quality, embrace an almost unlimited compass, and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

The quartet is a musical microcosm, and is to the symphony what a vignette in water-colors is to a large oil painting. The great quartet writers are certainly Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Haydn is the true model. He attempts nothing which four violins cannot do; the parts are exquisitely distributed, scrupulous injustice is done to each instrument, and the form is perfect. Mozart's quartet is equally perfect as such, but much bolder and more spontaneous. Beethoven carried quartet writing, as he did every other branch of music, into hitherto untrodden regions, but, with the sure instinct of the most balanced of all geniuses, never into inappropriate ones. Fascinating as are the quartets of Spohr and Mendelssohn, as quartets I am bound to place them below the above great models. Spohr seldom distributes his parts fairly; it is usually first violin with string accompaniment. Mendelssohn frequently forgets the limits of the legitimate quartet; orchestral effects are constantly being

attempted, and we pine at intervals for a note on the horn, while the kettle-drum is occasionally suggested. Schubert can wander on forever with four instruments, or anything else — mellifluous, light-hearted, melancholy, fanciful by turns. When he gets half way through there is no reason why he should not leave off, and when he gets to the end there is no reason why he should not go on. But in this process form and unity are often both lost.

The characteristics of Schumann require separate attention. Under the general heading of cabinet music would be comprised the addition of the piano-forte in trios, quartets, and quintets, as also the addition of a horn, a flute, or a clarinet in sextets and octets. Variety is always pleasant, but none of these combinations equal the string quartet in beauty of form, or real power and balance of expression. The piano in a trio will eke out a good deal, but it usually results in the strings accompanying the piano, or the piano accompanying the strings. Mendelssohn's two trios are small orchestral whirlwinds, and quite unique, but the trio form might be seriously demurred to as inappropriate.

On the other hand, one feels the piano-forte in a quartet, or even a quintet, as a kind of interloper — a sort of wasp in a beehive — a sort of cuckoo in a hedge-sparrow's nest. One would rather see the natural bird there; one would rather have the second violin in its place. Again, in octets and sextets, splendid as are some of these compositions, we feel the orchestral form is the one aimed at, and consequently the poverty of the adopted one is constantly making itself felt. Space compels us to speak most generally and without even necessary qualification on these points, and we pass on to the quartet playing that has of late years come before the public.

Mysterious quartets in back rooms and retired country houses becoming more and more frequent, the experiment of public performances was at last made; but they were to be for the few. The Musical Union, under Mr. Ella's direction, was one of the first societies which provided this luxury every season. It soon met with a formidable rival in the quartet concerts at Willis's Rooms, under Messrs. Sainton, Hill, Piatti, and Cooper. But the man and the hour were still to come. The concerts were too select and too expensive. Mr. Chappell flew to the rescue with a chosen band of heroes, foremost among whom must always stand M. Joachim.

M. Joachim is the greatest living violinist; no man is so nearly to the execution of music what Beethoven was to its composition. There is something massive, complete, and unerring about M. Joachim that lifts him out of the list of great living players, and places him on a pedestal apart. Other men have their specialties; he has none. Others rise above or fall below themselves; he is always himself, neither less nor more. He wields the sceptre of his bow with the easy royalty of one born to reign; he plays Beethoven's concerto with the rapt, infallible power of a seer delivering his oracle, and he takes his seat at a quartet very much like Apollo entering his chariot to drive the horses of the sun.

The second violin of the usual Monday Popular quartet is Herr Ries, masterly and unobtrusive. The tenor was until lately Mr. Blagrove, who, an admirable first violin and a great orchestral leader, knows how to shine anywhere; the absence of so eminent an English artist from these truly national concerts is a public misfortune. Signor Piatti, the one violoncello player whom the public like best to hear, completes the finest cast ever heard in England. Of course the description of the Monday Popular players must vary from year to year.

Other players of various merits constantly appear. Lotto, Strauss, Wieniawski, and last, but certainly not least, Madame Norman Neruda, are among the best substitutes which have been provided for M. Joachim. Why Mr. Carrodus is so seldom heard we are at a loss to conjecture.

Mr. Charles Hallé is usually seated at the piano, and as long as he is there the presence of a master is felt and acknowledged by all. Madame Schumann and Madame Goddard are also frequently heard at these concerts.

For one shilling any one can get a seat at these concerts where he can hear perfectly, and enjoy the classical music played in the finest style.

Mr. Henry Holmes's quartets at St. George's Hall deserve honorable mention. They afford one more proof of the increasing popularity of such high-class music. Mr. Holmes is a violinist who does honor to our country, and whose reputation is increasing every year. He has for some years been a favorite abroad.

The crowded and attentive audience which assembles every Monday night throughout the season at St. James's Hall is the latest and most decisive proof of the progress of music in Eng-

land. When an audience numbering some thousands is so easily and frequently found, it matters little where it comes from. No doubt many connoisseurs are there, but many others also attend who have cultivated, and are cultivating, a general taste for certain higher forms of music, hitherto almost unknown in England.

V.

No survey of music in England, however cursory, should fail to give some account of so pronounced a character as the Musical Amateur. He may be a depressing subject for contemplation, but he is the best possible index to the musical tastes of a people. Given the musical amateurs of a country, and the music they like, and it is easy to say where the nation is in the scale of musical progress. We place Italy and France below Germany when we see that the ordinary Italian is satisfied with melody and a little noise, the ordinary Frenchman with less melody and more noise, while the German insists upon melody, harmony, and thematic treatment combined.

Who are the English amateurs? What do they like? How do they play and sing? In the following pages these questions will receive some definite answers, and these answers may furnish us with a new clew to the state of music in England.

The first obvious description of musical amateurs is People who play the Piano-forte. In twenty years Mr. Broadwood has sold 45,863 pianos; Mr. Collard, 32,000. About 20,000 are annually issued from the manufactories of Great Britain, while about 10,000 foreign pianos are annually imported. From these figures, I believe, it would not be difficult to show that about 400,000 pianos are at present in use in the British Islands, and that about one million persons at least answer to the description of People who play the Piano-forte.

All these are not amateurs, but most of them are, and the exceptions exist chiefly for their benefit.

Most young ladies play the piano as an accomplishment. A girl's education is as much based on the piano-forte as a boy's is on the Latin Grammar, and too often with similar results. A girl without musical tastes objects to Mozart, as a boy without a classical turn hates Cæsar. Meanwhile it is pleaded that the education of the sexes must be carried on; that some routine must be adopted; that what need not be pursued as an end

is nevertheless good as a means; that the Latin Grammar strengthens a boy's memory, and teaches him to study the meaning of words; that the piano makes a girl sit upright and pay attention to details; and against the school-room view of music as training for mind and body we have nothing to say. But the other prevalent view of music as a necessary accomplishment is more open to objection.

In Germany no girl is ashamed to say she cannot play or sing, but in England such an ill-bred admission would be instantly checked by mamma. The consequence is, that young ladies, whose honest ambition would naturally begin and end with Cramer's exercises in the school-room, are encouraged to trundle through Beethoven's sonatas in the drawing-room, and perhaps pass their lives under the impression that they are able to play the "*Lieder ohne Worte*."

By all means let every girl begin by learning the piano. Such a chance of gaining a sympathetic companion for life should never be thrown away. Even to the unmusical girl it is valuable as a training, but to the musical girl its value is beyond price. As a woman's life is often a life of feeling rather than of action, and if society, while it limits her sphere of action, frequently calls upon her to repress her feelings, we should not deny her the high, the recreative, the healthy outlet for emotion which music supplies. Joy flows naturally into ringing harmonies, while music has the subtle power to soften melancholy by presenting it with its fine emotional counterpart. A good play on the piano has not unfrequently taken the place of a good cry upstairs, and a cloud of ill temper has often been dispersed by a timely practice. One of Schubert's friends used to say that, although often very cross before sitting down to his piano, a long scramble-duet through a symphony, or through one of his own delicious and erratic piano-forte duets, always restored him to good humor.

But if a person is not musical, piano-forte instruction after a certain point is only waste of time. It may be said, "Suppose there is latent talent?" To this we reply that, as a general rule, musical talent develops early or not at all. It sometimes, though very seldom, happens that a musical organization exists with a naturally imperfect ear. In this case it may be worth while to cultivate the ear. But when the ear is bad, and there is no natural taste for music, we may conclude that the soil is sterile, and will not repay cultivation.

If a boy has no taste for classics, when he goes to the University his tutor tells him to study something else for his degree. Why should not a girl try drawing, or painting, or literary composition? Why should the money be spent on her music when she has perhaps shown some other gift? Many a girl with real literary or artistic taste has achieved excellence in nothing because her energies have been concentrated upon the piano, which she will never be able to play, or upon songs which are just as well left unsung. But such performances are otherwise inconvenient. Why am I expected to ask a young lady to play, although I know she cannot play, is nervous, dislikes playing before people, and so forth? How many are there who would fain be spared the humiliation of exposing their weak points! The piano is a source of trouble to them and to their friends. If they cry over their music lesson, their friends groan over the result, and it is difficult to say which is the worst off, the professor who has to teach, the pupil who has to learn, or the people who have to listen. But the cause of music suffers most of all. We have no hesitation in saying that the rubbish-heaps that accumulate every year under the title of piano-forte music, and which do more than anything to vulgarize musical taste in England, owe their existence to the unmusical people who are expected to play the piano. If such are to play at all, then indeed it is better that they should play anything rather than Beethoven and Mendelssohn; but why should they play at all?

The piano is a noble instrument, less scientifically perfect than the violin and less extensive than the organ; it has more resource than the first, and infinitely more delicacy than the second. With the aid of a piano we can realize for ourselves and for others the most complicated orchestral scores, as well as the simplest vocal melody: intricate harmonies lie beneath our ten fingers, and can be struck out as rapidly as the mind conceives them. There is not a single great work in oratorio, in opera, in quartet, in concerto, or in song, which cannot be readily arranged for two or four hands, and be rendered, if not always with the real instrumental or vocal impressiveness, at least with unerring polyphonal accuracy. And, lastly, there has been written expressly for the piano a mass of music which, for sublimity, pathos, variety, and gradation, is equal to anything in the whole realm of musical conception, while in extent it probably surpasses the music written for all other instruments put together.

And now, what are some of the uses to which we apply this noble instrument, this long-suffering piano? When the gentlemen in the dining-room hear that familiar sound upstairs, they know it is time to have tea in the drawing-room. Let us enter the drawing-room after dinner. The daughter of our hostess is rattling away at the keys, and quite ready for a chat at the same time; if conversation comes her way, she can leave the bass out, or invent one, as it is only the "Sonate Pathétique." She has long passed the conscientious stage, when an indifferent or careless performance caused her the least anxiety. She plays her fantasia now as lightly as she rings the bell, not for its own sake, but because it is time for the gentlemen to come up, or for the ladies to begin a little small-talk, or for somebody to make love. When she gets up another sits down, and continues to provide that indispensable stimulant to conversation called "a little music."

It must be admitted that to be a good player is no distinction in English society. It has its reward, no doubt, in the quiet happiness of long hours—hours of loving application; hours of absorption; hours lived in a world of subtle and delicate emotion, such as musical dreamers alone realize; and, above all, real musicians have the luxury of meeting occasionally those who can listen to and understand them. They give, but they also receive. Good players and good listeners are equally happy in each other's society. How seldom they meet in England! how few, even fine amateur pianists, have anything like a musical circle! It is very seldom that a neighborhood can muster the materials for a Mozart or a Beethoven trio, not to say quartet; and seldom that an amateur has the opportunity of playing a concerto of Mendelssohn's with string accompaniments, or any other accompaniment than that of noisy children or general conversation. But no. Late years have witnessed some remarkable combinations, which, however indifferent, are often respectfully listened to.

The harmonium and concertina force themselves upon our attention. There are certain perfect forms and perfect players of both these instruments; but we deal not now with the master workmen, the Regondis, the Blagroves, the Tamplins, and the Engels. The same instrument which in the hands of these men is a thing of beauty and delight, is capable of tempting the musical amateur into wild and tuneless excesses! We will put it to any impartial person, Was there ever found in the house of

an amateur a concertina or harmonium in tune with the piano? Was there ever an amateur who could be deterred from playing these instruments together, however discordant the result? When there is a chance of having a duet, people seem to lose all sense of tune. If the concertina is only about a half semitone flat, the lady thinks she can manage. A little nerve is required to face the first few bars, but before "Il Balen" is over not a scruple remains, and the increasing consternation of the audience is only equalled by the growing complacency of the performers.

The same indifference to tune may be observed in the amateur flute and cornet. Each player has his method of treating the piano, which, as he tells you, is only the accompaniment, and must follow him. If the piano is more than a semitone flat or sharp, the flute inquires whether it cannot be tuned to his instrument. The piano replies that the tuner has just been, and asks whether the flute cannot alter his pitch. This ends in the flute trying to unscrew himself a little. Then he sounds a C with the piano — thinks it is a little better, unscrews a little more, and asks the piano whether that will do. The piano does not know. Cannot flute get a bit flatter? Not a bit. The heat of the room will make it all right, and then they begin.

The cornet is not much better, with this exception, that the cornet is generally ready to play alone, anywhere; for there is this peculiarity about him — he is never tired of playing, as some people are of hearing, the same tunes over and over again, and, after playing them next door for six months every day, if you ask him to your house, he will play them after dinner in your conservatory, with the same touching expression, and crack exactly in the same place. There is a composure about the flute and the cornet, an unruffled temperament, a philosophical calm, and an absolute satisfaction in their respective efforts, which other musicians may envy, but cannot hope to rival. Other musicians feel annoyed at not accomplishing what they attempt; the cornet and the flute tell you at once they attempt what cannot be done.

The organist is disturbed if his organ begins to cipher, the violinist if his string breaks, the pianist if the pedal squeaks; but if the flute is out of tune, or plays octaves by mistake, our friend is easily satisfied after unscrewing and screwing up again; and the cornet, however prone to crack, feels quite happy after putting in a new crook, and fidgeting a little with the pistons.

The amateur violin is seldom heard in mixed society. If

good, as he usually is, he is fastidious about accompanists, still more sensitive about conversation, and won't play. If bad, nobody cares to ask him. However, most of us have come across a fine violin amateur, and enjoyed his playing as much as, perhaps more than, that of many professional artists. It is difficult to speak of the bad violin player without being thought censorious; but we all know the shriek of a slate pencil on a slate, and how bad and wanton little boys use it to torment governesses. Better that than the scratch of a greasy bow on a bad fiddle; and better, too, the boy than the man, for the boy knows he is bad and can be stopped, but the absorbed violinist knows not, neither can he be told, neither can he be stopped.

It is difficult to explain the ascendancy which the violin gains over the minds of its votaries for good or for evil. It can boast of two distinct types of admirers, between which, as between two poles, all the others may be said to vibrate. There is the man with one bad fiddle, who plays much and miserably, and there is the man who cannot play a note, but has collected a room full of splendid violins, most of which remain unstrung. But we must not dwell on this tempting subject. We proceed to notice the lowest form of the solo instrumentalist.

It is the amateur who plays by ear. Ladies will often gratify you by playing a little of Chopin "by ear"—that means, as much as they can recollect of the tune with any kind of bass. It would be well for all young musicians to remember that it is never safe to attempt Chopin, Mendelssohn, and, above all, Schumann, by heart, without a most careful previous study of the notes, and the regular process of committing a piece to memory: even when once learned, the notes should be occasionally used to refresh the memory and insure accuracy.

The difficulty of expressing or reproducing in notes a given musical idea is greater than at first sight appears. A piece of music is heard, it rings in your ears, you try to learn it, or you sit down and try to play it. If you have little musical culture, merely natural taste and a good ear, you will soon satisfy yourself, and you will say, "That is exactly the tune I heard." Probably it is only an imperfect suggestion of what you have heard. There is sure to exist a gap between it and the original piece. When the subject happens to be good music, even small deviations are fatal to the composer's thought, and a slight change will suffice to vulgarize a theme, just as in poetry a word transposed may destroy the power of a fine line. Who

does not see that a note transposed, or left out, or altered, is as fatal to a phrase as the following rearrangement, lately made in our hearing, of one of Mrs. Browning's lines is to the beauty of that line. The verse stands: —

“*O supreme love!* chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee.”

As improved in quotation —

“*O love supreme!* chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee.”

Of course, there can be no harm in a general way of singing and playing by ear to amuse one's self; but how troublesome it is on some occasions to hear people sing and play for your entertainment their so-called reproductions of the opera or classical music, most musicians know very well. But it is not easy to convince them of this; and the poor critic has generally to retire sad and wounded; in short, he is voted a rude, ill natured, or eccentric kind of person, and is hummed and strummed out of court.

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE, a popular English writer of fiction known by his pen-name of "Anthony Hope," was born in Hackney, February 9, 1863. He studied law and began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-four. His first two ventures in "A Man of Mark" (1889), and "Father Stafford" (1890), were unsuccessful. He then wrote a number of short stories for the "St. James Gazette," some of which were republished in a volume entitled "Sport Royal" (1893). His first success was "Mr. Witt's Widow" (1892). This was followed by "A Change of Air" (1893); "The Dolly Dialogues;" "Half a Hero;" "The Prisoner of Zenda;" "The God in the Car;" "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," and "Secret of Wardale Court" (1894); and "Chronicles of Count Antonio" (1895); and "A Little Wizard" and "Phroso" (1896). In 1897 Mr. Hawkins made a tour of America.

SPORT ROYAL.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNALS OF JULIUS JASON, ESQUIRE.

I.

THE SEQUEL TO THE BALL.

HEIDELBERG seems rather a tourist-ridden, hackneyed sort of place to be the mother of adventures. Nevertheless, it is there that my story begins. I had been travelling on the Continent, and came to Heidelberg to pay my duty to the Castle, and recruit in quiet after a spell of rather laborious idleness at Homburg and Baden. At first sight, I made up my mind that the place would bore me, and I came down to dinner at the hotel looking forward only to a bad dinner and an early bed. The room was so full that I could not get a table to myself, and, seeing one occupied only by a couple of gentlemanly looking men, I made for it, and took the third seat, facing one of the strangers, a short, fair young man, with a little flaxen mustache and a soldier-like air, and having the other, who was older,

dark, and clean-shaved, on my left. The fourth seat was empty.

The two gentlemen returned my bow with well-bred negligence, and I started on my soup. As I finished it, I looked up and saw my companions interchanging glances. Catching my eye, they both looked away in an absent fashion, each the while taking out of his pocket a red silk handkerchief and laying it on the table by him. I turned away for a moment, then suddenly looked again and found their eyes on me, and I fancied that the next moment the eyes wandered from me to the handkerchiefs. I happened to be carrying a red handkerchief myself, and thinking either that something was in the wind or perhaps that my friends were having a joke at my expense (though, as I said, they looked well-bred men), I took it out of my pocket, and, laying it on the table, gazed calmly in front of me, my eyes naturally falling on the fair young man.

He nodded significantly to the older man, and held out his hand to me. I shook hands with him, and went through the same ceremony with the other.

"Ah!" said the young man, speaking in French, "you got her letter?"

I nodded.

"And you are willing?"

The first maxim for a would-be adventurer is always to say "yes" to questions. A "no" is fatal to further progress.

"Yes," I answered.

"It will be made worth your while, of course," he went on.

I thought I ought to resent this suggestion.

"Sir," I said, "you cannot possibly mean to suggest" —

The young man laughed pleasantly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "ladies have their own ways of paying debts. If you don't like it —!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," said I, "smiling, 'I misunderstood you.'"

"It is, of course," said the old man, speaking for the first time, and in a loud whisper, "of vital importance that His Royal Highness' name should not appear."

This really began to be mysterious and interesting. I nodded.

"That goes without saying," said the young man. "And you'll be ready?"

"Ready!" I said. "But when?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh, six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"That's early hours."

"Well, you must, you know," he answered.

"And," added the old man, "the Countess hopes you'll come to breakfast afterward at ten."

"I'll be there, never fear," said I, "and it's very kind."

"Bravo!" said the young man, clapping me on the shoulder (for we had risen from table). "You take it the right way."

As may be supposed, I was rather puzzled by this time, and decidedly vexed to find I should have to be up so early. Still the mention of His Royal Highness and the Countess decided me to go on for the present; probably the real man — for, unless it were all a mad joke, there must be a real man — would appear in the course of the evening. I only hoped my new friends would, in their turn, take it in the right way when that happened.

"Have you a servant with you?" asked the young man, as we said good-night.

"No," said I; "I am quite alone."

"You are a paragon of prudence," he answered, smilingly.

"Well, I'll call you, and we'll slip out quietly."

Just as I was getting into bed, the waiter knocked at my door and gave me a note. It bore no address.

"Is it for me?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "You are the gentleman who dined with Herr Vooght and M. Dumergue?"

I supposed I was, and opened the note,

"You are generous and forgiving, indeed," it said (and said it in English). "What reward will you claim? But do be careful. He is dangerous.— M."

"The devil!" I exclaimed.

The next morning I was aroused at five o'clock by my two friends.

"Good-morning, Herr Vooght," said I, looking just between them.

"Good morning," answered the old man.

"Now, my dear fellow, come along. There's a cup of coffee downstairs," said the other, whom I took to be Dumergue.

After coffee, we got into a close carriage with a pair of horses, and drove two or three miles into the country; my companions said little. Dumergue twice asked in a joking way how I felt, and Vooght puzzled me very much by remarking: —

"They are bringing all the necessaries ; but I don't know what they will choose."

When this was said, Dumergue was humming a tune. He went on for five minutes, and then said, with a touch of scorn :—

"My good Vooght, they know our friend's reputation. They will choose pistols."

I could not repress a start. No doubt it was stupid of me not to have caught the meaning of this early expedition before, but it really never struck me that our business might be a duel. However, so it seemed, and apparently I was one of the principals. Dumergue noticed my little start.

"What's the matter ?" he asked.

"Do they know my name ?" said I.

"My dear friend, could you expect the Baron to fight with an unknown man ? The challenge had to be in your name."

I had clearly been the challenger. I was consumed with curiosity to know what the grievance was, and how the Countess was concerned in the matter.

"The Countess assured us," said Vooght, "that she had your authority."

"As fully as if I had been there," I answered, and Dumergue resumed his tune.

I was sincerely glad that the name of my original had been given, for his reputation for swordsmanship had evidently saved me from a hole in my skin. I was a fair hand with a pistol ; but like most of my countrymen, a mere bungler with the rapier. It was very annoying, though, that my friends' exaggerated prudence prevented them mentioning my name ; it would have been more convenient to know who I was.

I had not long for reflection, for we soon drew up by a roadside inn, and, getting out of the carriage, walked through the house, where we were apparently expected, into a field behind. There were three men walking up and down, and two of them at once advanced to meet Vooght and Dumergue. I remained where I was, merely raising my hat, and the third man, a big burly fellow with a heavy black mustache, followed my example.

This one, no doubt, was the Baron. To be frank, he looked a brute, and I had very little hesitation in assuming that the merits of the quarrel must be on my side. I was comforted by this conclusion, as I had no desire to shoot an unoffending person. Preliminaries were soon concluded. I overheard one

of the Baron's representatives mention the word apology, and add that they would meet us half way, but Dumergue shook his head decisively. This defiant attitude became Dumergue very well; but I, for my part, should have been open to reason.

The Baron and I were placed opposite one another at twelve paces. There were to be two shots — unless, of course, one of us were disabled at the first fire; after that, the seconds were to consider whether the matter need go further.

The word was just about to be given, when to my surprise the Baron cried: —

“Stop!”

Every one looked at him in astonishment.

“Before we fire,” he went on, “I wish to ask this gentleman one question. No. I will not be stop’ed.”

His seconds, who had advanced, fell back before his resolute gesture, and he continued, addressing me: —

“Sir, will you do me the honor to answer one question? Are you the person who accompanied —”

Vooght struck in quickly: —

“No names, please!”

The Baron bowed, and began again: —

“On your honor, sir, are you the gentleman who accompanied the lady in question to the masked ball on the night in question?”

These gentlemen were all very diplomatic. I thought I would be diplomatic too.

“Surely this is grossly irregular?” I said, appealing to my supporters.

“I ask for an answer,” said the Baron.

“It’s nothing but a new insult,” said I.

“I have my reasons, and those gentlemen know them.”

This was intolerable.

“You mean to fight, or you don’t, M. le Baron,” said I. “Which is it?”

He shrugged his shoulders.

“Your master is well served,” he said with a sneer.

His seconds looked bewildered; Vooght bit his nails, and Dumergue swore furiously, and coming near me, whispered in my ear: —

“Shoot straight! Stop his cursed mouth for him!”

I had not the least intention of killing the Baron if I could avoid it without being killed myself; but I thought a slight lesson would improve his manners, and, when the word came,

I fired with a careful aim. He evidently meant mischief, for I heard his ball whizz past my ear; I missed him clean, being much out of practice, and, I dare say, rather nervous. I pulled myself together for the second shot, for I saw that my opponent was not to be trifled with, and I should not have been the least surprised to find myself in paradise the next moment. On the word I fired; the Baron fell back with a cry, and simultaneously I felt a tingle in my left hand, and the unmistakable warm ooze of blood. The witnesses ran to my opponent, and raised his head. Dumergue turned round to me.

"Are you hurt?"

"A scratch," I answered, for I found the ball had run up my arm, merely grazing me in its passage.

A hurried consultation followed: then Vooght and Dumergue raised their hats and joined me.

"We had best be off," said Vooght.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No," said Dumergue, with a little disappointment, I thought. "He'll get over it; but he's safe for a week or two. Not a bad shot, Colonel!"

So I was a colonel!

"Now," said Vooght, "we'll drive back, and send you to the Countess."

I had made up my mind to get away from the place as soon as I could, but my curiosity to see the *causa belli* was too strong, and I said I should be delighted to keep my engagement.

Dumergue smiled significantly, and Vooght hurried us into the carriage. We drove back to the town, and then two or three miles into the country again, till we came to a pretty villa, embowered in trees, and standing some two hundred yards back from the road. There was no drive up to the house, a turf walk forming the passage from the highway. Vooght motioned me to get down.

"Don't you accompany me?" I asked.

Dumergue smiled again.

"Oh, no," he said. "Come for us at the hotel, and we'll all be off by the two-o'clock train."

"Unless you are detained," added Vooght.

"I shouldn't be detained, if I were you," said Dumergue dryly. "Who knows? The Baron may die!"

I was quite determined not to be detained, and said so. I was also quite determined not to keep the rendezvous at the

hotel, but to slip away quietly by myself. The Colonel might arrive at any moment.

I watched my friends drive off, and then walked briskly up to the house. A man in livery met me before I had time to ring.

"Are you the gentleman?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to walk straight in? That door, sir. The Countess expects you."

I had my doubts about that, but I walked in, shutting the door swiftly behind me, lest the servant should hear anything. I thought an explosion not improbable.

The room was dim, close curtains shutting out the growing strength of the sunshine. The air was quite thick with the scent of flowers that overpowered without quite smothering the appetizing smell rising from a table profusely spread for breakfast. I had entered softly, and had time to take note of the surroundings before I became aware of a tall, slight figure in white, first moving impetuously toward me, then stopping abruptly in surprise. Presumably, this was the Countess. Charming as she was, with her open blue eyes, fluffy golden hair, and fresh tints, I wondered from what noble house she sprang. However, the fountains of honor are many, and their streams meander sometimes through very winding channels.

The countess stood and looked at me. I bowed and smiled.

"You are naturally surprised," I said, in my smoothest tones.

"I was expecting — another gentleman."

"Yes, I know. I come in his place."

"In his place?" she repeated, in incredulous tones.

"Yes; in the Colonel's place."

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "We need n't mention names."

It suited me perfectly not to mention names.

"I beg pardon," I murmured.

"But how is it possible?" she asked. "Do you know what he was to come for?"

"Oh, yes."

"And he has n't come?"

"No."

She frowned.

"Would n't he come?"

"He could n't. So I came."

"But how did you know anything about it? Did he tell you about the Pr — about the affair?"

"No. I only heard —"

"From him?"

"Yes — that you wanted a champion."

"Oh, that's absurd! Why, you never heard of me!"

"Ah, indeed I have!"

"And — did you recognize me under my new name?"

"Your —"

"My — my title. You know."

"The — he told me that. Must I confess? I jumped at the chance of serving you."

"You had never seen me!"

"Perhaps I had seen your photograph."

She smiled at this, but still looked perturbed.

"Pray don't be distressed," said I. "I am very discreet."

"Oh, I hope so. The Prince" (she spoke in a whisper) "was so urgent about discretion. You have n't seen him?"

"The Prince? No."

"And — when is it to be?"

"I don't quite understand." This was my first truthful remark.

"Why, the duel!"

"Oh, it's all over!"

"Over!"

"Yes — two hours ago."

"And the Baron? No, forgive me. You! Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit. He's hurt."

"Is he dead?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I'm very sorry, Countess. Not quite. Was that necessary?"

"Oh, no. Though he deserved it. He insulted me shamefully."

"Then he did deserve it."

She went off at a tangent.

"What became of my letter?"

"They gave it to me. You only said for the gentleman who dined with your friends."

"Then you read it?" she asked, blushing.

"Yes. How I wish I were the rightful owner of it!"

"Why did n't he come?" she asked again.

"He's going to write and explain."

"And you really came because —"

"May I tell you already? Or have you guessed already?"

She blushed again.

"I don't see what else the Prince could do, you know," she said. "He ought, of course, never to have gone to the ball at all."

"Perhaps not," I answered; "but I suppose he was tempted."

"Do you think very badly of me?"

"I should think you perfection if —"

"Well?"

"You would give me some breakfast."

"Oh, what a shame! You're starving! And after all you have done! Come, I'll wait on you."

My meal was very pleasant. The lady was charming; she satisfied every feeling I had, except curiosity. She was clearly English; equally clearly she was involved with some great people on the Continent. I gathered that the Baron had insulted her when she was with the Prince, and the latter could not, whether for state or domestic reasons, espouse the quarrel. So far I got, but no farther.

"What a debt I owe you!" she said, as she led the way after breakfast to the top of a little tower. An awning was spread overhead, and armchairs on the floor. A cool breeze blew, and stirred her hair.

"I am more than paid!"

"Fancy, if you had been hurt!"

"Better I than the Colonel!" I suggested.

She darted a smile at me.

"Oh, well," she said, "you came and he didn't. I like you best."

It was all very charming, but time was flying, and I began to plan a graceful exit.

"You make it hard to go," I said.

"Yes, I suppose we must go as soon as possible. Herr Vooght said at two o'clock."

I was startled. Delightful as she was, I hardly reckoned on her being one of the party.

"The Prince will be so pleased to see you," she went on.

"Will he?"

"Why, you will have my recommendation!"

"I'm sure it must be all-powerful!"

"But we have two hours before we need start. You must want to rest."

"What a charming tower this is!"



THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG AND COURTYARD

"Yes; such a view. Look, we can see for miles. Only I hate that stretch of dusty road."

I looked carelessly toward the road, along which we had come.

"Look, what a dust!" she said. "It's a carriage! Oh, they'll upset!"

I jumped up. About half a mile off I saw a carriage and pair driven furiously toward the villa. My heart beat.

"Who can it be?" she said.

"Don't be frightened," said I. "Possibly the authorities have found out about the duel."

"Oh!"

"Let me go and see."

"Take care!"

"And in case I have to slip away" —

"I shall go alone. You will join us?"

"Yes. But now, in case" —

"Well?"

"As a reward, may I kiss your hand?"

She gave it me.

"I am glad you came," she said. "Stay, perhaps it's only our friends coming for us."

"I'll go and see."

I was reluctant to cut short our good-by — for I feared it must be final — but no time was to be lost. With another kiss — and upon my honor, I can't swear whether it was her hand or her cheek this time — I rushed downstairs, seized my hat and cane, and dived into the shrubberies that bordered on the turf-walk. Quickly I made my way to within twenty yards of the road, and stopped, motionless and completely hidden by the trees. At that moment, the carriage, with its smoking horses, drew up at the gate.

Dumergue got out; Vooght came next; then a tall, powerful man, of military bearing. No doubt this was the Colonel. They seemed in a hurry; motioning the driver to wait, they walked or almost ran past me up the path. The moment they were by me and round a little curve, I hastened to the gate, and burst upon the driver.

"A hundred marks to the station!"

"But, sir, I am engaged."

"Damn you! Two hundred!" I cried.

"Get in," said he, like a sensible man, bundling back the

nosebags he was just putting on his horses. I leaped in, he jumped on the box, and off we flew quicker even than they had come. As we went, I glanced up at the tower. They were there! I saw Vooght and Dumergue lean over for a moment, and then turn as if to come down. The tall stranger stood opposite the lady, and seemed to be talking to her.

"Faster!" I cried, and faster and faster we went, till we reached the station. Flinging the driver his money, I took a ticket for the first train, and got in, hot and breathless. As we steamed out of the town, I saw, from my carriage window, a neat barouche with a woman and three men in it, driving quickly along the road, which ran by the railway. It was my party! Youth is vain, and beauty is powerful. I bared my head, leaned out of the window, and kissed my hand to the Countess. We were not more than thirty yards apart, and, to my joy, I saw her return my salutation, with a toss of her head and a defiant glance at her companions. The Colonel sat glum and still; Vooght was biting his nails harder than ever; Dumergue shook his fist at me, but, I thought, more in jest than in anger. I kissed my hand again as the train and the carriage whisked by one another, and I was borne on my way out of their reach.

II.

AT THE HÔTEL MAGNIFIQUE.

To a reflective mind nothing is more curious than the way one thing leads to another. A little experience of this tendency soon cured me of refusing to go anywhere I was asked, merely because the prospects of amusement were not very obvious. I always went, taking credit of course for much amiability, and I often received my reward in an unexpected development of something new or an interesting revival of a former episode. It happened a few months after my adventure at Heidelberg, that my brother's wife, Jane Jason, asked me, as a favor to herself, to take a stall at the theatre where a certain actress was, after a long and successful career in the provinces, introducing herself to a London audience. Jane is possessed by the idea that she has a keen nose for dramatic talent, and she assured me that her *protégée* was a wonder. I dare say the woman had some talent, but she was an ugly, gaunt creature of forty, and did not shine in Juliet. At the end of the second act I was bored to

death, and was pondering whether I knew enough of the play to slip out without Jane being likely to discover my desertion by cross-examination, when my eye happened to fall on the stage-box in the first tier. In the centre seat sat a fair, rather stout man, with the very weariest expression that I ever saw on human face. He was such an unsurpassed impersonation of boredom that I could not help staring at him; I could do so without rudeness, as his eyes were fixed on the chandelier in the roof of the house. I looked my fill, and was about to turn away, and go out for a cigarette, when somebody spoke to me in a low voice, the tones of which seemed familiar.

"Ah, impostor, here you are!"

It was Dumergue, smiling quietly at me. I greeted him with surprise and pleasure.

"How is the Baron?" I asked.

"He cheated the — grave," answered Dumergue.

"And the Countess?"

"Hush! I have a message for you."

"From her?" I inquired, not, I fear, without eagerness.

"No," he replied, "from the Prince. He desires that you should be presented to him."

"Who is he?"

"I forgot. Prince Ferdinand of Glottenberg."

"Indeed. He's in London, then?"

"Yes, in that box," and he pointed to the bored man, and added:—

"Come along; he hates being kept waiting."

"He looks as if he hated most things," I remarked.

"Well, most things are detestable," said Dumergue, leading the way.

The Prince rose and greeted me with fatigued graciousness.

"I am very much indebted to you, Mr. Jason," he said, "for —"

I began to stammer an apology for my intrusion into his affairs.

"For," he resumed, without noticing what I said, "a moment's bewilderment. I quite enjoyed it."

I bowed, and he continued.

"The only things I cling to in life, Mr. Jason, are a quiet time at home and my income. You have been very discreet. If you had n't I might have lost those two things. I am very much obliged. Will you give me the pleasure of your com-

pany at supper? Dumergue, the Princess will be delighted to see Mr. Jason?"

"Yes, sir, her Royal Highness will be delighted," answered Dumergue.

"Where was the Princess going?" asked the Prince.

"To a meeting of the Women's International Society for the Promotion of Morality, at the Mansion House, sir."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the Prince.

"His Majesty is much interested in the society, sir."

"I am sure my brother would be. Come along, Mr. Jason."

The Prince and Princess were staying at the Hôtel Magnifique in Northumberland Avenue. We drove thither, and were told that the Princess had returned. Upon further inquiry, made by Dumergue, it appeared that it would be agreeable to her to sup with the Prince and to receive Mr. Jason. So we went into the dining-room and found her seated by the fire. After greeting me, she said to the Prince:—

"I have just written a long account of our meeting to the King. He will be so interested."

She was a small woman, with a gentle manner and a low, sweet voice. She looked like an amiable and intelligent girl of eighteen, and had a pretty, timid air, which made me wish to assure her of my respectful protection.

"My brother," said the Prince, "is a man of catholic tastes."

"It is necessary in a King, sir," suggested Dumergue.

The Prince did not answer him, but offered his arm to his wife, to escort her to the table. She motioned me to sit on her right hand, and began to prattle gently to me about the court of Glottenberg. The Prince put in a word here and there, and Dumergue laughed appreciatively whenever the Princess' descriptions were neat and appropriate—at least, so I interpreted his delicate flattery.

I enjoyed myself very much. The Princess was evidently, to judge from her conversation, a little Puritan, and I always love a pretty Puritan. That rogue Dumergue agreed with all her views, and the Prince allowed his silence to pass for assent.

"We do try at court," she ended by saying, "to set an example to society; and, as the King is unmarried, of course I have to do a great deal."

At this moment a servant entered, bearing a card on a salver. He approached the Princess.

"A gentleman desires the honor of an audience with her Royal Highness," he announced.

"At this time of night!" exclaimed the Princess.

"He says his business will not bear delay, and prays for an interview."

"All business will bear delay," said the Prince, "and generally be the better for it. Who is he?"

"The Baron de Barbot."

"Oh, I must see him," cried the Princess. "Why, he is a dear friend of ours."

I had detected a rapid glance pass between Dumergue and the Prince. The latter then answered:—

"Yes, we must see Barbot. If you will go to the drawing-room, I'll take your message myself."

"That is kind of you," said the Princess, retiring.

"Give me the card," said the Prince, "and ask the Baron to be kind enough to wait a few minutes."

The servant went out, and the Prince turned to me.

"Why did n't you kill him, Mr. Jason?" he asked.

"Is it —" I began.

"Yes, it's your Baron," said Dumergue.

"It's really a little awkward," said the Prince, as though gently remonstrating with fate. "We had arranged it all so pleasantly."

"It would upset the Princess," said Dumergue.

"What upsets the Princess upsets me," said the Prince. "I am a devoted husband, Mr. Jason."

"If there is anything I can do, sir," said I, "rely on me."

"You overwhelm me," said the Prince. "Is there anything, Dumergue?"

"Why, yes, sir. Mr. Jason was at the ball. Why should he have fought, if he was n't?"

"You are right, Dumergue. Mr. Jason, you were at the ball."

"But, sir, I — I don't know anything about the ball."

"It was just like other balls — other *masked* balls," said Dumergue.

"Perhaps a little more so," added the Prince, lighting a cigarette.

"There was a scandal at the last one," Dumergue continued, "and the King strictly forbade any one connected with the Court to go, under pain of his severe displeasure. There had been a rumor that a royal prince was at the one before, and consequently —"

"That royal prince was specially commanded not to go to this one," said the Prince.

"It was bad enough," resumed Dumergue, "that it should be discovered that the Princess' favorite lady-in-waiting, the Countess von Hohstein —"

"Who bore such a high character," interjected the Prince.

"Did go, and moreover, went under the escort of an unknown gentleman — a gentleman whose name she refused to give."

"Was that discovered?" said I.

"It was. This Baron detected her, and, with a view, as we have reason to believe, to compelling her companion to declare himself, publicly insulted her."

"Whereupon," said the Prince, "you very properly knocked him down, Mr. Jason."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"The Princess," continued Dumergue, "was terribly agitated and annoyed at the scandal and the duel which followed. And of course the Countess left the Court, and returned to England."

"To England?"

"Yes; she was a Miss Mason. The King ennobled her at the Princess' request."

I smiled and said:—

"And now there is a question about who her escort was?"

"There is," said Dumergue. "It is believed that the Baron entertains an extraordinary idea that the gentleman in question was no other than —"

"Myself," said the Prince, throwing away his cigarette.

I remembered the Baron's strange questions before the duel.

"Dispose of me as you please, sir," said I.

"Then you were at the ball, and knocked the Baron down!" exclaimed Dumergue.

"A thousand thanks," said the Prince.

"But what are we to do with him now, sir?" asked Dumergue. "The Princess will be expecting him."

"I will go and tell the Princess of Mr. Jason's confession. You go with Mr. Jason, and tell the Baron that the Princess cannot receive him. I want him to see Mr. Jason."

"But, sir," said I, "I did n't fight under my own name."

The Prince was already gone, and Dumergue was half-way downstairs. I followed the latter.

We found the Baron in the smoking-room, taking a cup of

coffee. A couple of men sat talking on a settee near him; otherwise the room was empty.

Dumergue went up to the Baron, I following a step or two behind him. The Baron rose and bowed coldly.

"I am charged," said Dumergue, "to express his Royal Highness' regrets that her Royal Highness cannot have the pleasure of receiving you. She has retired to her apartments."

"The servant told me she was at supper."

"He was misinformed."

"I'm not to be put off like that. I'll have a refusal from the Princess herself."

"I will inform his Royal Highness."

The Baron was about to answer, when he caught sight of me.

"Ah, there's the jackal," he said, with a sneer.

I stepped forward.

"Do you refer to me?" I asked.

"Unless I am wrong in recognizing my former antagonist, Colonel Despard."

This was just what I had anticipated.

Dumergue did not seem surprised either.

"Of course it is Colonel Despard," he said. "You would not be likely to forget him, Baron."

We had been speaking in a low tone, but at Dumergue's sneer, the Baron lost his temper. Raising his voice, he said, almost in a shout:—

"Then I tell Colonel Despard that he is a mean hound."

If I assumed the Colonel's name, I felt I must at least defend it from imputations. I began:—

"Once before, Baron, I chastised"—

I was interrupted. One of the men on the settee interposed, rising as he spoke.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen, but is it Colonel Despard of the Hussars to whom you refer?"

"Yes," said the Baron.

"Then that gentleman is not Colonel Despard," announced our new friend. "I am Colonel Despard's brother-in-law."

For a moment I was at a loss; things were falling out so very unfortunately. Dumergue turned on the stranger fiercely.

"Pray, sir, was your interposition solicited?"

"Certainly not. But if this gentleman says he is Colonel Despard, I take leave to contradict him."

"I should advise you to do nothing of the sort," said I.
"M. Dumergue knows me very well."

"This person," said the Baron, "passed himself off as Colonel Despard, and, by that pretext, obtained from me the honor of a duel with me. It appears that he is a mere impostor."

The other man on the settee called out cheerfully, "Bob, send for the police!"

Dumergue looked rather sheepish; his invention failed him.

"Do either or both of these gentlemen," said I, indicating the Baron and the Colonel's brother-in-law, "call me an impostor?"

"I do," said the Baron, with a sneering laugh.

"I am compelled to assert it," said the other, with a bow.

I had edged near the little table, on which the Baron's coffee had been served. I now took up the coffee-pot and milk-jug. The coffee I threw in the Baron's face, and the milk in that of his ally. Both men sprang forward with an oath. At the same moment the electric light went out, and I was violently pulled back toward the door, and some one whispered, "Vanish as quick as you can. Go home — go anywhere."

"All right, sir," said I, for I recognized the Prince's voice.
"But what are they doing?"

"Never mind; be off." And the Prince handed me a hat.

I walked quickly to the door, and hailed a hansom. As I drove off, I saw the Prince skip upstairs, and a *posse* of waiters rush toward the smoking-room.

I went home to bed.

The next morning, as I was breakfasting, my man told me two gentlemen were below, and wished to see me. I told him to show them up, and the Prince and Dumergue came in, the former wrapped in a fur coat, with a collar that hid most of his face.

"The Prince would like some brandy in a little soda-water," said Dumergue.

I administered the cordial. The Prince drank it and then turned to me.

"Did you get home all right?" he asked.

"Perfectly, sir."

"After you took leave of us, we had an explanation. Mr. Wetherington — it was Mr. Wetherington at whom you threw the milk — was very reasonable. I explained the whole matter, and he said he was sure his brother-in-law would pardon the liberty."

"I'm afraid I took rather a liberty with him."

"Oh," said Dumergue, "we made him believe the milk was meant for the Baron, as well as the coffee. I said we took it *au lait* at Glottenberg."

"It's lucky I thought of turning out the light," said the Prince. "I was looking on, and it seemed about time."

"What did the hotel people say, sir?"

"They are going to sue the Electric Company," said the Prince, with a slight smile. "It seems there is a penalty if the light does n't work properly."

"And the Baron, sir?"

"We kicked the Baron out as a blackmailer," said Dumergue. "He is going to bring an action."

"I return to Glottenberg to-day," concluded the Prince; "accompanied by the Princess and M. Dumergue."

I thought this course very prudent, and said so. "But," I added, "I shall be called as a witness."

"No; Colonel Despard will."

"Well, then —"

"He will establish an *alibi*. *Voilà tout!*"

"I am glad it all ends so happily, sir."

"Well, there is one matter," said the Prince. "I had to tell the Princess of your indiscretion in taking Madame Vooght —"

"Who, sir?"

"Mr. Jason," put in Dumergue, "has not heard that the Countess and Vooght are married."

"Yes," said the Prince, "they are married, and will settle in America. Vooght is a loss; but we can't have everything in this world."

"I hope Herr Vooght will be happy," said I.

"I should think it very unlikely," said the Prince. "But, to return. The Princess is very angry with you. She insists —"

"That I should never be presented to her again?"

"On the contrary; that you should come and apologize in person. Only on condition of bringing you again, could I make my peace for bringing you once."

I was very much surprised, but of course I said I was at the Princess' commands.

"You don't mind meeting us in Paris? We stay there a few days," said Dumergue.

"You see," added the Prince, "Dumergue says there are things called writs, and —"

"I will be in Paris to-morrow, sir."

"I shall be there to-day," said the Prince, rising.

III.

THE MISSION OF THE RUBY.

I could not imagine why the Princess desired to see me. It would have been much more natural to punish the impertinence of which I had no doubt been guilty — I mean, of which it was agreed on all hands that I had been guilty — by merely declining to receive me or see me again. Even the desire for a written apology would have been treating me as of too much account. But she wanted to see me. What I had heard of the Princess' character utterly forbade any idea which ought not to have been, but would have been, pleasant to entertain. No; she clearly wanted me, but what for, I could not imagine.

When I went to claim my audience, the Prince was not visible, nor Dumergue either, and I was at once received by the Princess alone. She was looking smaller and more simple and helpless than ever. I also thought her looking prettier, and I enjoyed immensely the pious, severe, forgiving little rebuke which she administered to me. I humbly craved pardon, and had no difficulty in obtaining it. Indeed, she became very gracious.

"You must come to Glottenberg," she said, "in a few months' time."

"To obey your Royal Highness' commands will be a delightful duty," said I, bowing.

She rose and stood by the fire, "toying" (as the novelists say) with her fan.

"You seem to be an obliging man, Mr. Jason," she said. "You were ready to oblige Madame Vooght."

I made a gesture of half-serious protest.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you would do me a little service."

"I shall be most honored if I may hope to be able to," said I. What did she want?

She blushed slightly, and, with a nervous laugh, said: —

"It's only a short story. When I was a young girl, I was foolish enough, Mr. Jason, to fall in love — or, at least, to think I did. There was a young English *attaché* — I know I can rely

on your perfect discretion — at my father's court, and he — he forgot the difference between us. He was a man of rank, though. Well, I was foolish enough to accept from him a very valuable ring — a fine ruby — quite a family heirloom. Of course, I never wore it, but I took it. And when I married, I — ”

She paused.

“Your Royal Highness had no opportunity of returning it?”

“Exactly. He had left the court. I did n't know where he was, and — and the post was not quite trustworthy.”

“I understand perfectly.”

“I saw in the papers the other day that he was married. Of course I can't keep it. His wife ought to have it — and I dare not — I would prefer not to — send it.”

“I see. You would wish me — ”

“To be my messenger. Will you?”

Of course I assented. She went into an adjoining room, and returned with a little morocco case. Opening it, she showed me a magnificent ruby, set in an old gold ring of great beauty.

“Will you give it him?” she said.

“Your Royal Highness has not told me his name?”

“Lord Daynesborough. You will be able to find him?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And you will — you *will* be careful, Mr. Jason?”

“He shall have it safely in three days. Any message with it, madame?”

“No. Yes — just my best wishes for his happiness.”

I bowed and prepared to withdraw.

“And you must come and tell me — ”

“I will come and make my report.”

“I do not know how to thank you.”

I kissed her hand and bowed myself out, mightily amused, and, maybe, rather touched at the revelation of this youthful romance. Somehow such things are always touching, stupid as they are for the most part. It pleased me to find that the little Princess was flesh and blood.

She followed me to the door, and whispered, as I opened it:

“I have not troubled the Prince with the matter.”

“Wives are so considerate,” thought I, as I went downstairs.

On arriving in England, I made inquiries about Lord Daynesborough. I found that it was seven years since he had abruptly thrown up his post of *attaché* without cause assigned.

After this event, he lived in retirement for some time, and then returned into society. Three months ago he had married Miss Dorothy Codrington, a noted beauty with whom he appeared much in love, and had just returned from his wedding-tour and settled down for the season at his house in Curzon Street. Hearing all this, I thought the little Princess might have let well alone, and kept her ring; but her conduct was no business of mine, and I set about fulfilling my commission. I needed no one to tell me that Lady Daynesborough had better, as the Princess would have phrased it, not be troubled with the matter.

I had no difficulty in meeting the young lord. In spite of the times we live in, a Jason is still a welcome guest in most houses, and before long he and I were sitting side by side at Mrs. Closmadene's table. The ladies had withdrawn, and we were about to follow them upstairs. Daynesborough was a frank, pleasant fellow, and scorned the affectation of concealing his happiness in the married state. In fact, he seemed to take a fancy to me, and told me that he would like me to come and see him at home.

"Then," he said, "you will cease to distrust marriage."

"I shall be most glad to come," I answered, "more especially as I want a talk with you."

"Do you? About what?"

"I have a message for you."

"You have a message for me, Mr. Jason? Forgive me, but from whom?"

I leaned over toward him, and whispered, "The Princess Ferdinand of Glottenberg."

The man turned as white as a sheet, and, gripping my hand, said under his breath:—

"Hush! Surely you—you have n't—she has n't sent it?"

"Yes, she has," said I.

"Good God! After seven years!"

General Closmadene rose from his chair. Daynesborough drank off a very large "whitewash," and added:—

"Come to dinner to-morrow—eight o'clock. We shall be alone; and, for Heaven's sake, say nothing."

I said nothing, and I went to dinner, carrying the ruby ring in my breast-pocket. But I began to wonder whether the little Princess was quite as childlike as she seemed.

Lady Daynesborough dined with us. She was a tall, slen-

der girl, very handsome, and, to judge from her appearance, not wanting in resolution and character. She was obviously devoted to her husband, and he treated her with an affectionate deference that seemed to me almost overdone. It was like the manner of a man who is remorseful for having wounded some one he loves.

When she left us, he returned to the table, and, with a weary sigh, said:—

“Now, Mr. Jason, I am ready.”

“My task is a very short one,” said I. “I have no message except to convey to you the Princess’ best wishes for your happiness on your marriage, of which she has recently heard, and to give you the ring. Here it is.”

“Have women no mercy?” groaned he.

“I beg your pardon?” said I, rather startled.

“She waits seven years—seven years without a word or a sign—and then sends it! And why?”

“Because you’re married.”

“Exactly. Is n’t it—devilish?”

“Not at all. It’s strictly correct. She said herself that your wife was the proper person to have the ring now.”

He looked at me with a bitter smile.

“My dear Jason,” he said, “I have been flattering your acumen at the expense of your morality. I thought you knew what this meant.”

“No more than what the Princess told me.”

“No, of course not, or you would not have brought it. When we parted, I gave her the ring, and she made me promise, on my honor as a gentleman, to come to her the moment she sent the ring—to leave everything and come to her, and take her away. And I promised.”

“And she has never sent till now?”

“I never married till now,” he said bitterly. “What’s the matter with her?”

“Nothing that I know of.”

He rose, went to a writing-table, and came back with a fat paper book—a Continental Bradshaw.

“You’re not going?” I exclaimed.

“Oh, yes. I promised.”

“You promised something to your wife too, did n’t you?”

“I can’t argue it. I must go and see what she wants. I—
I hope she’ll let me come back.”

I tried to dissuade him. I know I told him he was a fool. I think I told him he was a scoundrel. I was not sure of the second, but I thought it wisest to pretend that I was.

"I hope it will be all right," he said, again and again; "but, right or wrong, I must go."

I took an immediate resolution.

"I suppose you'll go by the eleven o'clock train to Paris to-morrow?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, you're wrong. Good-night."

At twelve o'clock the next day, I called in Curzon Street, and sent in my card to Lady Daynesborough.

She saw me at once. I expect that she fancied I had something to do with her husband's sudden departure. She was looking pale and dispirited, and I rather thought she had been crying. Her husband, it appeared, had told her that he had to go to Paris on business, and would be back in three days.

"He did n't tell you what it was?"

"No. Some public affairs, I understood."

"Lady Daynesborough," said I, "you hardly know me, but my name tells you I am a gentleman."

She looked at me in surprise.

"Why, of course, Mr. Jason. But what has that to do —"

"I can't explain. But, if you are wise, you will come with me to Paris."

"Go with you to Paris! Oh! is he in danger?"

"In danger of making a fool of himself. Now, I'll say nothing more. Will you come?"

"It will look very strange."

"Very."

"In fact — most unusual."

"Most."

"Won't there be a — a — scandal, if —"

"Sure to be. Will you come?"

"You must have a reason," she said. "I will come."

We started that evening, nine hours after My Lord, going separately to the station, and meeting on the boat. All through the journey, she scarcely spoke a word. When we were nearing Paris, she asked:—

"Do you know where he is?"

"No; but I can trace him," I replied.

So I could. I bought a paper, and found that Prince and

Princess Ferdinand had, the day before, proceeded from Paris *en route* for Glottenberg. Of course Daynesborough had followed them.

"We must go on," I said.

"Why?"

"Because your husband has gone on."

She obeyed me like a lamb; but there was a look about her pretty mouth that made me doubt if Daynesborough would find her like a lamb.

We went to the principal hotel in Glottenberg. I introduced Lady Daynesborough as my sister, Miss Jacynth Jason, and stated that she was in weak health, and would keep her room for the present. Then I sallied forth, intent on discovering Dumergue; he would be able to post me up in the state of affairs.

On my way, I met the King taking his daily drive. He was a dour, sour-looking, pasty-faced creature, and I quite understood that he would fail to appreciate many of my Prince's characteristics. A priest sat by him, and a bystander told me it was the King's confessor (the Glottenberg family are all of the old church), and added that the King's confessor was no mean power in the state. I asked him where M. Dumergue was lodged, and he directed me to Prince Ferdinand's palace, which stood in a pleasant park in the suburbs of the town.

I found Dumergue in a melancholy condition, though he professed to be much cheered by the sight of me.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you, if anybody, can get us out of this."

"I never knew such people," said I. "What's up now?"

"There has been a — an explosion. Did you ever hear of Daynesborough?"

I said no, and Dumergue told me of the Princess' former *penchant* for him.

"Well?" said I.

"Well, she's invited him here, and he's now in the palace. You may imagine the Prince's feelings."

"I suppose the Prince can turn him out?"

Dumergue shook his head dolefully.

"She holds the trumps," he answered. "Jason, she's a clever woman. We thought we had hoodwinked her. When Daynesborough turned up, looking, I'm bound to say, very sheepish, the Prince was really quite annoyed. He told the

Princess that she must send him away. She refused flatly. 'Then I shall consult my brother,' says the Prince. 'I shall consult the King, too,' said the Princess. 'It's indecent,' said he. 'It's not as bad as taking my ladies to masked balls in disguise,' she answered. 'Oh, you think you imposed on me—you and that clumsy young animal (forgive me, my dear fellow), Jason. I am not an idiot. I knew all the time. And now the King will know, too—unless Lord Daynesborough stays just as long as I like.'"

"Confound her," said I.

"There it is," he went on. "The Prince is furious, the Princess triumphant, and Daynesborough in possession."

"What does he mean to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell? She's a little devil. Fancy pretending to be deceived, and then turning on us like this! You should have heard her describe you, my boy!" and Dumergue chuckled in sad pleasure.

I object to being ridiculed, especially by women. I determined to take a hand in the game. I wondered if they knew that Daynesborough was married.

"I suppose this young Daynesborough enjoys himself?"

"Well, he ought to. He's got nothing to lose; but he seems a melancholy, glum creature. I think he must be one of the King's kidney."

"Or married, perhaps?" I suggested airily.

"Oh, no. She wouldn't have him here, if he were married."

I saw that Dumergue did not yet appreciate the Princess in whose household he had the honor to serve.

"She won't compromise herself, I suppose?"

"Not she!" he replied regretfully. "She may compromise the Prince."

I rebuked him for his cynicism, and promised to consider and let him know if anything occurred to me. My hope lay in Daynesborough. I could see that he was *galant malgré lui*, and I thought I could persuade him that he had done all that his mistaken promise fairly entailed on him; or, if I could not convince him, I had a suspicion that his wife might, could, and would, in a very peremptory fashion, if I brought about an encounter between them. I was full of eagerness, for, apart from my zeal in the cause of morality and domestic happiness,

I did not approve of being called a clumsy young animal. It was neither true nor witty, and surely abuse ought to be one or the other, if it is to be distinguished from mere vulgar scurrility.

I have been told, by those who know the place, that Glottenberg is not, as a rule, a very exciting residence. But for the next four-and-twenty hours, I, at least, had no reason to grumble at a lack of incidents.

The play began, if I may so express myself, by the Princess sending for the doctor. The doctor, having heard from the Princess what she wanted to do, told her what she ought to do; of course I speak from conjecture. He prescribed a visit to her country villa for a week or two, plenty of fresh air, complete repose, and freedom from worry. Dumergue told me that the Princess considered that the terms of this prescription entailed a temporary separation from her husband, and that the Prince had agreed to remain in Glottenberg. The Princess started for her villa at twelve o'clock on Wednesday morning. The distance was but fifteen miles, and she travelled by road in her own carriage, although the main line of railway from Glottenberg to Paris passed within two miles of her destination.

At one o'clock Lord Daynesborough was received by Prince Ferdinand, having requested an interview for the purpose of taking his leave, as he left for Paris by the five o'clock train. Everybody knew that the Prince and Daynesborough were not on cordial terms; but this fact hardly explained Daynesborough's extreme embarrassment and obvious discomfort during the brief conversation. Dumergue escorted him from the Prince's presence, and said that he was shaking like an aspen-leaf or an ill-made blanc mange.

At three o'clock I went to the hotel, and had an interview with Lady Daynesborough. I then returned to the palace, and made a communication to the Prince. The Prince was distinctly perturbed.

"I never thought she would go so far," he said. "It's not that she cares twopence about Daynesborough."

"To what, then, sir, do you attribute —"

"Temper; all temper, Mr. Jason. She is angry about that wretched ball, and she wants to anger me."

"Her Royal Highness is, however, giving a handle to her enemies," I ventured to suggest.

"She must come back to-night," said he. "I won't be made to look like a fool."

"My plan will, I hope, dispose of Lord Daynesborough. If so, your Royal Highness might join the Princess."

"I shan't do anything of the sort. I shall have her brought back."

Apparently there was a reserve of resolution latent somewhere in this indolent gentleman.

"Will you go yourself, sir?"

"No. You must do it."

"I, sir! Surely, M. Dumergue —"

"Dumergue's afraid of her. Will you bring her back?"

"Supposing she won't come?"

"I did n't request you to ask her to come. I requested you to bring her."

I looked at him inquiringly. He inhaled a mouthful of smoke, and added with a nod:—

"Yes, if necessary."

"Will your Royal Highness hold me harmless from the King—or the law?"

"No. I can't. Will you do it?"

"With pleasure, sir."

At ten minutes to five Lady Daynesborough, heavily veiled, and I drove up to the station in a hired cab, and hid ourselves in the third-class waiting-room. At five minutes to five Lord Daynesborough arrived. He wore a scarf up to his nose, and a cap down to his eyes, and walked to the station, unattended and without luggage. He got into a second-class smoking-carriage—one of the long compartments divided into separate boxes by intervening partitions reaching within a yard of the roof, a gangway running down the middle. On seeing him enter, I caught the guard, gave him twenty marks and told him to admit no one except myself and my companion into that carriage. Then I hauled Lady Daynesborough in, and we sat down at the opposite end to that occupied by her husband.

The train started. It was only five-and-twenty minutes' run to the station for the Princess' villa. There was no time to lose.

"Are you ready?" I whispered.

"Yes," she answered, her voice trembling a little.

We rose, walked along, and sat down opposite Lord Daynesborough. He was looking out of the window, although it was dark, and did not turn.

"Lord Daynesborough," said I, "you have forgotten your ticket." And I held out a through ticket to Paris.

He started as if he had been shot.

"Who the devil?" he began — "Jason!"

"Yes," said I. "Here's your ticket."

"I thought you were in England," he gasped.

"No, I am here."

"Spying on my actions?"

"Acquainted with them."

"I'll have no interference, sir. If you know me, you will kindly be silent, and leave me to myself."

Time was passing.

"You are going to Paris with this lady," said I.

"You're insolent, sir — you and your —"

"Don't say what you'll regret. She's your wife."

Well, of course he was very much in the wrong, and looked uncommonly ridiculous to boot. Still, the way he collapsed was rather craven. I withdrew for five minutes. Then I returned, and held out the ticket again. He took it.

"If you will leave us for five minutes, Lady Daynesborough?"

She went into the next box. Then I said: —

"Now, we've only ten minutes. We're going to change clothes. Be quick."

I took off my coat.

"By God, I'll not stand this!"

And he rose.

In a moment I had him by the collar, and was presenting a pistol at his head.

"No nonsense!" I whispered. "Off with them!"

He might have known I would not shoot him in his wife's presence; but I could and would have undressed him with my own hands. Perhaps he guessed this.

"Let me go," he muttered.

I released him, and he took off his coat.

The train began to slacken speed. I called to Lady Daynesborough, who rejoined us.

"You have fulfilled your promise," said I to the young man. "And," I added, turning to her, "I have fulfilled mine. Good-night."

I opened the door and jumped out as we entered the station. I stood waiting till the train started again, but Lord Daynes-

borough remained in his place. I wonder what passed on that journey. She was a plucky girl, and I can only trust she gave him what he deserved. At any rate he never, so far as I heard, ran away again.

I asked my way to the villa and reached it after half an hour's walking. I did not go in by the lodge gates, but climbed the palings, and reached the door by way of the shrubberies. I knocked softly. A man opened the door instantly. He must have been awaiting.

"Is it Milord?" he said in French.

"Yes," I answered, entering rapidly.

"You are expected, Milord."

I did not know his voice and it was dark in the passage.

"I am wet," I said. "Take me to a fire."

"There is one in the pantry," he answered, leading the way.

We reached the pantry, and he turned to light the gas.

Looking at me in the full blaze, he started back, then scrutinized me closely, then exclaimed:—

"What? You are not—"

"Oh, yes, I am. I am Lord Daynesborough."

"It's a lie. You are a robber—a—"

"I am Lord Daynesborough—Lord Daynesborough—Lord Daynesborough!"

At each repetition I advanced a step nearer; at the last I produced my trusty pistol, at the same time holding out a bank-note in the other hand.

He took the note.

"You will stay here," I said, "for the next two hours. You will not come out whatever happens. Is there any one else in the house?"

"One maid, Milord, and a man in the stables."

"Where is the maid?"

"In the kitchen."

"Is the man within hearing?"

"No."

"Good. Is the Princess upstairs?"

"She is, Milord."

I made him direct me to the room, and left him. I thought I would neglect the maid, and go straight to work. I went up to the door to which I had been directed, and knocked.

"Come in," said the gentle, childlike voice.

I went in. The Princess was lying on a sofa by the fire,

reading a paper-covered book. She turned her head with a careless glance.

"Ah, you have come! Well, I almost hoped you would be afraid. I really don't want you."

This reception would probably have annoyed Lord Daynesborough.

"Why should I be afraid?" I asked, mimicking Daynesborough's voice as well as I could.

Meanwhile I quietly locked the door.

"Why, because of your wife. I know you tremble before her."

I advanced to the sofa.

"I have no wife," I said; "and, seeing what I do, I thank God for it."

She leaped up with a scream, loud and shrill.

A door opposite me opened, and a girl rushed in, crying:—

"Madame!"

"Go back!" I said. "Go back!"

She paused, looking bewildered. I walked quickly up to her.

"Go back and keep quiet;" and, taking her by the shoulders, I pushed her back into the next room.

The Princess rushed to the other door, and, on finding it locked, screamed again.

"Nobody," I remarked, "should embark on these things who has not good nerves."

"She recognized me now. Her fright had been purely physical—I suppose she thought I was a burglar. When she knew me, she came forward in a dignified way, sat down on the sofa, and said:—

"Explain your conduct, sir, if you are in a condition to do so."

"I am sober, madame," said I; "and I have two messages for you."

"You present yourself in a strange way. Pray be brief," and she glanced anxiously at the clock.

"Time does not press, madame," said I. "Nobody will come."

"Nobody will — What do you mean? I expect nobody."

"Precisely, madame — and nobody will come."

Her ivory fan broke between her fingers with a sharp click.

"What do you want?" she said.

"To deliver my messages."

"Well?"

"First, Lord Daynesborough offers his apologies for being compelled to leave for Paris without tendering his farewell."

She turned very red, and then very white. But she restrained herself.

"And the other?"

"His Royal Highness requests that you will avail yourself of my escort for an immediate return to Glottenberg."

"And his reasons?"

"Oh, madame, as if I should inquire them!"

"You are merely insolent, sir. I shall not go to-night."

"His Royal Highness was very urgent."

She looked at me for a moment.

"Why had Lord Daynesborough to leave so suddenly?" she asked suspiciously.

"His wife wished it."

"Did she know where he was?"

"Apparently. She followed him to Glottenberg. She arrived there yesterday."

"Now I see — now I understand! I had to deal with a traitor."

"You must bestow trust if you desire not to be deceived, madame. You dared to use me as a go-between."

"You had had practice in the trade."

The Princess had a turn for repartee. I could not have set her right without quite an argument. I evaded the point.

"And yet your Royal Highness thought me a clumsy animal!"

"Oh," she said, with a slight laugh, "it's wounded *amour propre*, is it? Come, Mr. Jason, I apologize. You are all that is brilliant and delightful — and English."

"Your Royal Highness is too good."

"And now, Mr. Jason, your device being accomplished, I suppose I may bid you good-night?"

"I regret, madame, that I must press the Prince's request on your notice."

She sighed her usual impatient, petulant little sigh.

"Oh, you are tiresome! Pray go."

"I cannot go without you, madame."

"I am not going — and my establishment does not admit of my entertaining gentlemen," she said, with smiling effrontery.

"Your Royal Highness refuses to allow me to attend you to Glottenberg?"

"I order you to leave this room."

"Finally refuses?"

"Go."

"Then I must add that I am commissioned, if necessary, to convey your Royal Highness to Glottenberg."

"To convey me?"

I bowed.

"You dare to threaten me?"

"I follow my instructions. Will you come, madame, or —"

"Well?"

"Will you be taken?"

I was not surprised at her vexation. Dumergue had, in his haste, called her a "little devil." She looked it then.

"You mean," she asked slowly, "that you will use force?"

I bowed.

"Then I yield," she said, after a pause. I called the maid, and told her to order the carriage in five minutes. The silence was unbroken till it came round. The Princess went into her room, and returned in cloak and hat, carrying a large muff. She was smiling.

"Ah, Mr. Jason, what can a woman do against men? I am ready. We will go alone. The servants can follow."

I handed her into the coach, ordering the coachman to drive fast. He was the only man with us, and we were alone inside.

I began, perhaps stupidly, to apologize for my peremptory conduct. The Princess smiled amiably.

"I like a man of resolution," she said, edging, I thought, a trifle nearer me, her hands nestling in her muff.

Apparently she was going to try the effect of amiability. I was prepared for this. She would not tempt me in that way.

"Your Royal Highness is most forgiving."

"Oh, that is my way," she answered, with the kindest possible glance, and she came nearer still.

"You are a most generous foe."

She turned to me with a dazzling smile.

"Don't say *foe*," she said, with a pretty lingering on the last word. And as she said it, I felt a knife driven hard into my ribs, and the muff dropped to the ground.

"God in heaven!" I cried.

The Princess flung herself into the corner of the carriage.

"Ha — ha — ha! Ha — ha — ha!" she laughed merrily, musically, fiendishly.

I tried to clutch her, I believed I should have killed her, I was half mad. But the blood was oozing fast from the wound — only the knife itself held my life in. Things danced before my eyes, and my hands fell on my lap.

The carriage stopped, the door opened, and the coachman appeared. It was all like a dream to me.

"Take his feet," said the Princess. The man obeyed, and between them they lifted, or, rather, hauled and pushed me out of the carriage, and laid me by the roadside. I was almost in a faint, and the last thing I was conscious of was a pretty mocking mouth, which said: —

"Won't you escort me, Mr. Jason?" — and then added to the coachman, "To Glottenberg — quick!"

I did not die. I was picked up by some good folk, and well tended. Dumergue arrived and looked after me, and in a couple of weeks I was on my legs.

"Now for Glottenberg!" said I.

Dumergue shook his head.

"You won't be admitted to the town."

"Not admitted!"

"No. They have made it up — for the time. There must be no scandal. Come, Jason, surely you see that?"

"She tried to murder me."

"Oh, quite, quite," said he. "But you can't prosecute her."

"And I am to be turned adrift by the Prince?"

"What use would it be to return? No doubt you annoyed her very much."

"I wish you had undertaken the job."

"I know her. I should have ridden outside."

"It is, then, the Prince's wish that I should not return?"

"Yes. But he charges me to say that he will never forget your friendly services."

I was disgusted. But I would force myself on no man.

"Then I'll go home."

"That would be much the best," he answered, with revolting alacrity.

"I say, Dumergue, what does the Princess say about me?"

"She laughs every time your name is mentioned, and —"

"The devil take her?"

"She says you may keep the knife!"

I have it still, a little tortoise-shell-handled thing, with a sharp — a very sharp — point. On the blade is engraved in German letters, "Sophia." It is a pretty toy, and in its delicacy, its tininess, its elegance, its seeming harmlessness, and its very sharp point, it reminds me much of Princess Ferdinand of Glottenberg.

CORDIAL RELATIONS.

(From "The Dolly Dialogues.")

THE other day I paid a call on Miss Dolly Foster for the purpose of presenting to her my small offering on the occasion of her marriage to Lord Mickleham. It was a pretty little bit of jewelry — a pearl heart, broken (rubies played the part of blood) and held together by a gold pin, set with diamonds, the whole surmounted by an earl's coronet. I had taken some trouble about it, and I was grateful when Miss Dolly asked me to explain the symbolism.

"It is my heart," I observed. "The fracture is of your making: the pin —"

Here Miss Dolly interrupted: to tell the truth I was not sorry, for I was fairly gravelled for the meaning of the pin.

"What nonsense, Mr. Carter!" said she; "but it's awfully pretty. Thanks, so very, very much. Aren't relations funny people?"

"If you wish to change the subject, pray do," said I. "I'll change anything except my affections."

"Look here," she pursued, holding out a bundle of letters. "Here are the congratulatory epistles from relations. Shall I read you a few?"

"It will be a most agreeable mode of passing the time," said I.

"This is from Aunt Georgiana — she's a widow — lives at Cheltenham. 'My dearest Dorothea —'"

"Who?"

"Dorothea's my name, Mr. Carter. It means the gift of heaven, you know."

"Precisely. Pray proceed, Miss Dolly. I did not at first recognize you."

"My dearest Dorothea, I have heard the news of your engagement to Lord Mickleham with deep thankfulness. To

obtain the love of an honest man is a great prize. I hope you will prove worthy of it. Marriage is a trial and an opportunity —”

“Hear, hear!” said I. “A trial for the husband and —”

“Be quiet, Mr. Carter. ‘A trial and an opportunity. It searches the heart and it affords a sphere of usefulness which —’ So she goes on, you know. I don’t see why I need be lectured just because I’m going to be married, do you, Mr. Carter?”

“Let’s try another,” said I. “Who’s that on pink paper?”

“Oh, that’s Georgy Vane. She’s awful fun. ‘Dear old Dolly, — So you’ve brought it off. Hearty congrats. I thought you were going to be silly and throw away —’ There’s nothing else there, Mr. Carter. Look here. Listen to this. It’s from Uncle William. He’s a clergyman, you know. ‘My dear Niece, — I have heard with great gratification of your engagement. Your aunt and I unite in all good wishes. I recollect Lord Mickleham’s father when I held a curacy near Worcester. He was a regular attendant at church and a supporter of all good works in the diocese. If only his son takes after him (fancy Archie!) you have secured a prize. I hope you have a proper sense of the responsibilities you are undertaking. Marriage affords no small opportunities; it also entails certain trials —’”

“Why, you’re reading Aunt Georgiana again.”

“Am I? No, it’s Uncle William.”

“Then let’s try a fresh cast — unless you’ll finish Georgy Vane’s.”

“Well, here’s Cousin Susan’s. She’s an old maid, you know. It’s very very long. Here’s a bit: ‘Woman has it in her power to exercise a sacred influence. I have not the pleasure of knowing Lord Mickleham, but I hope, my dear, that you will use your power over him for good. It is useless for me to deny that when you stayed with me, I thought you were addicted to frivolity. Doubtless marriage will sober you. Try to make good use of its lessons. I am sending you a biscuit tin’ — and so on.”

“A very proper letter,” said I.

Miss Dolly indulged in a slight grimace, and took up another letter.

“This,” she said, “is from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Algernon Foster.”

“A daughter of Lord Doldrums, was n’t she?”

"Yes. 'My dear Dorothea — I have heard your news. I do hope it will turn out happily. I believe that any woman who *conscientiously* does her duty can find happiness in married life. Her husband and children occupy all her time and all her thoughts, and if she can look for few of the *lighter* pleasures of life, she has at least the knowledge that she is of *use* in the world. Please accept the accompanying volumes (it's *Browning*) as a small —' I say, Mr. Carter, do you think it's really like that?"

"There is still time to draw back," I observed.

"Oh, don't be silly. Here, this is my brother Tom's. 'Dear Dol, — I thought Mickleham rather an ass when I met him, but I dare say you know best. What's his place like? Does he take a moor? I thought I read that he kept a yacht. Does he? Give him my love and a kiss. Good luck, old girl. — Tom. P.S. — I'm glad it's not me, you know.'"

"A disgusting letter," I observed.

"Not at all," said Miss Dolly, dimpling. "It's just like dear old Tom. Listen to grandpapa's. 'My dear Granddaughter, — The alliance (I rather like it's being called an alliance, Mr. Carter. It sounds like the Royal Family, does n't it?) you are about to contract is in all respects a suitable one. I send you my blessing, and a small check to help towards your trousseau. — Yours affectionately, Jno. Wm. Foster.'"

"That," said I, "is the best up to now."

"Yes, it's 500," said she, smiling. "Here's old lady M.'s."

"Whose?" I exclaimed.

"Archie's mother's, you know. 'My dear Dorothea (as I suppose I must call you now) — Archibald has informed us of his engagement, and I and the girls (there are five girls, Mr. Carter) hasten to welcome his bride. I am sure Archie will make his wife very happy. He is rather particular (like his dear father) but he has a good heart, and is not fidgety about his meals. Of course we shall be *delighted* to move out of The Towers at once. I hope we shall see a good deal of you soon. Archie is full of your praises, and we thoroughly trust his taste. Archie —' It's all about Archie, you see."

"Naturally," said I.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose I count a little, too. Oh, look here. Here's Cousin Fred's — but he's always so silly. I sha'n't read you his."

"Oh, just a bit of it," I pleaded.

"Well, here's one bit. 'I suppose I can't murder him, so I must wish him joy. All I can say is, Dolly, that he's the luckiest (something I can't read — either fellow or — devil) I ever heard of. I wonder if you've forgotten that evening —'"

"Well, go on." For she stopped.

"Oh, there's nothing else."

"In fact, you have forgotten the evening?"

"Entirely," said Miss Dolly, tossing her head. "But he sends me a love of a bracelet. He can't possibly pay for it, poor boy."

"Young knave!" said I severely. (I had paid for my pearl heart.)

"Then come a lot from girls. Oh, there's one from Maud Tottenham — she's a second cousin, you know — it's rather amusing. 'I used to know your *fiancé* slightly. He seemed very nice, but it's a long while ago, and I never saw much of him. I hope he is really fond of you, and that it is not a mere *fancy*. Since you love him so much, it would be a pity if he did not care deeply for you.'"

"Interpret, Miss Dolly," said I.

"She tried to catch him herself," said Miss Dolly.

"Ah, I see. Is that all?"

"The others aren't very interesting."

"Then let's finish Georgy Vane's."

"Really," she asked, smiling.

"Yes. Really."

"Oh, if you don't mind, I don't," said she laughing, and she hunted out the pink note and spread it before her. "Let me see. Where was I? Oh, here. 'I thought you were going to be silly and throw away your chances on some of the men who used to flirt with you. Archie Mickleham may not be a genius, but he's a good fellow and a swell and rich; he's not a pauper, like Phil Meadows, or a snob, like Charlie Dawson, or —' shall I go on, Mr. Carter? No, I won't. I didn't see what it was."

"Yes, you shall go on."

"Oh, no, I can't" and she folded up the letter.

"Then I will," and I'm ashamed to say I snatched the letter. Miss Dolly jumped to her feet. I fled behind the table. She ran round. I dodged.

"'Or —'" I began to read.

"Stop!" cried she.

“Or a young spendthrift like that man—I forget his name—who you used to go on with at such a pace at Monte Carlo last winter.”

“Stop!” she cried, stamping her foot. I read on.—

“No doubt he was charming, my dear, and no doubt anybody would have thought you meant it; but I never doubted you. Still were n’t you just a little—”

“Stop!” she cried. “You must stop, Mr. Carter.”

So then I stopped. I folded the letter and handed it back to her. Her cheeks flushed red as she took it.

“I thought you were a gentleman,” said she, biting her lip.

“I was at Monte Carlo last winter myself,” said I.

“Lord Mickleham,” said the butler, throwing open the door.

RETRIBUTION.

In future I am going to be careful what I do. I am also—and this is by no means less important—going to be very careful what Miss Dolly Foster does. Everybody knows (if I may quote her particular friend Nellie Phaeton) that dear Dolly means no harm, but she is “just a little harumscarum.” I thanked Miss Phaeton for the expression.

The fact is that “old Lady M.” (here I quote Miss Dolly) sent for me the other day. I have not the honor of knowing the Countess, and I went in some trepidation. When I was ushered in, Lady Mickleham put up her “starers.” (You know those abominations! *Pince-nez* with long torture—I mean tortoise—shell handles.)

“Mr.—er—Carter?” said she.

I bowed. I would have denied it if I could.

“My dears!” said Lady Mickleham.

Upon this five young ladies who had been sitting in five straight-backed chairs, doing five pieces of embroidery, rose, bowed, and filed out of the room. I felt very nervous. A pause followed. Then the Countess observed—and it seemed at first rather irrelevant—

“I’ve been reading an unpleasant story.”

“In these days of French influence,” I began apologetically (not that I write such stories, or indeed any stories, but Lady Mickleham invites an apologetic attitude), and my eye wandered to the table. I saw nothing worse (or better) than the morning paper there.

"Contained in a friend's letter," she continued, focussing the "starers" full on my face.

I did not know what to do, so I bowed again.

"It must have been as painful for her to write as for me to read," Lady Mickleham went on. "And that is saying much. Be seated, pray."

I bowed, and sat down in one of the straight-backed chairs. I also began, in my fright, to play with one of the pieces of embroidery.

"Is Lady Jane's work in your way?" (Lady Jane is named after Jane, the famous Countess, Lady-in-Waiting to Caroline of Anspach.)

I dropped the embroidery, and put my foot on my hat.

"I believe, Mr. Carter, that you are acquainted with Miss Dorothea Foster?"

"I have that pleasure," said I.

"Who is about to be married to my son, the Earl of Mickleham?"

"That, I believe, is so," said I. I was beginning to pull myself together.

"My son, Mr. Carter, is of a simple and trusting disposition. Perhaps I had better come to the point. I am informed by this letter that, in conversation with the writer the other day, Archibald mentioned, quite incidentally, some very startling facts. Those facts concern you, Mr. Carter."

"May I ask the name of the writer?"

"I do not think that is necessary," said she. "She is a lady in whom I have the utmost confidence."

"That is, of course, enough," said I.

"It appears, Mr. Carter — and you will excuse me if I speak plainly — (I set my teeth) that you have, in the first place, given to my son's bride a wedding present, which I can only describe as —"

"A pearl ornament," I interposed; "with a ruby or two, and —"

"A pearl heart," she corrected; "er — fractured, and that you explained that this absurd article represented your heart."

"Mere *badinage*," said I.

"In execrably bad taste," said she. I bowed.

"In fact, most offensive. But that is not the worst. From my son's further statements it appears that on one occasion, at

least, he found you and Miss Foster engaged in what I can only call — ”

I raised my hand in protest. The Countess took no notice.

“What I can only call *romping*.”

She shot this word at me with extraordinary violence, and when it was out she shuddered.

“Romping!” I cried.

“A thing not only atrociously vulgar at all times, but under the circumstances — need I say more? Mr. Carter, you were engaged in chasing my son’s future bride round a table!”

“Pardon me, Lady Mickleham. Your son’s future bride was engaged in chasing me round a table.”

“It is the same thing,” said Lady Mickleham.

“I should have thought there was a distinction,” said I.

“None at all.”

I fell back on a second line of defence.

“I did n’t let her catch me, Lady Mickleham,” I pleaded.

Lady Mickleham grew quite red. This made me feel more at my ease.

“No, sir. If you had — ”

“Goodness knows!” I murmured, shaking my head.

“As it happened, however, my son entered in the middle of this disgraceful — ”

“It was at the beginning,” said I, with a regretful sigh.

Upon this — and I have really never been so pleased at anything in all my life — the Countess, the violence of her emotions penetrating to her very fingers, gripped the handle of her “starers” with such force that she broke it in two! She was a woman of the world, and in a moment she looked as if nothing had happened. With me it was different; and that I am not now on Lady Mickleham’s visiting-list is due to (*inter alia et enormia*) the fact that I laughed! It was out before I could help it. In a second I was as grave as a mute. The mischief was done. The Countess rose. I imitated her example.

“You are amused?” said she, and her tones banished the last of my mirth. I stumbled on my hat and it rolled to her feet.

“It is not probable,” she observed, “that after Miss Foster’s marriage you will meet her often. You will move in — er — somewhat different circles.”

“I may catch a glimpse of her in her carriage from the top of my ’bus,” said I.

"Your *milieu* and my son's —"

"I know his valet, though," said I.

Lady Mickleham rang the bell. I stooped for my hat. To tell the truth I was rather afraid to expose myself in such a defenceless attitude, but the Countess preserved her self-control. The butler opened the door. I bowed, and left the Countess regarding me through the maimed "starers." Then I found the butler smiling. He probably knew the signs of the weather. I would n't be Lady Mickleham's butler if you made me a duke.

As I walked home through the Park I met Miss Dolly and Mickleham. They stopped. I walked on. Mickleham seized me by the coat-tails.

"Do you mean to cut us?" he cried.

"Yes," said I.

"Why, what the deuce —?" he began.

"I've seen your mother," said I. "I wish, Mickleham, that when you do happen to intrude as you did the other day, you would n't repeat what you see."

"Lord!" he cried. "She's not heard of that? I only told Aunt Cynthia."

I said something about Aunt Cynthia.

"Does — does she know it *all*?" asked Miss Dolly.

"More than all — much more."

"Did n't you smooth it over?" said Miss Dolly reproachfully.

"On reflection," said I, "I don't know that I did — much."

(I had n't, you know.)

Suddenly Mickleham burst out laughing.

"What a game!" he exclaimed.

"That's all very well for you," said Dolly. "But do you happen to remember that we dine there to-night?"

Archie grew grave.

"I hope you'll enjoy yourselves," said I. "I always cling to the belief that the wicked are punished." And I looked at Miss Dolly.

"Never you mind, little woman," said Archie, drawing Miss Dolly's arm through his. "I'll see you through. After all, everybody knows that old Carter's an ass."

That piece of universal knowledge may help matters, but I do not quite see how. I walked on, for Miss Dolly had quite forgotten me, and was looking up at Archie Mickleham like — well hang it, in the way they do, you know. So I just walked on.

